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LETTERS

The ends of terrorism

McCarthyism in West Germany?

An excessive counterreaction of repression was, indeed, one of the left-wing terrorists' original aims—a kind of political jujitsu. It is puzzling that David Zane Mairowitz ["Scissors in the Head," May] makes no mention of the fact that this was a deliberate goal of theirs.

It is also puzzling that Mairowitz makes no effort to condemn the murders committed by the Baader-Meinhof group (or gang) and their associates, before attacking what he believes to be excessive counterreaction. Murder is murder, regardless of who commits it.

There are several issues involved.

One is how to reform the legal system so that it no longer allows defense lawyers to delay trials indefinitely or slip weapons to their clients—yet to accomplish this without destroying the right of accused persons to a fair trial. This is a difficult and technical question, involving the balancing of different rights against each other.

Another issue is whether the terrorists committed suicide or were killed in their cells by angry and overzealous guards imposing the death sentence extralegally. I must admit to having been extremely skeptical when the news was announced; suicide is conceivable but implausible. I was surprised when Time and other magazines agreed with the suicide story after investigation. There clearly ought to be some kind of investigatory commission. But it

should be an impartial group, such Amnesty International, rather than group that has specialized in left-win causes only.

A third issue is the problem of wid spread public fear and jumpiness who homicidal terrorists are at large. The best analogy is to consider the prolem confronted by a society when a apolitical mass murderer, such as "Se of Sam" or "the Boston Strangler is known to be at work. If the culpr were known to have red hair, sa then every red-haired man would h unfairly under suspicion while the murderer remained at large. But or would hope that things could retur to normal afterwards, and that sui able financial compensation could I given to people whose houses wer broken into on false alarms.



MOST CLOCKS TELL TIME.

4,336,395,293

OCTOBER 26, 1977

is world population clock, in Washington, C., is in constant motion. It shows world pulation growing at about three people per cond, or a quarter of a million people per

4,352,751,611

DECEMBER 31, 1977

In the last 66 days of 1977, we added 16.4 illion people to the world's population — ore than double the population of Manhattan, hicago, and Los Angeles combined.

4,443,207,011

DECEMBER 31, 1978

In the 14 months since October, 1977, we will have added nearly 107 million people, which is equal to the total population of all of astern Europe (East Germany, Hungary, Bularia, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Poland)

The clock clearly shows that the demand or many things is rapidly increasing. Why? Because of the enormous increase in the numbers of people who need them.

We are being constantly misled by people with the production of more oil, or as, or water, when, in fact, we produce none of hese things. Nature provided us with a limited supply of gas and oil, which we are now burning very rapidly. We have already burned more than half of what nature provided, and can easily burn up the rest within a few decades. There will be no more.

Nature also provided us with abundant renewable resources, such as food, water and wood. However, these are supplied to us in quantities adequate for a *limited* number of people. Our numbers can now consume more each year than nature provides, and the number of consumers continues to grow.

Years ago, we passed the point where we could get by on annual rainfall for our water.

This Clock Tells Man's Future

We started then to mine underground water left by glaciers ten thousand years ago. This water is rapidly disappearing. It will not be renewed in ten thousand years.

Years ago, we started a program of tree planting to replace those we cut, but this is no answer. With ever-increasing demand for wood, people consistently cut down more trees than they are able to grow. This might be corrected if population growth could be stopped; but we are now producing people faster than we are producing the trees to supply them.

Currently, only the U.S. and a few other countries can grow as much food as they need. All of the other countries are living partly on imports and many approach the starvation level. Although the situation is bad now, it can become much worse. Each year, there are about 90 million more people to be fed and otherwise supplied. These additional people

need housing, schools, service facilities, and roads. These remove land from any possibility of farming. Always less available land, and always more people. It should be plain to anyone that shortages can only get worse — unless population growth is halled.

It is a simple problem of supply and de-

Nearly everyone gives some thought to the matter of supply of limited resources, and yet the answer to the problem cannot possibly be found on the supply side, precisely because the supply is limited. The population clock relentlessly shows us the futility of trying to increase supply, if the demand side, the number of people, forever increases.

Population growth must stop. Nature's only solution is to raise the death rate. The human alternative is to lower the birth rate. There is no third alternative.



THE ENVIRONMENTAL FUND

7 1302 EIGHTEENTH STREET, N.W. . WASHINGTON, D.C. 20036
rectors: JUSTIN BLACKWELDER . EMERSON FOOTE . GARRETT HARDIN
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ATE	_ ZIP	
	ATE	ATEZIP

A non-issue is the question of whether the victim Hans-Martin Schleyer was an SS member during World War II. If he was, then presumably he went through denazification procedures while Germany was under Allied occupation, and was either punished or exonerated. If someone had been a Communist thirty-two years earlier, what would Mairowitz have said of a group that asserted that this was reason enough to slay him? Would he condemn such a group, or would he condone it?

GLENN T. WILSON Edwardsville, Ill.

DAVID ZANE MAIROWITZ REPLIES:

The original aim of the Baader-Meinhof group was to bring about not repression, but rather a right-wing overreaction that would polarize political forces and lead to revolution.

The government measures described in my article are clearly aimed not at the terrorists, but at left-wing and liberal groups, many of which have dissociated themselves from Baader-Meinhofism. There are already numerous German and international laws to cope with terrorism. The ones I describe are chiefly censorship measures. Some of them were conceived or instituted before the Baader-Meinhof group was even formed.

"Widespread public fear and jumpiness when homicidal terrorists are at large" is indeed cause for extraordinary police measures. Such fear can, and has, historically served the purposes of authoritarian regimes as well.

In my article I did not condone the murder of Schleyer, but simply pointed out you could not mention publicly his SS past during the kidnapping episode.

Volumes have already been written about the German terrorists. Most of this serves to obscure a more banal reality. It was not my intention to dismiss the threat of terrorism, but to show other sinister goings-on in Germany as the media smokescreen begins to clear.

Sex and intersex

Roger Starr ["Cutting the Ties That Bind," May] rightly opposes "transsexual" operations, but asserts some very silly arguments. It is not necessary to argue that murder would become epidemic if laws against murder were ended. For it is not 22,000 murders a year in the U.S. that is wrong but the murder of even one person. It is enough to say that murder is a grave moral evil to justify laws against it. And so with castration.

In order to send more and more confused homosexuals to the knife, society will lie about what manhood and womanhood are, it will falsify records and endorse contradictory standards of proof (for the Olympics, a chromosome test governs; for tennis, a court paper will do). All because society persistently refuses to accept the fact that a man can love a man—sexually.

There is no problem in "identifying" gender, save for the rare-and always sterile-biological intersexes. Men who have fathered children are being castrated in the United States today by "doctors" who justify the very existence of "transsexual" operations on the basis that they are valid for biological intersexes-and thus, presumably, valid for psychological intersexes. But there is no such thing as a psychological intersex, only a well-adjusted or maladjusted person. Therefore, a doctor who castrates a man who says he is a woman is not one whit less a quack than would be a doctor who inserts a light in the roof of the mouth of a person who says he's a refrigerator. The inmates are in charge of the asylum.

The insane are entitled to lie to themselves. Society is not. And society holds the safety of the insane as a trust: We are not supposed to let them hurt themselves. Transsexual operations are a crime against humanity and against truth. That is reason enough to ban them.

L. Craig Schoonmaker New York, N.Y.

Mr. Starr's simplistic pronouncements are likely to cause severe personal anguish to those people who were born with an intersex condition or with a defect of the sex organs, requiring surgical/hormonal correction.

That transsexualism is a serious psychological and medical condition is abundantly clear. It is not mere whim or "choice" which results in leaving one's family—parents, wife, and children—seeking counseling (and many transsexual and transvestite pa-

tients do so), undergoing surgery, establishing a new social and y life. Many struggle desperately years to contain the condition withe confines of a traditional so sexual life, and beg to be relieve the condition and the concomianxiety and depression. Withhold sex reassignment from the carefuselected and counseled patient mounthholding whatever medical scie can offer by way of alleviating hur suffering.

Dr. Eileen High Baltimore,

Considering the number of so ills the women's movement is accu of fomenting. I thought myself inu But Roger Starr's incredible acct tion that egalitarian impulses are n causing sex-change operations stopped short. Bra-burning one minute suppose, and breast amputation next. See where it all leads? Won have to go out and earn a living; the (naturally) begin to hate men an next thing you know, there they a in the operating room having penis grafted on.

LEONORA H. SMI' East Lansing, Mic

ROGER STARR REPLIES:

Even as some sexual revolutionari howl for the scalps of male "oppre sors" and "rapists," others, like Le nora H. Smith, suggest that a revol tionary change in the human conc tion can please everyone. Despite h euphoria, many members of both sexhave been thwarted, puzzled, and a guished by the demands placed c them by a redefinition of sexual role and attitudes. Smith surely may b lieve the general gains are worth th private pains, but to pretend their have been no pains reflects an amputa tion of vision. If she does not believ that the sexual discomfort of the time has stimulated the growing deman for "sexual reassignment," let her sug gest a better explanation.

Dr. Higham says I'm too "simplistic" in writing about the complicated subject of transsexualism; Schoor maker says I'm too complicated is writing about the simple subject is self-mutilation. Let them square off if an appropriately sound-deadened aren and settle the matter between them.

HARPER'S/JULY 197

THE MELANCHOLY HERD

Further thoughts on the American bedouin

by Lewis H. Lapham

N EARLY MAY, Menachem Begin, the Prime Minister of Israel, came to the United States to speak against the sale of weapons to Egypt and Saudi Arabia. In New York, as well as in a number of other cities, he held off-the-record conversations with representatives of the American media. I don't know how he was received in Washington or Los Angeles. but in New York he failed to make much of an impression on the newspaper editors and television correspondents who agreed to listen to his petition. Most of those present could be counted as celebrities, and nearly all of them looked upon Mr. Begin with affable condescension. Admiring him as a celebrity, and therefore as an object briefly deserving of their attention, the mages of the press thought that they had done Mr. Begin a favor by allowing him to draw near the thrones of conscience. Everybody used more or less the same language to discuss more or less the same subject (i.e., the likelihood of World War III), but Mr. Begin made the mistake of talking about things-about buildings burned, children maimed, enemies in arms. His interlocutors preferred to conduct the discourse in the realm of words. They talked about the reality of Israel only as it was reflected in the American public opinion polls, about the phrasing of a speech in the Knesset, about the adjectives in U.N. Resolution 242. Toward the end of the conversation one of the presiding mages asked Mr. Begin to discuss Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

the Arab question in the context of Israeli domestic politics, with specific reference to the division between Left and Right. Mr. Begin looked at this gentleman with an expression of patient irony, and then, almost as if he had been speaking to a child, he said: "It is not a question of Left and Right. It is a question of right and wrong." The mage undoubtedly regarded the answer as indelicate—a ruffian's breach of etiquette and a descent into moralism.

I have no wish to argue for or against Mr. Begin's policy, but I couldn't help but remark on the fatuousness of the mage. He had become accustomed to living in a world of theatrical representation, where, as in the child's puppet show of the media, frogs frequently turn into princes. Images of prime ministers were no more substantial than images of kings and psychopaths. They flickered up out of the unknowable depths, floated briefly on the surface of the news, and then disappeared, as mysteriously as they had come, into the void.

The credulity of the mage, and by extension of the American press as a whole, again reminded me of the nomadism that distinguishes the equestrian classes in the United States. Last month in this space I referred to the American bedouin and drew a comparison between the tribes of the Arabian desert and their American counterparts who conceive of democracy as a pastoral wandering through a department store. Several readers objected to the comparison because

they thought that I had not taken proper account of modern education, hygiene, and technology. Americans, they said, endowed universities and built glass office buildings; they subscribed to the New York Times and lived in safe suburbs. How could they be compared to a primitive people still roaming across the sand in the company of hawks and camels?

◀ HE REPLY TO this question occurred to me while thinking about Mr. Begin and the mage. Like the bedouin in the desert, the American press dwells within the miraculous present. Words take the place of things; feeling passes for thought, and the magical power of language makes and remakes the world as if geopolitics were a matter of stage design. In the same way that the gossip columns report the erotic transience of celebrities, the editorial pages announce the comings and goings of treaties, Presidents, ideas, and policies. In Hollywood, a man and wife appear together three nights in succession, and the papers describe their marriage with catch-phrases appropriate to the NATO alliance. The wife then goes off on location with a lesbian companion, and the husband departs for Mexico with an actress nominated for last year's Academy Award. The papers report crisis and an end to Western civilization. A week later both husband and wife return to Hollywood, the husband with the wife's lesbian friend, the wife with a rock

singer who once had been married to the actress with whom the husband was traveling in Mexico. All the dramatis personae go to the same discotheque, and the papers report compromise and new initiatives.

Given only a change of names and venue, much the same kind of news arrives from Washington. On President Carter's recent trip to Nigeria, the press sent back photographs of him with Nigerian generals in picturesque costume, smiling fondly into the cameras and announcing his hope for peace and self-determination in Africa. None of the reports mentioned the Biafran war, in which the Nigerian generals ordered the mass starvation of millions of Ibo tribesmen, Nobody thought to put the newly declared policy of human rights in historical perspective. The same columnists who, five years earlier, had been writing so eloquently about genocide, found themselves writing, equally eloquently, about the triumph of African democracy. Often having wondered about the absence of national memory, I begin to suspect that it follows from an assumption either of grace or a boundless inheritance. Only the heirs of fairy gold can afford to live in the magical present, to rest content with fantasy and rumor.

With regard to the Arabs the point needs little elaboration. Until the 1920s few people in Saudi Arabia had seen the wheel. The nomadic tribes inhabited a desolate waste, barely managing to sustain the meager levels of subsistence. Within the memory of living men they found themselves enriched beyond the dreams of Tamerlane. The transformation required nothing of the Arabs but their passive acquiescence to the will of Allah and the foreign oil consortiums. They inherited their wealth from people elsewhere in the world who had accumulated it over a period of centuries. The Western societies first had to conceive of political constitutions and the rule of law, to wage civil and world wars, to put down strikes, organize labor unions, impose taxes, and suffer all the other ills to which the modern industrial state owes both its discontent and its existence. The cost of this enterprise in blood, labor, and sacrifice cannot be counted. But to the Arab the cost is as little worth as smoke drifting in the wind.

UCH THE SAME light-mindedness has become habitual among those classes within American society that regard themselves as patrician. The number of people belonging to these classes has multiplied since World War II at a rate commensurate with their expectations of privilege. Having come of age during an era of extraordinary prosperity, they assume as their rightful inheritance not only the refinements of Western thought but also an economy of such supernatural power that it renews itself in the same way that the grass comes north with the spring. This superstition excuses them from the bourgeois preoccupation with trade. The fathers and grandfathers might have been merchants and farmers, but the sons and grandsons disdain the work of cultivation. They have taken up the professions that confer an aura of dignity and that allow them to deal with platonic forms rather than with the uncertain shadows in Plato's cave. Whenever possible they have become lawvers and foundation officials, diplomatists, professors, journalists, government functionaries, critics, and critics of critics-people who decide what lesser people will do, who supervise the manufacture of memoranda rather than goods. They have inherited the stewardship of the principal American institutions without knowing what constitutes the burden of their authority, or whence it came, or what it cost their forefathers.

Just as heirs subsisting on trust funds seldom understand the reality of money, so also the mages who preside over the American media have only a vague conception of what is meant by the First Amendment. Instead of thinking of it as a right demanding the constant exercise of their courage and intelligence, they accept the guarantee of free speech and a free press as if it were a prerogative granted by George III. If the chronicle of the Arab wanderings reduces itself to the tale of a man and his camel, the history of the American mandarinate over the past thirty years reduces itself to the tale of a man and his trust fund. In many ways it is the same story, demonstrating the parallel pathologies in the primitive and decadent modes of barbarism.

The man who makes things—whether families, cities, ideas, or works of

art—learns to look around or befind the mirror of self. He comes to understand the obduracy of the soil or the stone, and he measures his victories (usually Pyrrhic) over periods of time longer than those sold on television. If he depends for his livelihood on the value of his work in a market, then he also learns something about other people—what they want, hope for, feel, and believe.

Not so the bedouin. He swears fealty only to the sovereignty of the moment and justifies his narcissism as being a preliminary condition to the search for morality, consciousness, and truth. Dwelling within the evangelical dimension of the human potential movements, he cannot bear to foreclose what he calls his "options," or to limit the availability of infinite choice. He avoids "commitments" and finds it demeaning to bind himself to any specific loyalty. Believing the line of succession ends with his claiming of the inheritance, he feels no obligation to provide for the next generation. Other people play the piano and bear children. The patrician counts it his duty to encourage and admire, to pass vaguely through the room while displaying the purity of his intentions and the delicacy of his sensibility. He defines himself as a "generalist," a man who knows about rather than knows, a constitutional monarch who congratulates himself for his appreciation of the rituals of democracy. This is the aristocratic habit of mind, as characteristic of Nelson or David Rockefeller as it is of the countless lawyers and academics who, briefly transformed into federal bureaucrats but remembering very little about the geography of Alaska or the mechanics of the energy industries, nevertheless take it upon themselves to announce public policy.

Among people who have forgotten how to make things, and who therefore depend upon the creativity or the doggedness of others, the majesty of money becomes all but divine. Consider the diligence with which the American mandarinate prostrates itself before the golden face of the Arabian Pharaoh. Hardly a day passes that some newspaper in the country doesn't publish a photograph of a real estate developer or municipal official standing with an Arab who has just bought the local bank. In Washington, Presi

fent Carter hustles the sale of \$4.8 bilion in military aircraft to both sides of the next war in the Middle East. Nelson Rockefeller goes to Riyadh to ask for money with which to refurnish he American landscape. In New York, publishers of books think of schemes o attract any wandering Arab with a bawd's promise of immortality.

By travelers returning from the Persian Gulf I have been told that few princes can concentrate their interest on anything other than themselves for longer than fifteen seconds. The same brief span of attention distinguishes the American equestrian class. Knowing nothing of history and expecting nothing of the future, they cannot escape the fearful isolation of the present. In their sadness they join together in a melancholy herd. They want so much more than the world offers, and so, like children, they clutch at everything but hold nothing fast. Their desires must be promptly and easily satisfied, or else they become listless and despondent. They build houses but sell them before they have lived in them; they take up and abandon professions as if they were trying on masks, and their lives become a sequence of failed attempts to find their way out of the interior desert of alienation.

F THE NOMADIC MELANCHOLY were confined to the equestrian classes, then it might be dismissed as simply another variation on the truism that unearned wealth brings unhappiness to the people who possess it. Unfortunately the same melancholy and the same sense of magical inheritance pervades the whole of American society.

Business corporations provide their executives not only with munificent salaries but also with privileges worthy of the eighteenth-century French nobility-with yachts, limousines, bodyguards, luxurious food, first-class travel, memberships in golf and shooting clubs. The members of Congress pay themselves \$57,500 a year and vote themselves equivalent tokens of selfesteem. The labor unions have become notorious for the practice of demanding payment for work that nobody performs. Professional and amateur criminals, more obviously predatory in their nomadism, carry out their

raids against society in the routine manner of commuters going to an office. The unreported income assumed to be taken each year by organized crime, gambling, and prostitution amounts to as much as \$100 billion. In the lower reaches of society, the idea of droit du seigneur translates itself into welfare money. Just as a rich man sustained by a trust fund feels himself entitled to his sinecure by virtue of his innate dignity, so the man receiving transfer payments feels himself entitled to a benefice by reason of his misfortune.

The unhappiness of a nomadic society reflects itself not only in the restlessness of the consumer markets but also in the rage against permanence. The American fondness for celebrities testifies to the general delight in the perpetual moment. Of all celebrities, sports figures are the most beloved because they are the most ephemeral. The cities resemble nomad camps, temporarily inhabited by people on the way to somewhere else. Thus their squalor and bankruptcy. The American bedouin can outfit expeditionswhether to Vietnam, California, or the moon-but they don't have much talent for architecture. Buildings remind them of authority and decay, of children, civilization, marriage, and death. The architects in New York don't expect their office towers to stand much longer than twenty-five years; publishers print books on paper not meant to hold together for more than twenty years. Issues degenerate into causes, and belief becomes diversion. The bedouin become accustomed to watching television, and so they imagine that wars begin between commercials and that a woman's life can be transformed in the space of half an hour. Seeking to relieve their anxiety they draw closer together in their herds, assuring one another that nothing evil can befall them. Their professions of mutual self-adoration protect them against their own terror, and so their narcissism becomes not only a voluntary aggression but also a necessary defense.

o THE DEGREE that the society cannot relinquish the pleasures of barbarism, the society remains suspended in Paleolithic time. The conquering tribes

traditionally have come out of the desert, because in an emptiness that corresponds to their own inner desolation the bedouin can be persuaded to behold visions. Exhorted by fantastic prophecy and believing themselves immortal, the tribes make war to repudiate death and to give the lie to their own feeling of insignificance.

Surely this was the story of the 1960s in the United States. Stopping up their loneliness with frenzied professions of faith (in the environment, black power, civil rights, feminism, peace in Asia, Consciousness III, et cetera) the bedouin proclaimed a jihad against the institutions that provided them with their patrimony. Throughout the 1960s I kept meeting self-professed revolutionaries, usually at a cocktail party given by George Plimpton, and I was invariably reminded of the French aristocrats in the late eighteenth century who so sympathetically discussed the books and pamphlets that supplied the social theory for the guillotine.

President Carter apparently means to continue in the same mode of self-righteous fantasy. The government finances arms deals, and Mr. Carter, in the persona of a latter-day Rousseau, wanders around the country preaching sermons against the medical and legal establishments.

But instead of goats and automatic rifles, the American bedouin possess nuclear submarines and F-15's. Although Mr. Carter explained the arms sale as being conducive to peace, I suspect that it had more to do with the restlessness of a rich nation that couldn't bear to deal itself out of a market or a war. Like the journalist and the desert nomad, the American bedouin has only a weak and unstable sense of self. Isolated in the magical present and lacking the habit of thought, in many ways the rich man can be said to barely exist. How else can he assert his presence except by the use of his money? How else can the United States demonstrate its importance except by providing the wherewithal for the most spectacular of the performing arts? If the French or the Russians got the business, what would become of American self-respect? How could the equestrian classes continue to believe themselves masters of the world?

HARPER'S/JULY 1978

lizabeth Van Itali

AFTER VIETNAM: I. IN PURSUIT OF SCAPEGOATS

The veteran as pariah

by Jeffrey A. Jay

HE VIETNAM VETERAN had come to the Veterans' Administration Hospital because of tormenting nightmares, rage, and depression. He wanted an opportunity to testify about his actions and suffering.

I know it sounds crazy to say it, but I loved it and at the same time I hated it. Like the time I cut off the gook's ear and I cut him in two with my automatic; I got to say it, I loved killing. And at the same time I know it was terrible. But now I don't understand it. I don't want to talk about it. Or it's like I really can't talk about it, but I can't stop thinking about what happened, It's been like this for seven years. Going from one doctor to the next, one V.A. clinic after the other, and all I got was medication. That helps a little but nobody listens....

So long as I could view the young man as a patient, I needed to think of his cure as only a problem of technique—not an unusual response among therapists, for it keeps the roles perfectly clear. Scared and confused by my own feelings, I retreated into the safety of professionalism. I put the vet-

Jeffrey A. Jay is a postdoctoral fellow at the Center for Family Research at George Washington University, Washington, D.C.



eran into a trance. In fact, hypnotherapy was a treatment of choice for the war-related problems of this ex-Marine, yet it helped neither him nor the other half-dozen Vietnam veterans I counseled. Hypnotherapy assumes that a psychiatric conflict exists to be treated only inside the unconscious mind. And both psychiatrists and the lay public are quick to see the ruined marriages, unemployment, and drug abuse among the 3 million Vietnam veterans as symptoms of psychiatric damage, warranting compensation or medical attention. My own talks with veterans convince

me that their problems are not so simple, nor so easily addressed. The veteran's conflicts are not his alone, but are bound to the trauma and guilt of the nation. And our failure to deal with our guilt renders the veteran the symptom-carrier for society and increases his moral and emotional burden. This burden isolates the veteran and will freeze him in an attitude of perpetual combat until the issues of the war are confronted in the national conscience.

The veteran's isolation was maintained in my hypnotherapy; hence its failure. Group therapy provided a forrum in which individual experiences could be shared and validated.

After I got home I wore my uniform everywhere. I was real proud 'cause I tought and I knew that it was crazy there, but at home, "back in the world" we called it, it would make sense. But it was all crazy here too. All those damn protesters and nobody knew what it was really like [in Vietnam] or to come back ... I was as jumpy as when I was on patrol, I began drinking again and took off my uniform, I didn't drink with nobody either because they would say something to me about being crazy for all the war shit and I fought until I almost killed someone.

I know what you're talking about. I know I shouldn't, but I keep watching war movies and I cry....
My wife says I'm silly, and she is a real good wife, but I can't help it. And then I can't talk to her for a week and it's like I hate her, but I know I don't. Then someone says something about Vietnam... like in a joke.... They don't know what it was like. And you can't talk to them. They don't even want to know what it was about. Everyone got some damn theory about it anyway.

It's like it never happened to me, but it's in my dreams and I keep seeing it all over again. My motorcycle backfires and I feel like I'm there fighting slant-eyes. Then I want to kill them all again.

Yeah, that's it. Exactly. I'm in a bar and somebody says something about my nerves because I got this little shake, and I walk right out of there because he makes me feel like a poor jerk who needs his sympathy or something.

They think you're crazy or some kind of a fool for going in the first place. Look, we all know what the outcome of all that fighting was, ... I thought when I went it was for the country. But it was for nothing and all those guys killed and shot to pieces and there's no monuments. Nobody remembers or says anything about them, And what's the government doing for all those families; is it telling anybody what really came down there? There's nothing being done and it will never be finished for me until something is done. That's what gets me the most: it was all for nothing and all those guys Crying interrupts the session.

LTHOUGH THE NATION hastens on to new issues, the veteran —years after discharge—repeatedly reviews the events of his Vietnam duty. He seeks to justify his war experiences in a society that now denies them any meaning. The veteran cannot reconcile the beliefs that propelled him through combat with his current social isolation; he cannot accept the status of social pariah. It may well be that isolation, the burden of conflicted feelings, and not being heard makes people crazy.

For those who subscribe to Harper's only after it wins awards.

For those who subscribe to Harper's anyway.

The 21st Annual Gerald Loeb Award just went to Lewis H. Lapham, editor of *Harper's Mag*azine, for "The Energy Debacle."

A tough and sobering commentary, said the Board, "which brings into sharp focus the energy is debating solutions at the national level. Reporting with wit and insight on the politics behind the Ford Foundation Energy Policy Project, the writer deals with America's energy shortage and the steps taken by government to solve it, as well as the political clash between the developer mentality and the conservationist approach."

In addition, the Loeb Advisory Board voted Honorable Mention to William Tucker of Harper's Magazine for "Environmentalism and the Leisure Class." Although a runner-up category does not formally exist in the Loeb Awards classification system, the Board decided that this article was so well written, carefully documented, and disturbing that it deserved special recognition.

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Steel must comply with 5,60 Federal agencies. It's a wonder



part of the solution to the steel industry puzzle.

e get anything done.

The Declaration of Independence set forth America's grievances against King George of England. Included was the charge that he had "erected a Multitude of new Offices and sent hither Swarms of Officers to harrass our people..."

That quote still carries a valid warning for all of us about the danger of too much government regulation—not only in our business lives, but in our private lives.

Overregulation by government is no joke.

According to a study recently completed at Washington University in St. Louis, the cost to business for complying with government regulations exceeds \$62 billion a year—or about \$300 for every man, woman, and child in the U.S. Beyond that, the government itself spends about \$3.2 billion a year to administer those regulations.

But no matter who spends those dollars initially, all of us as American consumers and taxpayers eventually pick up the tab.

Our ultimate cost may be paid for in the sacrifice of individual freedom as government intrudes into more and more areas of private and business life.

*Source: Council on Wage and Price Stability

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Bethlehem and other domestic steel producers now are required to comply with more than 5,600 regulations from 27 agencies of the U.S. Government*

These 5,600 Federal regulations pertain only to the *making* of steel. Thousands of other regulations impact upon our mining, transportation, and marketing operations. We also cope with additional thousands of state and local regulations.

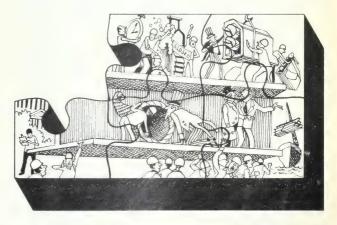
The time and money we spend hacking through the regulatory jungle adds needless cost to the making of steel—and that takes money out of everyone's pockethook

Must business strangle to death in red tape?

We say no. Some regulation is always needed. But things have gone too far. Today, regulatory reform is needed. And needed fast. Business and government should work together to reduce the burden and high cost of red tape—it won't come about by itself. What's needed is the support of all Americans.

If you agree that overregulation by government is a serious problem, make your views known where they count. Write your representatives in Washington and your state capital.

Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem. PA 18016.





Typically the veteran enters therapy with complaints of depression, chronic tremors, disturbed sleep, rage attacks, and flashbacks—periods when he believes himself once again in combat, acts irrationally, and appears agitated. He describes this behavior with a remorse that is often suicidal. He complains, almost pleads, that he was not like this before the war, begins to explain how he has changed, then stops and asks suspiciously if I was in Vietnam.

My negative answer prompts a dramatic change in his tone, a shift from involvement in his tale to resignation, apathy, and futility. He explains that I cannot possibly understand what it was like. While that statement has much truth, it is also a defense masking a deep resentment toward anyone who did not serve. This resentment wears two faces. First, he describes a sense of injustice that he risked his life while others avoided commitment by dodging the draft. But more tormenting is the anticipated judgment of those who did not fight, a judgment he fears will condemn him as foolish for going to war, wrong for participating in its acts of barbarism, and inadequate for losing it. He feels he is on trial, unfairly, for doing a job that was once endorsed with enthusiasm. He resents these accusations, but he is also haunted by them because he believes them to be true.

As a student I had been against the war. As a therapist I was shocked to find that I could identify with the veterans' wounded pride: they feel personally responsible for the only war America has lost. And despite their efforts to blame politicians, radicals, the military's upper echelon, the South Vietnamese—any possible group—for the loss, the overwhelming response of these sons of working-class America is guilt for letting their country down. They never became the men they hoped to be when, as adolescent recruits, they believed themselves and America invincible. Marked as losers, they feel constantly challenged to prove their manhood.

Is the profound inadequacy felt by these veterans theirs alone, or does it reflect a less acute but similar public sentiment? Certainly the heroic rescue of the Mayaguez that demonstrated our virility following our withdrawal from the battlefield supports this hypothesis.

Further evidence is the nation's manifest desire to forget that the war ever took place. News of Southeast Asia is seldom reported now. Foreign policy, once riveted on Indochina, is no longer focused there. Promised aid to North Vietnam has not been forthcoming. And having survived the war, the veterans are ignored by society and have the benefit of few government programs that might ease their adjustment.

The veterans' own observations are perhaps most telling:

If we weren't failures, why aren't there any monuments? Can you name any of the Marines who, in another war, would have been heroes? Do you remember any celebrations when we got back? How come I feel like I did something wrong, like holding up a bank, when someone asks about my shrapnel wound? How come I can't tell anyone I am proud to have fought for my country without wondering what they will think of me?

The veteran is trapped in contradictory logic: "If I believe in America, I must feel guilty for letting it down; if I am critical of America, I cannot understand why I fought and saw so many killed." There are no simple answers, and none expected. A political commitment is no longer at stake, but rather an emotional crisis that turns upon vain sacrifice and silent recrimination.

that is so difficult for us to hear? Typically, after entry into the service and a short training period, recruits embarked for Vietnam. Particularly during the early years of the war, recruits left expecting to contain handily a belligerent group of Communists in a limited military action following the rules of basic training. They expected to win.

Naively unaware of the nature of jungle warfare, they arrived in Vietnam ignorant of both the conditions and the enemy. They were surprised by the unrelieved heat of the dry season, draining them of strength and patience. The only water on patrol was brackish and polluted, giving everyone diarrhea that trickled down the legs of his fatigues. The monsoon was

equally relentless. Each step required a concentrated effort to reclaim the bool from sucking mud. The veterans' faces contorted, even in therapy, when they described how leeches were pulled off necks and legs, and inspections for "jungle rot" were conducted to ensure that the swelling and disfiguring would not disable the foot soldier.

The Vietnamese people seem as menacing as the weather to the American soldier. The war's rationale was the defense of the South from the invading Vietcong. But most villagers seemed indifferent to that ideal, and behaved like spectators to the war. As if to demonstrate their ringside relationship to the American fighting machine, they would sell American goods, supposedly stolen from the PX, at inflated prices. The disarray of the South Vietnamese Army in battle proved to the American soldier the racial inferiority of the Asians, and made their disdain of American fighting skill all the more insulting.

Racism was compounded by paranoia: every Vietnamese began to look
like a Vietcong. Rumors spread that
the liquor sold by civilians, often children, contained ground glass or poison, and that articles were boobytrapped. There was no place and no
time when the soldier did not feel in
peril. He would return from the apparent danger of patrol to the nervewracking threat of pervasive, unseen
danger. Everything constituted harassment.

The military command responded to the dilemma of distinguishing civilians from Vietcong by defining the enemy as "anyone who runs or shoots." Any harm to a civilian would result in court-martial. However, snipers and Vietcong patrols killed American troops and then disappeared into the jungle, rice paddies, or villages. There were no positions to attack, no strongholds to besiege, no victories to claim. In typical combat, wandering jungle patrols would capture nameless hills and return to base camp, knowing that already the Vietcong occupied the same hills and roamed the same jungle. Thus orders not to harm civilians only aggravated the soldier's feelings of helplessness and vulnerability. He was an open target, while the Vietcong, hidden in the jungle and disguised in the civilian population, were further protected by the orders not to shoot. In therapy, e veterans claimed that these orders e crucial to understanding why the ir was lost.

The gnawing sense of futility asmed extra force when major camigns, involving air strikes, sophistited weaponry, heavy artillery, and indreds of troops, often vielded only few captured suspects and even few-Vietcong bodies. Unable to capture ongholds or to occupy territory, the nerican strategy degenerated to a imbers game. Returning from the latively ineffective campaigns, solers would read in the military newsper Stars and Stripes' inflated tallies the enemy troops killed. Recallg the experience in group therapy, I laughed as they had done in base

The need to accumulate body counts essured officers to produce dead Vieting. This led to the working rule at a dead Vietnamese was a Vietong. The paradox for the soldiers as clear; civilians were to be procted; soldiers would be court-maraled for harming civilians; once ead, civilians could be counted as ietcong-and a dead Vietcong was ne only spoil rewarded by superiors. n this "don't shoot but kill" game, oldiers became frustrated and triggerappy. The constant fear of death devstated morale and responsibility, and merican brutality flourished. Even a elicopter pilot who had avoided the ardships of the jungle recalled nothng extraordinary in watching suspects ushed hundreds of feet to the ground rom his helicopter or women machineunned from the air: he was just dong his job, increasing the body count.

The ambivalence of the veterans' reponse to battle makes their present onflicts especially difficult to resolve. in the following passage, one Marine lescribes this ambivalence, crystallized in a few moments of combat:

We were back at a fire base when I heard a noise and saw someone that might have been a VC. I yelled, and when he didn't stop I just grabbed my automatic and took off after him. I heard the other Marines yelling to get down and get back and shooting in the air to cover me when they saw me keep on going. I heard every word each one of them said as if it was said real clear to me, but I knew I was going to get that VC. There was

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"IN MY FAMILY, I PICK THE CAR AND LET MY HUSBAND PICK THE COLOR".

HERMINE FINKENZELLER AUDI 5000 STRUCTURAL ENGINEER



Isn't it usually the other way round?

Finkenzeller: Well, I suppose it's a bit unusual for a woman to be a structural engineer. But I am and it happens that

my husband is not. Actually, he's very good at his job, but he's in an entirely different field. I've been designing automotive components for 15 years. These drawings of the Audi 5000 are the ones I did as a member of the engineering team that designed the car.

Was it hard getting started as an automotive engineer?

Finkenzeller: In the very beginning, yes. But that was years ago. Today, it's easier for a woman to be accepted as an engineer. Consider how many

women chemists and physicists there are now. Things have opened up. I'm respected by the people I work with for what I can contribute as a structural engineer.

But don't men usually know more about cars than women?

Finkenzeller: Why do you assume that? Because they played with a little red car, as children, and girls played with dolls? That hardly qualifies a

man as an automotive authority. In Europe, some men seem to know technical terms about cars. But a lot of men think in romantic terms about cars. Behind the wheel they see themselves as something they're not. perhaps race drivers. Women don't seem to have this problem. Their attitude toward cars is more rational. A car satisfies their needs, not their fantasies.

the Audi 5000?

Finkenzeller: Good. They will like its woman feel about layout. It's probably the most intelligent 151/2 feet of engineering on the road today. Women will appreciate that we didn't devote half the car to the power plant. You can't sit people under a hood. My colleagues developed a 5cylinder gasoline engine that has plenty of power, yet doesn't take up unnecessary space. So the car seats five people very comfortably. It is a big car. As a matter of fact, I believe in your country it's the largest German luxury car for the money, less than \$9,000.

Will men like Finkenzeller: Men? Yes, I think they the Audi 5000? will love its power and handling - and a lot of women will too. The Audi 5000 may be a rather elegantly conservative car but it's not sedate. It's very fast. With front-wheel drive, it takes corners beautifully, especially for such a big, luxurious car. It's really a lot of fun to drive. People are surprised to find out how responsive the car is. That amuses us. And, of course, delights us, too.

Do you own Finkenzeller: No. Not that I wouldn't an Audi 5000? like to. It's just that my family has no need for a car with all that room. There's only my husband and our one child. What would we do with all the room there is in the Audi 5000? So, instead, we own the Audi Fox. I think that's what you call it in America. It's smaller. But it's also a very nice car. Do you know. I worked on the design of that car, too.

Are you always Finkenzeller: Sensible? If you mean this sensible? logical and precise, I would say yes when it comes to doing my work. In my job, I have to be very precise. But, if what you really want to know is whether I'm ever emotional or even romantic, perhaps you should ask my husband about that.

*Suggested 1978 retail price under \$9,000 P.O.E., transp., local taxes, and dealer delivery charges additional. Come mand test drive the Audi 5000 at your local Porsche + Audi dealer

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A babysitter ought to be cordial. But also cautious. For example, it's never wise to tell an unknown caller "I'm a babysitter." Or to say that the parents will be away for a long time. And getting the caller's correct name and number is important, too. The phone can do an even

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AFTER VIETNAM

even enemy fire but I kept my eye on that guy as he ran through the grass. The tall grass swept my face and I could see myself take each step through the field and I watched every movement he made, somehow even when he disappeared for a minute behind a clump of trees. I figured I might not catch him so I stopped and opened fire to slow him down. I just squared myself and fired. When he went down I ran up to him and he was crawling through the grass, I saw his face and I felt so sure of myself, I slowly sliced him in two with the automatic, right across his middle. Then I knelt down and cut off his ear, and I was still hearing the other fire and yells. I knew I could be court-martialed and later I realized that it was wrong, that he was a person and all that, but at the time I was so proud. I knew what everyone in the platoon would think, I was so proud I just swaggered back to camp right through all the fire and grass, standing up real straight.

The Marine returns to this reveri periodically in order to relive its excitement. But it cannot be integrated into his civilian life and he is attempt ing to tire himself of it as well, so that it can be exorcised. But it cannot be exorcised because what he did in the name of his country is no longer sanctioned. In a guilt-ridden society, no one wants to hear about the atrocities of a lost war.

VERY ERA HAS its own vocabulary. One word common in the past decade-and one that recurs with great frequency in therapy with veterans-is "wasted." All the meanings that the war had for the veteran, its peak moments and its intolerable cruelty, became empty in the subsequent "peace with honor." We have failed to understand the war's brutality, to make legitimate the sacrifice of lives, or to acknowledge the valor of heroic acts. We have thus squandered the idealism and commitment of these men, proving not only that their sacrifices were wrong, but also that they were needless and must be forgotten.

How might this country address its responsibilities for Vietnam? Political leaders and policymakers can offer public acknowledgment of their onceactive support of the war, pointing out

at they have learned and justifying ir current attitudes. Conferences ailar to the teach-ins of the '60s can organized to review and evaluate perica's participation. The churches direct attention to the moral probas of the war that we have not begun resolve. A legal investigation into r crimes undoubtedly would expose hidden responsibility of leaders for soldiers' acts of atrocity. Reparans can be offered to the people of etnam, if not to their present govment. A more humane immigran policy can benefit the estimated 0.000 refugees scattered throughout utheast Asia as a result of the war. nese refugees find themselves literalafloat in the South China Sea, re-

fused asylum anywhere. And to the mass killings and devastation reported in Cambodia, there can be a voice of protest. We can bear witness to inhumanity rather than ignore it.

We fail to act because to do so is to acknowledge complicity in a war we have no wish to remember. The veteran's obsession is thus particularly disturbing, and the community's response predictable. The veteran is sick; we are not. We diagnose him as a "traumatic neurotic" and proceed to "uncover the traumatic event that threatened to overwhelm his ego." But many veterans can eloquently describe the "trauma"; their problem is that they can find no one who will see value in their service and absolve their

brutality. They cannot understand what was right and what was wrong, not because they have no moral convictions, but because they cannot begin to be responsible for their actions until the nation recognizes its responsibility for waging the war through them. Their actions cannot be fairly judged and reconciled so long as the veterans are made the nation's scapegoats. Programs intended to aid the veterans cannot relieve their despair if the guilt, anger, and embarrassment buried in our society are not confronted. If public responsibility is acknowledged, the veterans' nightmares may persist but their alienation and loneliness may be partially relieved.

HARPER'S/JULY 1978

II.

THE MYTH OF PUBLIC INNOCENCE

eviewing the record of American consent

by Harrison Rainie

HE AMERICAN consciousness has calcified around a myth about the Vietnam war that has acquired a place in the naonal folklore comparable to George ashington's confession about the serry tree. From the labyrinths of the rilateral Commission to Main Street, e notion has taken hold that we were aneuvered into the war by deceitful anners who knew their nefarious ishes could be executed only through hat the New Yorker has called "a onspiracy." This cabal "seized virtual ontrol of the nation's foreign policy nd took the country into the war by evising and executing elaborate plans 1at were carefully concealed from the ublic, the press, and Congress."

Richard Nixon helped entrench the 19th in his 1968 campaign, and probbly guaranteed its recital in textbooks of the future by trying to suppress ublication of the Pentagon Papers. The idea became rote when Pulitzer Prizes were awarded in journalism to the New York Times for its Pentagon Papers stories and to Frances FitzGerdef or her Fire in the Lake. George McGovern could not get very far with the but Jimmy Carter made good pol-

Tarrison Rainie, a reporter for the New ork Daily News, is working on a book bout the press and the Vietnam war.



itics of it. No one bothered to challenge his assertion in the infamous Playboy interview that:

There was a governmental consciousness to deal in secrecy, to exclude the American people, to mislead them with false statements and sometimes outright lies. Had the American people been told the facts from the beginning by Eisenhower, Kennedy, McNamara, Johnson, Kissinger, and Nixon, I think there would have been different decisions made in our government.

There is an appealing moral and

tactical formula in this tautology: Tell the truth and the wisdom of the American people will prevail. The entire nation may believe that this is the prime "lesson of Vietnam," but it is simply not the case. An examination of major national publications during the Johnson years yields a surfeit of evidence that we knew what we were doing when the war was escalated and were well apprised of the consequences. In short, although we had political and emotional reasons for feigning innocence, we had no logical reason to cry foul several years later and claim that all the facts had been withheld by malevolent leaders. Furthermore, there is absolutely no indication that the direction of policy would have been different had Johnson and Robert Mc-Namara "come clean" at every turn in the road.

Any refutation of the myth of the American people's innocence has to focus on the press coverage of the Pentagon Papers, where that myth is encoded—specifically the three major stories that appeared in the Times in mid-June, 1971. They maintained: 1) that the Johnson Administration had been waging covert war in early 1964 against North Vietnam while secretly planning to obtain the Tonkin Gulf resolution: 2) that the Johnson Ad

ministration had reached a "general consensus" to bomb North Vietnam in September, 1964, during the same period when Johnson was contending in his Presidential campaign that he did not plan to bomb the North; and 3) that Johnson secretly decided to have American troops move from a defensive to an offensive posture in April, 1965 and that the public did not find out "until it crept out almost by accident in a State Department [press] release on June 8." Overall, the reports compose an indictment of mendacity worthy of the abuse heaped on Johnson. Factually, however, the indictment is incorrect and can be dismantled on the evidence of contemporary reports

the Pentagon papers show that Johnson began to plan the elements of the covert war shortly after he became President. In January, 1964, he approved "destructive undertakings" by the South Vietnamese against North Vietnam, intelligence flights that later included American bombing of Communist infiltration routes in Laos, and DeSoto intelligence patrols by American ships in the Tonkin Gulf.

in other newspapers, over the wire ser-

vices, and in the Times itself.

The Times charged in 1971 that the impetus for the covert war-the deteriorating situation in South Vietnam -"was concealed from Congress and the public as much as possible." However, columnist James Reston, that repository of the received wisdom of the moment, was apparently not kept in the dark and neither were his readers. For instance, he asserted in January, 1964, that the government had been trying unsuccessfully to fool the public about the strength of the government in the South and progress in the war. He wrote: "The first casualty in every war is truth and the war in Vietnam is no exception. Only now is the Pentagon confirming the gloomy newspaper reports it was denying last autumn."

If Reston was greatly concerned about the drift of war policies, he did not show it. In the *Times* for February 26, 1964, he declared: "The United States is not ready to accept a Communist conquest of South Vietnam and [it] is not likely to be avoided the way the war is going now...It is

generally assumed [in Washington] that any blockade or bombardment of North Vietnam would have to be carried out by the United States' forces." And on the Times's editorial page for the same date, C. L. Sulzberger started beating his own war drums. "It is time to proclaim our intention of standing by our commitments and to destroy foreign bases of insurrection," he stated. "We should deliberately pulverize both bases and communications, thus moving the counter-guerrillas' war into the third dimension." The decision about whether to bomb North Vietnam was not taking place in a vacuum of government secrecy. It was being debated on the editorial pages of the country's most prestigious newspaper months before it was put into effect.

The thought of escalation bothered Reston only because he thought Congress had not become fully involved in approving new American initiatives. He wrote on March 4: "In all the talk about the United States expanding the war into North Vietnam, it is odd that nobody has even raised the question of seeking the approval of the Congress for such a move.... Fortunately there is plenty of time now to consider the question." Recalling Reston's moral objections in 1971 to the whole bombing campaign, one would expect him to have leveled a similarly highminded attack on the contingency plans for it in 1964. On the contrary, he wrote: "Maybe it will be necessary to bomb and blockade North Vietnam." At no point did he suggest that the United States withdraw, or even scale down the contingency plans.

The urgency of the planning became evident in mid-July when the Associated Press carried a story that included a full description of the anticipated "tit-for-tat" bombing campaign and the first real indication that a graduated bombing strategy was being considered. The wire service said:

The United States may institute a "tit-for-tat" plan of military action against Communist North Vietnam if at some point Washington feels South Vietnam is going down the drain...[An] extreme approach could involve actual bombing of factories in North Vietnam, and possibly Hanoi.

Significantly, there was no strong public or press criticism of the plans.

Up to this point the covert war ha not been fully exposed. But on Ju-22, two weeks before the Tonkin Gu incidents, South Vietnamese Air For leader Nguyen Cao Ky described at press conference how "combat team! had been sent on sabotage mission inside North Vietnam, and how Soul Vietnamese pilots were preparing for possible air attacks. Thus, the natur of the most aggressive part of the co vert war had been exposed. It too only days after that to reveal all th elements of the Johnson policies. O August 3, after the first North Vie namese attack on the U.S.S. Maddo: the Washington Post ran a story de scribing an assault by the South Vie namese Navy on two islands in th Tonkin Gulf that the North claime were part of its territory. After the second attack on the Maddox and th U.S.S. Turner Joy, the Times reported further that American planes had bee: flying intelligence and bombing mis sions against North Vietnam for weeks: Hence, anyone who wanted to chall lenge the American bombing of Nortl Vietnam had the information necessary to argue that the North Vietnames attack on American ships was pro voked. Yet, with the exception of Sen ators Wayne Morse and Ernest Gruen ing, no one showed great concern abou the covert war and the bombing Americans were ready to go to war.

ROBABLY THE MOST damaging news story to emerge from the Pentagon Papers was the accusation that the Johnson Administration had reached a consensus to bomb North Vietnam at the same time that Johnson was campaigning against sending "American boys" into an Asian land war. It was no secret to any regular reader of the national press that continual bombing was considered in mid-1964 as a possible American strategy. However, the larger question is whether Johnson deceived voters by playing down the contingency plans at the very time they were gaining favor in his inner circle.

While the Pentagon Papers claimed that a "general consensus" emerged on September 7, 1964, Pentagon documents themselves leave this question seriously in doubt. In a key summary memo on the meeting, Assistant Secretary of State William Bundy gives

indication that a graduated bombstrategy was even discussed. He ecifically states that South Vietnam-"air attacks" against North Vietm "should not be considered." The v passage in the memo that the Times ed as evidence of the consensus ads: "To the extent that the situaon permits, such action [to bolster e government of South-Vietnam] ould precede larger decisions. It ch larger decisions are required at y time by a change in the situation. ev will be taken" (emphasis added). here is no evidence that such "larger cisions" were necessary or advisable. or is there any documentary evidence at "larger decisions" translates into mbing.

Even if a consensus did exist, its aportance was not so great as was ragined. On November 1, the Vietong attacked Bien Hoa airfield near aigon, killing four Americans and estroving several bombers. It was the rst major military incident since the consensus" emerged. Yet even though If the planners argued for at least a t-for-tat reprisal. Johnson did not sllow their advice. He merely created study group to review American olicies. If he truly believed bombing as necessary, this incident provided splendid excuse. He could also have on political advantage by convincing avering Goldwater supporters that e, too, could be tough on Communists. eslie Gelb, who supervised the Penagon Papers project at the Pentagon; lso supports this thesis (Life, Sepember 22, 1971), and argues that ohnson was not part of the consensus. Indeed [our studies] depict him as suite resistant to this course," he vrote.

Of course, Johnson was eventually swayed by the weight of numbers in he bomb-the-Commies lobby, and this was well documented in late November. On the same day his study group formally proposed a graduated bombing campaign, the New York Daily News carried a story that predicted:

Barring a new political crisis [in South Vietnam], the United States probably will expand its war role in South Vietnam shortly by launching air strikes against Vietcong supply routes in neighboring southern Laos and Communist North Vietnam... At the top of the new ladder the United States is about

to climb would be all-out strikes on North Vietnam.

Hence, there should have been no surprise at all the following February, when the Rolling Thunder program was initiated. The bombing was not something Johnson slipped past an unsuspecting country with the help of a few lies.

HE PENTAGON PAPERS are purported to show that Johnson had concealed the true significance of his decision to send ground troops into the war in early 1965. In fact, newspapers were full of evidence that the war was widening, and any reader with a modicum of intelligence was hard pressed to countenance the semantic tap dance Johnson performed to the band music that accompanied the troops to Indochina.

The day after the Pentagon sent 3,500 Marines into Da Nang to protect the air base, the Times said in an editorial that it was a step toward "a wider war, which . . . in the present circumstances [is] a one-way street." The editorial added that if the "strategy does not work, the United States will face the necessity of escalating the war against North Vietnam still further. To do anything less would be to admit defeat." This is not the kind of ringing antiwar polemic that the public later came to expect from the Times. Nor does it show a pitiful ignorance of the reality of the American situation.

Details of the offensive strategy emerged in a spate of stories in the Times, the best of which were written by military expert Hanson Baldwin. Less than three weeks after Johnson made his "secret" April 1 decision to put the troops on the offensive, Baldwin reported the move in great detail and concluded: "Eventually, if necessarv, the combat units may go over to an active offensive." Less than a month later, he described the "inkblot" strategy that was being employed, and confirmed that it was based "on offensive operations by United States troops." In a prescient sentence buried far along into the story, he said: "It is estimated that a total of 500,000 Americans might be needed and years of fighting might be required." It had taken less than two weeks to expose the gist of the order to move on the offensive and less than eight weeks to go well beyond the April 1 decision and describe the military's desire for a massive buildup of combat troops. Johnson's greatest attempt at deception had failed, and—more important—he was virtually unchallenged by the press over the merits of the step.

HERE ARE THREE main points to be made here. The first is that the national press matched war planners tit-for-tat as new policies were developed. At each stage of the planning process reporters and commentators spelled out the options and consequences at least in enough detail for the American people to know they were in for a long and costly war.

This raises the second and most troublesome point: The country did know the problem and the stakes, and a vast majority agreed with the war's aims. The bulk of information available to the public during the 1960s necessarily means that there can be no scapegoats. Any explanation of how we got into Vietnam has to focus as much on the temperament of the public and Congress as it does on the war planners.

The third point is that the Pentagon Papers were no big deal as news. They were interesting because they filled in the interstices of the press accounts that had preceded them years earlier and provided a partial glimpse of policymaking. However, they were consciously written to satisfy the national mood and the quest for scapegoats. The papers have created an invidious myth and leave a residue of ill will that permeates the relation of the body politic to the government. A tragic consequence is our indifference to Vietnam veterans and the rage they feel as a result.

The public did not have to wait until 1971 to become outraged at the conduct not only of national leaders but also of the legislators and newspapermen who supported them. The fact that the public did not rise up at times of early major escalations is a testament to the prowar (or anti-antiwar) sentiment in the country. This is the major "lesson" of Vietnam. We did it to ourselves.

HAPPER'S/JULY 1978

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POLITICS IN THE WOODS

wilderness as refuge for ideologies and lobbyists

by Gene Lyons

in nowhere live as yet a natural life.... e poets even have not described it. Man's e must be of equal simplicity and sincerwith nature, and his actions harmonize th her grandeur and beauty.

-Henry David Thoreau

the beginning, all the world was America.

—John Locke

HE WORD "NATURAL" is on the way to becoming the cant term of the decade, replacing "human" as an all-purpose modifier testifying to the moral seriess of whoever utters it. Now urban as r before (75 percent of us now live in s, as opposed to 56 percent in 1940), the ed States is in the midst of a prolonged scovery of things rustic. Country music, heard only in the boondocks-mostly the thern boondocks at that-is now broadcast onwide. Long-abandoned sectors of New land, Appalachia, and the Ozarks have led population for the first time since the I War. Land that once broke the backs of lers foolish enough to try to make it protive now enriches real estate speculators ing what remains of Eden.

When it comes to being natural, however, place compares with California. Nature, in form of Sierra Club pantheism, was pracilly invented in the San Francisco Bay area. Tranquilized wilderness—nicely purged of scorpions, ticks, poisonous reptiles, and lethal microorganisms, thank you—has become the biggest theme park of them all. The theme is not the National Innocence anymore, as perhaps it was under Theodore Roosevelt, so much as the prelapsarian self. If nature is benign, then by contemplating and merging oneself with it one can rediscover one's own primal integrity. Rather than cathedrals and monuments, we should be about the building of campsites.

Of course pastoralism is nothing new to Americans, and sentimentality is nothing new to pastoralism. Nor do I wish in my skepticism to be interpreted as calling for the clear-cutting of redwoods and the extermination of whales, harbor seals, and the Tule elk. But concurrent with the growth and dissemination of West Coast Transcendentalism is a parallel and directly related boom in the manufacture and sale of backpacks, tents, pickup trucks, four-wheel-drive units, all-terrain vehicles, and vans. Also, and here comes the insidious serpent, in outboard motors, fishing equipment and licenses, hunting permits, bows, arrows, guns, and ammunition. According to the Fish and Wildlife Service, 25.2 million hunting permits were sold by the various states in 1976, an increase of 6.5 million over 1964. The bosky dells grow crowded these days, often by persons with different definitions of

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truth and beauty. The man who by meditating seeks Wholeness in the woods ill accords with the gun-bearer hoping to kill for meat. Hence conflict. To a large and apparently growing number of Americans, sport hunting appears as an unnatural, even a barbaric act. But more of their countrymen are hunting -or buying permits anyway, which may not be exactly the same thing—and since they are living closer together than ever before, these members of rival tribes tend to want to use the same land for their various purposes. Things being as they are, that land is often government land. The dilemma presented by the deer herd at California's Point Reves National Seashore, then, raises questions that no doubt will become more familiar in time. It is probably fitting that the argument should be joined in Marin County, that peculiarly blessed community just north of the Golden Gate Bridge that, were such statistics maintained, would no doubt lead the nation in such categories as per capita ownership of bicycles, Cuisinarts, and foreign cars, and be near the top of joints smoked, vegetarian spas, and number of marriage counselors, sex therapists, joggers, and astrologists. As Marin goes, cultural historians of the next century are likely to say, so go the suburbs.

NTECEDENTS EXIST. What drew my attention to Point Reyes was a conflict over deer hunting on a federal wildlife refuge in—of all places— New Jersey in 1974. There, officials of the Fish and Wildlife Service had proposed a public "lottery hunt" as a means of controlling a deer overpopulation problem in the Great Swamp National Wildlife Refuge in Morris County, about twenty-five miles west of Manhattan. The refuge itself comprises 6,000 acres of marshes and wooded islands and exists because the New York-New Jersey Port Authority considered locating an airport there in the late 1950s, rapidly converting local commuters and real estate developers into what are now called environmentalists.

As hunting was made illegal and all predators save the suburban dog disappeared, the native Virginia whitetail deer began to multiply. From 120 animals in 1964–65, the population had grown to approximately 360 by 1970–71 when the hunt was first proposed. By 1973, the hunt having been delayed in the courts, the refuge management estimated 590 deer. Studies had determined the carrying capacity of the range (the number of healthy animals it could support through a winter without starvation) to be roughly 250. Death

by starvation was not only predicted, documented. In March, 1974, a resect from the University of Connecticut can on two young bucks weighing forty-tw fifty-eight pounds respectively and too wawalk (normal weight for animals thei would have been at least 100 pounds; spite of hand-feeding they died soon aftreach later that year estimated that at extremty-four animals had died of starvain the preceding six months.

Nor were the survivors faring much had Numerous animals suffered virus-induce mors as a direct result of overcrowding is competition for food. One doe was founds a grapefruit-sized fibroma on her headth effectively blinded her on one side; and upon being rescued from a dog pack, found to have between her legs more than teen pounds of tumors, which had preven flight. Nutritional dwarfism, tapeworms, worms, and hookworm-induced peritumere common among animals examined state pathologist after a hunt was finally

The initial lawsuit aimed at preventing hunt was brought by an organization c the Humane Society of the United States. quartered in Washington. (Not to be conf with the older American Humane Associa located in Denver, which is the one that n tains dog and cat shelters all over the c try.) Later the effort was joined by the Frid of Animals, a New York-based group wl president is author Cleveland Amory (al whom more later), by the Fund for Anin housed in Washington, and by an ad hoo cal group that took the acronym DEER Deer, Ecology, Environment and Resour Inc.). Given the evidence in the Great Swa case, I think one is justified in turning aro a question often directed at hunters by the philosophical opponents: How, professing love wild animals as they do, can so m well-intentioned persons have persisted in hurtful and grotesque a position for so l and with such passion? Before attempting answer, I undertook a trip to marvelous Ma where a similar conflict was being enacted

A vision of parad

was dedicated in September, 1966, ter a sustained period of lobbying propagandizing by local environm talists. Just thirty miles north and west of Francisco and separated from the more pulous towns of Marin County by the coamountains, the National Seashore presents.

on of paradise as the contemporary pasmagination frames it. Geologically older he adjacent mainland, bounded on the w the San Andreas fault and Tomales the park contains roughly 64,000 acres ff-girted ocean beaches, fir- and pineed mountains, rolling pasture and brushand pristine freshwater lakes. Native ail deer, bobcat, fox, badger, skunk, r, and even mountain lions exist there ving numbers, as do some 330 species ds, among them numerous sorts of duck, pelican, heron, falcon, several species wk, and some eagles. Sea otter, seals, ea lions flourish along the coast; fresh altwater fish and shellfish abound. In Noer and December great herds of Califorray whales pass just offshore on their south to Mexican mating grounds. Even substantial part of the park supports farming and cattle ranching under agreenegotiated with the former owners, at some of whose families have ranched since California was a part of Mexico. Reves is administered by the National Service, which is in turn advised on pollatters by a panel appointed by the Secv of the Interior to oversee a number of ands making up what is known as the en Gate National Recreation Area, or RA. A traveler would have no difficulty aving San Francisco and journeying to outermost tip of Point Reves itself withever leaving government land. The Na-

tional Seashore receives 1.1 to 1.4 million visitors annually, most of them on weekends during the dry months of April through October, as the weather during the winter is often cold, windy, wet, and foggy, particularly along the Pacific. The surf off Point Reves is as rough as any in the world, and swimming would be impossible, were it not forbidden.

On the Seashore's southern boundary, and some would say on the cutting edge of West Coast Transcendentalism as well, lies the hamlet of Bolinas. The prevailing ethos of the hamlet has been set forth in Ernest Callenbach's Ecotopia, a silly but revealing cult novel about the 1980 secession, nongrowth, and undevelopment of a nation of the same name that includes Northern California, Oregon, and Washington, In Ecotopia, it seems, dope will be legal but automobiles will not, and everybody will have plenty of time to get mellowed out. Most people in Bolinas today think they would like that-the majority of the town's streets are left unpaved, marred by ruts and mudholes in the interest of discouraging speed and outsiders-but they would have trouble with the prohibition of automobiles. Judging from the number and variety of motorized vehicles parked around houses there, they are at least as addicted to the open road as their fellow Californians. What would be more familiar, perhaps, would be the conversation. Ecotopia's heroine talks like this: "'The forest is my home,' she said quietly. 'I feel best when I'm among trees. Open coun"How, professing to love wild animals as they do, can so many wellintentioned persons have persisted in so hurtful and grotesque a position for so long and with such passion?"



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try always seems alien to me. Our chimp ancestors had the right idea. Among trees you're safe, you can be free.' Even the reviewer for Outside, the new magazine begun last year by the publishers of Rolling Stone and deriving at least some of its editorial impetus from the attitudes unintentionally parodied above, noticed that the population of Ecotopia was, shall we say, somewhat exclusive.

The blacks have conveniently seceded to their own private Soul Cities [where they are permitted, in an incidental flash of realism, to keep their cars]; the Chinese are ensconced in a Chinatown "city-state"... there are, miraculously, no Chicanos, no Okies, no rednecks, no suburbanites, truck drivers, low riders, Piute deer poachers, gangsters, executives or corrupt politicians—all executed or re-educated, one presumes.

"It's enough," the reviewer concludes, "to make you go out and dynamite pupfish, or have a whale-meat barbecue over a 2,000-year-old bristlecone fire."

Any discomfort one might feel, moreover, about describing Bolinas as if it were a vision out of a bad novel is dispelled by a consideration of the town's history since it became neighbor to the National Seashore. After a nearly disastrous oil spill in 1970 drew their collective attention to the precariousness of their mock isolation from the trials of the modern world, Bolinas residents were shocked to find that the state department of health was annoyed at their pumping raw sewage from their village directly into an adjacent shallow tidal lagoon that separated them from Stinson Beach, Many became exercised when the local Public Utilities District, in California an elective body, proposed an \$8 million sewer project that would have joined Bolinas with Stinson Beach and increased the likelihood of real estate development. As with the Great Swamp airport in New Jersey, the result was instant environmentalists. Persons previously content to foul their own lagoon became incensed with the idea of releasing treated (and chlorinated) sewage into the ocean. A voter revolt ensued, anti-sewer forces seized control of the Bolinas Public Utilities District. Readers who wish to read the whole story in somewhat gushy detail are directed to Orville Schell's panegyric on the subject, entitled The Town That Fought to Save Itself. In the book Schell uses the pseudonym of Briones for Bolinas, partly because, he says, the residents have grown so leery of media publicity that "we cannot think of anyone who lives here who would be desirous of boosting our town into celebrity status." What he does not say, of course, is that he may also being in self-defense. One local writer who uposed for the San Rafael *Independent-Joya* a favorable article on Bolinas as a pleace to settle had his house and car varized, suffered threatening phone calls, and driven out of town for his troubles.

Having defeated the sewer proposal substituted a much smaller system on property, the BPUD discovered the wor of small-scale totalitarianism. California gi sweeping powers to its public utilities sions, in essence granting them power all aspects of local government except police department and the schools. In 1 the town passed a resolution declaring moratorium on providing its service of w to a new construction requiring same." In fect, zero growth. To this date the BPUD managed to withstand legal challenges to authority to mandate such a policy, althou a lawsuit filed by a group that calls itself Bolinas Property Owners Association, c posed mainly of both the disgruntled mi ity and of persons who own land in the to upon which they cannot build, is at the ment winding its way through the fed court system.

ONTEMPORARY PASTORALISM, course, makes no sense without antithesis. The sort of "self-sufficie rural life idealized by latter-day bo ers of mellow "community" like Schell nothing in common with the sort of agrari ism that peasants all over the world are jecting almost as fast as they can get on bu for Mexico City or Jakarta; rather it is a pr uct of postindustrial tribalism made possi by the great wealth of the cities. Despite ide ogy, a town like Bolinas is no more rural, ciologically speaking, and much less self-sucient than is The Bronx.

To most residents of Bolinas, it seems, S Francisco is The Beast, representing Pow Complexity, and Compulsion as against Freedom, Simplicity, and Laid-Back qualit of home. "Over the hill" (i.e., Marin Cour suburbs like San Rafael and Larkspur), a if anything, worse. Bolinas so hates touri that the Park Service and the Califor Highway Department have all but given attempting to place signs indicating the who abouts of either the town or the southern trance to the National Seashore. They are stroyed as fast as they can be put up. Not o has the town resisted improving the narr two-lane road leading into the park (and a ing access to about half its acreage), but

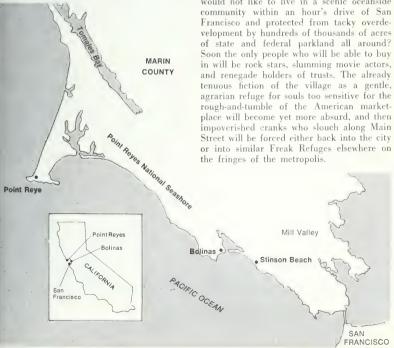
as erected a "Road Ends, No Outlet" sign at he last paved intersection before that road vinds its way, several miles further on, into he National Seashore. Schell says that 40 perent of those surveyed would forbid strangers rom entering Bolinas by car; attempts have peen made to blockade the only road. Park angers and residents of nearby towns like Inverness and Olema speak sardonically of not paying a passport to enter Bolinas. Others say hey would be more than happy never to set foot or wheel in the village again-so long as the residents were consistent and agreed never to come out.

If the city and its more ordinary suburbs are The Machine, then Bolinas is The Garden: a kind of Walden Pond West. The town motto, one resident says, should be "Don't bum my trip." Almost anything goes, so long as it is not "straight." Okay are denim, fur, nudity, marijuana, hashish, and cocaine. Not a small proportion of the community does a little dealing on the side; some do more than a little: the "Bolinas Border Patrol," listed in the yellow pages, is a vigilante group organized to protect residents' homegrown marijuana

plants from marauding adolescents in the critical days before the harvest. Also okay are electric guitars, amps, stereo systems, chainsaws, boats, motorized garden tillers, one's own household appliances, and cars, trucks, or motorcycles. Not okay are other people's boats. household appliances, cars, trucks, motorcycles, and other products of the machine age. Also not okay is any evidence of industrialism more obtrusive than the town gas station and the power lines bringing electricity into one's own home. Bolinas is the refuge of the contemplative self: factories, time clocks, power-generating plants, and oil refineries are for the despised and ignorant peasants in locations like Oakland and Daly City. Astonishingly, most locals would describe themselves as political progressives.

Ouite ironically, as any real estate broker in Scarsdale, Grosse Pointe, or Santa Barbara could have told them to begin with, one effect of Bolinas' having raised the drawbridge against tasteless outsiders has been a rapid inflation of property values. Property values in the town have doubled and in some cases tripled in the past five years. Who, after all, would not like to live in a scenic oceanside community within an hour's drive of San Francisco and protected from tacky overdevelopment by hundreds of thousands of acres of state and federal parkland all around? Soon the only people who will be able to buy in will be rock stars, slumming movie actors, and renegade holders of trusts. The already rough-and-tumble of the American market-Street will be forced either back into the city or into similar Freak Refuges elsewhere on the fringes of the metropolis.

"If the city and its more ordinary suburbs are The Machine, then Bolinas is The Garden: a kind of Walden Pond West,"



Nature knows no steady states

HAT HAS ALL THIS got to do with the question of hunting wild animals for sport and with the Point Reves National Seashore? A great deal more, as it turns out, than it should. Once seen as an agency of salvation by most area residents, to quite a few the park has come to represent a threat. With parks come visitors: with visitors come motels, restaurants. gift shops, and, it was widely feared two years ago, guns. Even the relatively less righteous communities of Inverness and Point Reves Station, which border upon the park further north, have feared uncontrolled development and made some shift to prevent it, so far with considerable success. In the Bolinas Hearsay, of course, a kind of mimeographed bulletinboard newspaper distributed around town twice a week, the issues are starker. Congratulating Rep. John L. Burton, the district's Congressman, for having got through a bill preventing the logging of some nearby redwoods, the paper went on to comment that "maybe now he is ready to have his consciousness raised about TRIBAL & LOCAL control and a new concept in PARKS and the end of federal DICTATORSHIP." The parks, in short, should belong not to the taxpayers who bought and maintain them but to the people who live near them.

Fortunately, Point Reyes's deer problem is not yet so clear-cut as was that of the Great Swamp, although there is reason to believe that eventually it will grow worse. Left alone, nature would have produced a solution in the Great Swamp: starvation on a large scale, epidemic, and a mass die-off that would have reduced the herd to a size closer to what the range could maintain. Unlike some predators -wolves, for example-the Virginia whitetail deer does not stop or even slow down reproduction in reaction to food shortages. In a relatively mild, wet climate like New Jersey's, plant life damaged by overgrazing would have recovered on its own fairly soon, and so long as local residents were willing to tolerate cyclic invasions of their gardens and ornamental shrubs, the overpopulation-starvation pattern might have continued indefinitely.

In Point Reyes the situation differs in several particulars. To begin with, the deer are not native to California, but exotics: European fallow deer (Dama dama), such as populate the game parks of the Continent and Great Britain, and the Asian axis deer (Axis axis) native to India and Ceylon. Several pairs of both species were released by a local phy-

sician, with the permission of ranchers and landowners, in 1947, and kept under control, once it became clear that small herds had been established, by hunting. "Back when I was a kid," a member of the Tomales Bay Sportsmen's Association in his early thirties, told me, "it was like a hunter's paradise out there. Fishing, clamming, three kinds of deer, cottontails, jackrabbits, duck, quail. The fallow deer were the hardest of all; they were smarter than the blacktails, harder to find."

One reason fallow deer are easier to find these days is that there are a lot more of them. Hunting was effectively stopped in the park by 1970. By the time park resource manager John Aho drew up his first assessment plan in 1975, he estimated that there were as many as 490 of each species on the pastoral lands of the Seashore, and that given their rate of reproduction and the fact that they compete directly for food with cattle and sheep, they were about to become a problem. Both species, left unmolested and with little or no effective pressure from predators, could be expected, Aho found, to double their numbers every two-and-a-half years. Like many exotics the axis and fallow deer do very well in their new habitat, where the grasses they eat are quite plentiful, predators very few, and disease almost unknown. Unlike all native North American deer, which are browsers—feeding primarily on shrubs, bushes, and small trees along forest borders and in clearings (one reason, contrary to popular opinion, why there are millions more of them now than there were when white men first arrived on this continent)-both the axis and the fallow deer are grazers. Except during the dry months of late summer when browse is reduced here and the native deer also graze for a time, the exotics do not compete with them for food. But the exotics do compete directly for food with sheep and cattle. For every two axis or fallow deer grazing on their land, ranchers lose one cow or two sheep that they might otherwise pasture. If nothing were done for ten years, though, the 500 deer would metamorphose into 8,000 and the ranchers would be out of business. Unimaginable as it may seem —and these are my projections, not Aho's— 500 fallow deer doubling themselves every two-and-a-half years would become, by 1995, 128,000 fallow deer, or roughly two for every acre of the Seashore. Added to the two axis deer who might also be expected to be on hand, not to mention the natives, Point Reves would have a deer problem even more serious than that of the Great Swamp.

The projection is absurd, but sentimental



A street in Bolinas

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objections to the killing of wild animals being what they are—especially when those animals are magnificent brown-and-white-spotted (axis) or pure white (fallow) Bambi-like creatures, many with stately antlers—sometimes one needs to flirt with nonsense in order to make a point. Matters in the Great Swamp grew very sad, and still many hunters were not convinced.

THE EXOTIC DEER are picturesque, and since they are not nocturnal like the native deer, but graze in the open where many visitors can see them, the Park Service believes they add a dimension to the visitors' experiences. Then, too, a national seashore is not, by statute, the same as a national park or wilderness. Human recreation is held to be one of Point Reyes's most important functions: removing all the deerproviding they can be controlled insteadwould seem an excess of primitivist zeal. Indeed, some question the Park Service's plan to reintroduce the Tule elk to a fenced-off area at the end of the peninsula on the same grounds. Why, after all, introduce another species of large herbivore to an already overcrowded range? But the Tule elk is an endangered species: new habitat betters its chances of survival. And the exotics have not yet occupied the region where the elk are to be placed.

Some would argue that nature's mythical "balance" be restored by reintroducing predators, but that is impossible. The indigenous mountain lions are highly territorial; regardless of how bountiful the food supply, Point Reves already has as many as will tolerate each other's presence. Wolves need far more room to wander and are incompatible with agriculture and the keeping of domestic animals: while wolves will not attack humans they will run twenty yards to pull down a fat calf before they will run twenty miles to bring an elk or stag to bay. Bears are mostly herbivores and carrion seekers. Once man "unbalances" a wilderness it cannot be restored by fiat, only by near desertion and the passage of a great deal of time. Nature knows no steady states.

The Point Reyes National Seashore is in many ways as artificial a creation as New York's Central Park, and from an ecological point of view, infinitely more complex. The bureaucracy that would manage it according to human tastes is necessarily large. If three species of deer and one of elk are to thrive, if salmon are to return, if the mountain beaver is to increase, if the Bishop pine is to be pre-

served from gall rust, redwoods grow, the Douglas fir do well, and the pastoral zone no grow up in almost impassable coyote brush; i human visitors are not to start fires, litter, fall off cliffs, and maroon themselves at high tide on remote beaches, the Park Service has to take care of business. Doing that requires federal dollars, which in turn require good public relations. Like all bureaucracies, therefore, the Park Service is habitually timid. Given essentially the same list of options available to the Fish and Wildlife Service in the Great Swamp case, the Park Service fudged it. After going through the motions of holding public hearings-hearings at which local sportsmen's groups supported a lottery hunting plan similar to the one proposed in New Jersey-the Park Service decided to do the job themselves. Rather than conduct a public hunt or issue rancher depredation permits, an option that was also considered, the bureaucracy discovered the perfect contemporary solution: let the government do the job. The rangers were told to kill the deer themselves.

When I first asked him about it, John Aho was understandably defensive. Although he has not hunted for sport in fifteen years, in the past two he has shot and butchered somewhere between 200 and 225 deer, often pursuing them by jeep. Already disdained as "tree pigs," Aho and his fellow rangers must now bear the additional stigma of assassinating Bambi. "You wouldn't believe it," he says, "but you get inured to it-the gore, the animals dying. It's like working in a slaughterhouse. Because that's all it is, slaughter. None of us enjoys it, and there are some who just can't bring themselves to go out with us. I try to spare them, find them something else to do." Asked if he would prefer a public or lottery hunt, Aho is the good soldier. "I support what the park supports," he says. But as he was given no extra money in the budget to support the deer depredation program and has to allocate time for it among innumerable other duties, he is not reticent in saying that it is less than a success. The axis deer, which run in large herds and can be chased by jeep into the back of a canyon where there is a road they are afraid to cross, have been brought more or less under control. They turn and stampede back into the guns. The others are less easily hunted. "The fallow deer are completely beyond our control now. I would estimate that there are now 1,200 or more within the park boundaries alone. Geographically and in numbers they are far beyond our capacity to manage them." Aho says he does not know what will happen or how far the animals are likely to spread.

HILE ONE CANNOT get anybody in an official position to confirm it in so many words, it is nevertheless clear that the decision to r the park rangers to thin the exotic deer -the first operation of its kind and scale Park Service has ever undertaken-was e primarily in the interest of avoiding publicity. "Social controversy," after all, ne of those factors Park Service officials instructed to assess in making their plans. n, too, organized groups of sportsmen like ones who expressed an interest-the Marin and Gun Club, the Tomales Bay Sportsi's Association, the State Archers Assoion-are for the most part conservative law-abiding. No doubt it was feared that w antihunting individuals and groupsing as they do a higher cause—would not o tractable. Then, too, given the local senent, both organized and disorganized foolless could have resulted if a lottery hunt been attempted. From the point of view avoiding difficulty the right decision was doubt made.

But should avoiding difficulty, in this innee, have been paramount? From the Calnia Department of Fish and Game's posin, evidently so. A spokesman in Sacramento
inded me that the Bay Area has probably
greatest concentration of antihunting acsts in the state, persons who oppose any
sumptive use of wildlife at all, and that
ny well-intentioned city dwellers cannot be
beyond a kind of instinctive sentimental
ction against guns and killing long enough
be reasoned with. "We try not to raise a
flag," he said, explaining why his agency

not press the issue with federal authors, adding that as hunters comprise a genlly misunderstood minority, there is some r of a referendum making its way to a genlelection ballot that would ban hunting present.

Considerations of class no doubt play a rt, too, although perhaps to a lesser extent prosperous, tribalized northern California in in other regions of the country. I once ended an emotional town meeting in west-1 New England, where a combination of ademics connected with the local university d property owners from Boston and Hartd tried to pass an ordinance that would ve forbidden the generally less well-off naes from continuing to pursue deer, grouse, d snowshoe hare, as they had done all their es. Revolutions, I came away convinced, gin from the same passions. Pat Norris, a whunting enthusiast who wrote letters and peared at a public meeting in favor of the lottery hunt at the Point Reyes National Seashore, saw it that way: "The whole thing was an absolutely perfect example of bureaucrats trying to run the park system and not having the authority or the guts. Who is on that commission anyway? Old-time politicos and landowners. They represent just one class of people. You can look at them walking in in their \$300 suits and know you've wasted your time coming."

The politics of nature in California has grown so sophisticated, though, that a single earnest individual representing himself is wasting his time if he expects a potentially controversial issue to be decided openly and upon its evident merits. The Bay Area chapter of the Sierra Club, for example, a powerful and well-organized lobbying group, is for the most part antihunting in sentiment, even though the national organization (which has waged fierce internecine struggles over the issue in the past) maintains a different position. Like the National Wildlife Federation, the Audubon Society, the Izaak Walton League, and other broad-based conservation organizations, the Sierra Club believes that sport hunting is a necessary and efficient form of wildlife management in what it calls "degraded ecosystems," which are defined as places in which human activity has had a significant impact. In the matter of the Point Reves exotics the chapter was opposed to a public hunt on the grounds of safety, the fear that other species might be taken either inadvertently or deliberately, and a concern over precedent: that holding a necessary hunt would put the Park Service in the position of the woman who, having agreed to whore for a million dollars, has lost her ethical leverage when confronted with a smaller offer. So the Park Service, the chapter feared, might be pressured to allow the hunting of ducks, quail, and other game. The concern with purity, one suspects, reveals the true intent.

A natural complicity

VER SINCE TAKING UP the sport of hunting I have been bewildered by the almost theological zeal of persons who object to it on principle. It is no use to argue, in the instance of Point Reyes, that a public hunt of the sort proposed would endanger participants and others less than the automobile travel required to attend; that the Park Service has, after all, been conducting hunts in such areas as the Kaibab National Forest and Yellowstone and Grand Teton national parks for more than fifty years; or that,

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if the job could be done safely on a little more than 6,000 acres of New Jersey swamp ringed by suburban development, then probably a way could have been found at Point Reyes's 64,000 acres.

One chooses to argue the issue using examples like the Great Swamp or Point Reyes deer herds largely in the hope of reaching persons who may themselves have no interest in pursuing game, but who are amenable to reason. Admittedly these are special cases, but they demonstrate what can happen in a wildlife habitat-what, in fact, would happen in most North American habitats-if hunting were banned. Most sportsmen, myself included, prefer not to hunt at all under such strictly supervised conditions as would apply in the Point Reyes National Seashore. One member of the Tomales Bay Sportsmen's Association who had hunted the area in his youth said he would not take part until the herd had been thinned and the animals made naturally wary again by the hunt. Shooting a fallow deer now, he thought, would be too much like shooting a cow. A roomful of his companions nodded. Some voluntereed, in fact, that they might submit their names to a lottery at least partly out of a sense of public duty. Others said flatly that they could use the meat; for sport they would prefer to drive north.

Such sentiments are not credited by the opposition, for reasons that I did not fully understand until I had been in Bolinas for a few days and had spoken to a woman very active in local affairs who conceded that the park rangers were not fascists, that the deer herd did need to be culled, but that it was, in her opinion, "psychologically cleaner not to have people out there having fun shooting deer." That, at last, is the answer to the rhetorical question I posed earlier about the antihunters who loved the deer there unto death by starvation: it is a matter not so much of loving animals more as of respecting one's fellows less. The literature of the antihunting movement is replete with the attribution to hunters of base and inhumane motives. Cleveland Amory, for example, in a TV Guide column, called with tight-lipped humor for a "Hunt the Hunters Hunt Club"; Friends of Animals, the organization of which he is president, speaks in policy statements of the "kill-for-kicks boys" and holds that the "destroyers of . . . life must, in turn, be destroyed—preferably by due legal process.

Amory is the Susan Brownmiller—one is tempted to say the Anita Bryant—of the antihunting movement. His tract on the subject, Man Kind?, not only is laden with class and regional bigotry-all Southerners, for exall ple, are depicted as monosyllabic drawli sadists-but fails to make even a passing me tion of the sport's more articulate defende preferring to prove again and again that make drugstore-rack outdoor magazines and me small-town newspaper hunting and fishing c umns are written and edited by persons who primary talents are not, perhaps, literary. T result, not surprisingly, is much the same if one were to characterize the romantic l havior of American men by consulting Huste and Naughty Nylons, spending a week in Fe ty-Second Street porn theaters, and examiing the rape file of the Los Angeles Polis Department. The vilest behavior of backwool psychopaths-persons who wound, tortui dismember, and burn wild animals aliveheld up as if it were considered normal even praiseworthy behavior by most sport men, as are such pastimes as poaching, roa shooting, killing with the aid of airplanes are snowmobiles, drunken littering, and malicio killing of domestic animals. Amory allows h readers to imagine that these activities cal best be curtailed by the elimination of license and regulated sport hunting. As it is, hunte and fishermen contribute through license fe and the Pittman-Robertson Act—an excise ta levied upon all guns, ammunition, and fis ing equipment sold in the United Statesvirtually all of the money used by the state and the federal government for wildlife man agement and habitat enhancement.

Not surprisingly, Amory nowhere in h diatribe makes reference to the rather wide spread custom of meat-eating. To do so woul lead him into absurdity and contradiction Anybody who eats meat-or, for that matte wears leather or keeps a dog or cat and feed it anything other than brussels sprouts-de prives himself of his only philosophically de fensible argument against the hunt. Herein lie the telling connection: antihunting zealots and Bolinas ideologues are joined in their mutua desire to purify the self of the World. Th positing of the Good in something called Na ture is, at bottom, a particularly inhuman form of sentimentality: inhumane because i removes a fundamental quality or impuls from the civilized mind of man to a never never land of childish dream. One cannot, i one wishes to admire the wholeness of natura process, fasten too closely upon the life and death of the individual organism. To com back to the hunt, if one chooses to imagin. that the individual rabbit, for example, has soul, then one must rail against nature, fo more than 80 percent of all rabbits die each winter, although the animal's potential life

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span is several years. That is why rabbits are famous for what they are famous for. Nature's way of solving the riddle of the Point Reyes deer would have taken longer, but the results are nevertheless predictable.

EN KILL and men die. One can no more escape complicity than one can walk without touching the ground, whether one chooses to try by purchasing animal flesh out of refrigerated compartments or by converting park rangers into slaughterhouse attendants. Even vegetarians cannot, in the modern world, exempt themselves. How much wheat and corn could Kansas and Nebraska produce with millions of bison eating everything down to the roots? To mow the lawn is to eliminate habitat for small mammals and birds. To drain swamps is to reduce the number of mosquitoes—also the number of ducks, muskrat, otter, turtles, and fish.

Just past the argument that hunting is murder lies the related superstition that it is a violent and bloodthirsty pastime that mars the sensibility of persons who indulge in it. The Humane Society of the United States, for example, says that it looks for "a generation of adults who will no longer have any wish, desire, or willingness to kill any living creature purely for pleasure and recreation." The argument is in essence a puritanical one and should be recognized as such. "One does not hunt in order to kill," Ortega y Gasset said, "one kills in order to have hunted." In the death of the beast one rehearses one's own: "Hunting," Ortega argues, "is an occurrence between two animals . . . one the hunter and one the hunted." The hunter cannot exist without the prey, and so, in his way, he loves it. If the hunter were always successful in his quest it would be not hunting but something else-what the park rangers are doing at Point Reyes, perhaps. That is why the sportsman has imposed limits upon himself to prevent the contest's becoming too one-sided. To employ all of one's intelligence and technological advantages against a wild animal is cheating.

If sportsmen's groups spent more time, energy, and money decrying technological abuses and reckless shooting and less time on the ludicrous claim that hunting has some mysterious connection to virility and patriotism, that point might not be so easily lost. I have never been in the company of hunters anywhere, whether in Massachusetts, Virginia, Arkansas, or California—the places I have hunted or spoken to numbers of hunters—

where men who exhibit aggressive tendencie and derive obvious pleasure from the kil ing part of the ritual are not disliked an shunned by their fellows. (There is an ol vious and natural limit to man's abilityplaying by the rules-to kill game. As an hunter knows who hunts a species in which the season is long enough to make a differ ence, by the end of that term game gets scarc and difficult to find. The rabbit season wher I live, for example, opens October 1 and close February 15. Anybody who goes hunting at ter Christmas is in it for something other than killing. By February rabbits are grown se scarce—and would do so, it is important to note, whether they were hunted by men o not-that it is often hard to find enough to give the dogs a good day's run.) A persor seeking sadistic thrills is better off with profootball or stock-car racing. If killing were the point of hunting, most people would give it up out of boredom.

Hunters do have one thing in common with persons who like to take pictures of wildlife or simply to sit in their living rooms, as many antihunters do, and contemplate the idea of animals running free. That is the protection of habitat. It is hardly possible to manage a park, preserve, or wilderness to benefit game species without benefiting nongame species as well. Thirty-five species of mammals are legally hunted in the United States; more than 800 are not. For birds the figures are seventy-four and over 700. No endangered species are hunted legally, and according to the National Wildlife Federation, no species was ever put on that list by modern (i.e., twentieth-century) sport hunting in this country. Many species have been brought from scarcity or near extinction to abundance through game-management techniques largely financed by hunters' taxes-deer, antelope, wild turkey, elk, and others. More deer by far are killed by automobiles than by all the hunters in Christendom.

The deer is not innocent unless the wolf is guilty. Deer are animals; they have no individual moral natures. To us they are an enigma, permanently other, seeming whole and free of contradiction only because the terms are our own. They live and die as we do, and we are implicated in their fate through the power we have over them. We have humanized our planet to the point where nature itself has grown bureaucratic. In the long run we are likelier to be kept sane by the example of those among us who can join the hunt and tolerate the ambiguity of things than by the childlike visions of half-informed Jeremiahs preaching the omnivorous guilt of others.

HARPER'S JULY 1978

INTO ERITREA:

AFRICAS RED SEA WAR

A journey to the heart of the matter

by Edward Hoagland

RITREA IS Ethiopia's northernmost province-45,000 square miles of mountains and desert bordering the Red Sea just north of Africa's "Horn." It is Ethiopia's only outlet to the sea, and the peacetime population has been about 2 million. but within the past couple of years 200,000 of these people have taken refuge in the neighboring Sudan because of the civil war going on. The Eritreans' war for independence from Ethiopia began with a few skirmishes in 1962, when Haile Selassie (not for no reason known as the "King of Kings") annexed the territory to his own country, after a United Nations mandate had rather clumsily "federated" it to Ethiopia, with semi-autonomous status, ten years before. Between 1941 and 1952 Eritrea had been administered by the British, who took it from the Italians early in World War II. Previously it had been part of Italian East Africa, the Italians having gained their ascendancy in 1890. For three centuries before that, Ottoman, Egyptian, and Ethiopian empire-builders had variously disputed possession of it, and a thousand years before that, it was the heartland of the Christian kingdom of Aksum.

Haile Selassie was overthrown in Addis Ababa in 1974. The swiftly radicalized governing Dergue (which is Amharic for "committee") sharply stepped up the emperor's military campaign to beat back Eritrean secession, but in so doing only furthered the Eritrean Liberation Front cause. Meanwhile other corners of the Ethiopian empire were coming unstitched, notably the Ogaden region near Somalia. And the Dergue was shifting away from the emperor's old alliance with the Americans and toward the Soviet camp, and also aiding continual attempted coups against President Gaafar Numeiri in the Sudan, thereby losing the good offices Numeiri had been trying to exert to mediate the Eritrean war so that the refugees, who were an unsettling influence in his own country, could go home.

Early in 1977 I was in the Sudan, and I met many young Eritreans who had been invalided out of the fighting. Because I was a journalist they knocked at my door with a leaflet of propaganda or a shrapnel scar to show, much preoccupied with the matter of which rivals they wanted to kill even among the several factions of the insurrection, putting their hands together to show me how so-and-so should be handcuffed for questioning. Mostly this was just talk. When applying for a passport—a futile process—they used to go to the embassy of the hated Dergue itself in Khartoum without killing anybody.

"These are my golden years, wasted!" a haggard boy named Issayas said, at the Hotel

Edward Hoagland is an essayist and novelist, author of Notes from the Century Before and Walking the Dead Diamond River. This article is taken from a work in progress about the Sudan.

Metropole, plucking angrily at his porter's tunic. He had left the city of Keren with both a technical-school diploma and a case of amoebic dysentery for which he still could not afford treatment. In Keren, he claimed, the Ethiopians had killed something like 750 civilians in search operations in 1975, and finally his father had told him to run for his life; but in the two years since, he hadn't been able to get word back that he was alive.

Even down in Juba, near the Sudan's boundary with Uganda, there had been a cell of Eritrean conspirators, disguised as gospel workers but shepherding a series of sardonic, shifty-looking agents in and out of town, en route to Kenya and Somalia. They wanted me to write about them also, but in the nit-picking manner of so many revolutionaries, would talk to me only if I guaranteed that what I found to say was going to be wholly favorable. For all my curiosity about the guerrillas—the strategy of their raids, their weapons-buying, their passionate provincialism—the obsession with killing and ideological purity was soon too much for me.

Then came the chance to go into Eritrea itself with two newsmen, crossing a dry riverbed at Karora a few days after the town had fallen to the rebels in the first of a domino sequence of victories that they won during 1977. The houses of the town had been destroyed beforehand by the Ethiopian troops, and there were rumors of mass graves of some of the 5,000 civilians who had once lived nearby. But now the Eritreans, in green fatigues and waving the Kalashnikov rifles that have become ubiquitous to guerrilla warfare, had raised their pretty azure flag with a rosette of olive leaves and appropriated the trenches and machine-gun sites. Most of them were hardly twenty years old, blooming with the ideal of the classless state that they were going to build. They were of the "Eritrean People's Liberation Front," and they had taken the town while a contingent of the Eritrean Liberation Front that had invested Karora for eight months continued to hold the hills. Nevertheless, they would not permit the ELF partisans to enter now; had fired at them in the flush of victory when they tried. "Comrade," "Brother" came out as every second word, but along the path to the latrine stood a cardboard box heaped with the love letters of the Ethiopian soldiers they had beaten. "That's our toilet paper," said our young guide, with his fine-boned, brown skin, endearing grin, and Afro hair, Chairman Mao's Thoughts riding red-bound in his breast pocket.

This is the story of my trip.

ZZ ABDEL-as I will call him-was a Sudanese newspaperman; and we had an English boy along, a would-be free-lance journalist from Liverpool with a brush haircut, who had been teaching English in Omdurman to classes of sixty kids at a time, and was with us to represent the Khartoum stringer for one of the London newspapers. We drove for a day and a night by Land Rover through Hadendowa country. The Hadendowas are Cushites, not Arabs, and not by tradition the friendliest people in the Sudan, even to each other, except for the family bond. Izz Abdel said we ought to have brought a policeman with us for safety's sake, but that because these people associated Land Rovers with government bigwigs they would probably leave us alone. In fact, every time we stopped at a campsite to ask directions across the desert hardpan, the women and children shrieked and ran away, imagining that we might be a team of doctors who proposed to inoculate them.

Our driver, Abdullah-which means "the slave of Allah" in Arabic-was a thin, faithful man with a V-shaped face, scars nicking his brows and forehead. His whispery, musical voice was that of a person raised in the desert mountains, whose gentlest enunciation there might have carried for a mile in the soft air. But he had never been to Eritrea. Neither had Izz Abdel. The latter, a quickpaced, calculating, opportunistic fellow of fifty, was just the sort who in America would be a millionaire. As it was, he told me, one way or another, he had earned enough to live on "for twenty years"-nodding to indicate that that ought to be long enough for him. Although in Cairo the souls one sees prostrate in prayer in public places are mostly laborers and the poor, in Khartoum a professor of literature I was talking with grew increasingly restless at nightfall, until he broke off to go outdoors and kneel facing the east. Exactly so, this Khartoum entrepreneur-whose identity I must conceal, yet who at the end of our hectic trip played me a dirty, entrepreneurtype trick-kept stopping the car at dawn, midday, midafternoon, sunset, and nightfall to go down on his knees, after first washing his hands and feet with sand.

On our way, we had already stopped at the Sudanese town of Gebeit to visit the Ethiopian prisoners of the battle of Karora, who had chosen to give themselves up to the Sudanese army rather than suffer incarceration at the hands of the Eritreans—a saltless, meatless,

fruitless imprisonment in caves and a dry wash twenty-five miles deeper into Eritrea from Karora, we were told.

In Gebeit, the Ethiopians' cook, at least, was very broad and fat. He had a fire going under a black pot full of water with bits of goat meat and okra floating in it, and was so unfazed by his captivity that he drove us out of his concrete kitchen with a growl and flourish of his fist. The Ethiopian soldiers themselves were skinny, tall, black, mountain-raised Christians with delicate features, who waited now, abashed and timid, under guard in this hot, Muslim country-having carried, "like women," as the Sudanese garrison commander put it, several grenade launchers, ninety American M-14 rifles, and some 12,000 rounds of ammunition into detention with them. A Sudanese company "would have held out for a year, and died to the last man, if you gave them that," he said.

Indeed, a wounded Ethiopian we spoke with in the hospital used the same figure of speech. "If a woman has a fight with her husband, she goes to the neighbor's next door, not back to her husband," he explained in murmured Amharic, which was translated into Arabic for Izz Abdel and then by him into English for me. "We went in the direction from which

there was no firing."

This man, bandaged on one arm, and the Ethiopian in the bed next to his, who had been shot through the mouth, were cowed. They allowed a Sudanese television cameraman to pose them for pictures with a loaned cigarette pushed to the lips of the first and a sarcastic doctor leaning over the second, pretending to listen to his heart. The three Ethiopian officers were not submissive, though they were in a pitifully precarious position. Their own country would not acknowledge their survival, would not ask for their repatriation, and might well shoot them as cowards if it ever did.

"We came with our weapons to a neutral country. We are soldiers. We are not prisoners," the captain said. And yet the Sudan was no longer neutral, as he realized—had begun to support the Muslim Eritreans and to hope

for the overthrow of the Dergue.

"We are not monkeys from the jungle, to be exhibited to white men!" he exclaimed to Izz Abdel, who, like me, was then part of a larger assemblage of newsmen, including reporters from the London Daily Telegraph and Daily Express. Appealing as an African to the sense of honor of his captors, he consented to see only the Sudanese journalists and a Tunisian—"the Africans," he said, although he allowed a Syrian into the room. "No pictures, No pictures," we heard him say. "We would be signing our death warrants!"

"But this is history! It must be recorded!" the Sudanese cameraman argued, also in English, equally emotionally, until the Sudanese commander, in harsh-sounding Arabic, sided half-contemptuously with the officer.



EBEIT WAS A little town, reachable from Port Sudan by a narrow, stony track that twisted between wild, leopardy, slag-colored hills, with a minaret and water tower standing against the evening sky when we got there. Because the telephone line was down, the garrison was caught almost as much by surprise as were the prisoners when our headlights swept into the central square. Later, the Syrian went home to Damascus; the Tunisian fell in with two Frenchmen who were setting forth from the Red Sea to sail around the world but had not yet drunk up the last of their Burgundy; and the London newsmen embroiled themselves in a quarrel with the commissioner of Red Sea Province over whether he should furnish his one helicopter for all of us to fly to Karora, which resulted in their staying behind in Port Sudan. But for now, with our cameras or notebooks at the ready, into the common barracks we rushed.

These were privates, sergeants, corporals, ninety-six of them, lying in their fatigues on two rows of white-sheeted cots, in a 200-foot building, with three weak light bulbs and four water jugs. A jolt of fear went through them, naturally. They had been under siege in Karora for eight months and-now fallen into the hands of these new but ancient enemies from Islam-were not as yet convinced they weren't about to lose their lives. One man was so startled he sprang onto his bed and stood teetering there. Every one of them went to a cot, most sidling over and quickly lying down, some on their faces, some masking their noses or covering their heads with a sheet so that they could not be photographed. For a moment nobody in that long barren room would admit to speaking either Arabic or English because to do so might involve being quoted. Like Abdullah, these were mountain people accustomed to speaking in hums and clicks and whistles, in murmured whispers, up high in a terrain where they could hear the wings of birds a mile or more away. The mountains of Ethiopia are much higher, however, and the very notes of fear and nervousness they uttered amounted to a sort of poignant twitter, ending in silence.

I knew that in Ethiopia repatriated war prisoners at their luckiest were likely to find themselves officially "dead"; no working papers or other identification were given to them by which they might resume their existence. So, as one young man was provoked by the sight of the cameras to break into an anguished remonstration, I began walking the length of the barracks slowly and quite sadly. "I have no need to be photographed!" he

cried, practically weeping—meaning that international law did not require him to submit to treatment appropriate to a surrendered enemy prisoner. Two other Ethiopians also stood in front of the Sudanese and English who were holding cameras, seeking to keep them back.

"I have no need to do this! I will dig my grave if I do this!" the private protested, as spokesman, in his mission-college English.

I was looking for a face that might show a willingness to talk to me, among these sorrowful, humiliated figures, each stretched out gangling, tense, and motionless, as if I were a striped hyena that had got loose in the room. None of them was in the slightest willing, and gradually, by the time I reached the far end, I had stopped looking and was delaying my steps, closing my eyes in order to try to absorb some memory of the rancid misery. It was tasteable—like a mist—and African as well as merely military, so that it did not connect very well with my own army recollections.

Since I was not after the same material as the newspapermen, I could join the argument on the Ethiopians' side. The Daily Express man had been joking as we drove to Gebeit that the commanding general in Port Sudan would already have phoned ahead to "paste their fingernails back on." But here we were, after a bumpy ride, including two flat tires, the jackals howling as we'd watched poor Abdullah wrestle with the spares, and nobody would give him a story. "There's no lead" he kept complaining loudly, pushing for an angle, pushing for the sake of pushing, anyway, though he didn't want to put anybody's life in jeopardy, either.

The reporter from the Telegraph was a languid-looking Cambridge graduate who told us he had eaten Mangabey monkey on the Congo River, although just now, like his colleague from the Express, he felt disgruntled and outflanked because a BBC reporter named Simon Dring had already gotten clear past interviewing these prisoners two days ahead of us, and into Eritrea at Karora, and on fifty or sixty miles to the district town of Nakfa, which the Eritreans currently had under siege. Dring was an intrepid professional, known for his exploits in Pakistan and Vietnam. Once again he was in there, as they said a first-rate reporter should be. They were scared the Eritreans might stage a special attack on Nakfa for him to film, and were trying to piece together an account of what was happening from secondary sources closer to Khartoum to telex to London before he got out of Eritrea, in order to take the shine off whatever news and film he had.

"A wink is as good as a nod to a blind man," said Jimmy Brash, the Express man. He joked under his breath about "Kaffirs," seeing how loud he could say it without being overheard. The Telegraph photographer was a square-set bloke with a bad back, older and raunchier than the others. While we'd waited in the antercom of the commissioner of Red Sea Province, he'd pointed out the window at one of the herds of goats that scavenge everywhere, and said he'd like to pull on a pair of Wellie boots and screw those blondies. When there was a chance, he skinned off his Hawaiian sport shirt and exposed his pinkand-white, scantily furred chest to the sun. "Saves going to Monte Carlo."

Naturally, this confabulation of the English press had not occurred to celebrate a minuscule guerrilla victory in a landscape of candelabrum, dragon's blood, and toothbrush trees. Rather, the Eritreans had released, a few days earlier, a British contract-hydrologist named Ransom and his family from three months' captivity. Unlike a number of previous kidnappings of Europeans and Americans who had wandered into guerrilla territory, there were three children and a pretty wife involved, and so the Telegraph, the Daily Mail, and the Sunday Mirror had flown in representatives to Khartoum to bid for first serial rights on the Ransoms' story. But, according to Jimmy Brash, who walled his eyes at every discussion of missionary mentality, the Mirror man had gotten stranded temporarily in Nairobi, and though he had arrived prepared to offer £25,000 for this tale out of Darkest Africa, Mr. Ransom said no, because he'd already been offered £16,000 by the Daily Mail and he had shaken hands.

The Red Sea Province commissioner, himself a graduate of the University of Manchester, was a somber, ironic man of forty-nine. He spoke with deadly contempt of the Ethiopians who had abandoned their post at Karora. "They didn't want to die," he said with a collected ferocity and relish. He seemed coolly bemused by Brash and his two mates as social specimens, when we all sat down to tea in his office, but he was also alarmed, because Brash had drafted a telegram to President Numeiri concerning the matter of the helicopter. This wire, couched in terms of our being personal guests of both the president and the nation, was never sent, and only a couple of months later, as it turned out, the commissioner was elevated to a position in the Cabinet. Instead, we were told we could go overland to Karora, The Londoners, after the visit to Gebeit, stayed in Port Sudan and interviewed a Sudanese major who had witnessed the final battle and accepted the Ethiopians' surrender. Izz Abdel, Abdullah, I, and the boy from Liverpool set off.

T'S CHARACTERISTIC of traveling in Africa that, a little while before, I had been told forthrightly by the same Sudanese major that I might be shot by the Eritreans if I tried to cross the border. "We have no communications with them. You would have to walk across the river alone, and they have a bunker facing where you would be. They would not know who you are and they would watch you come and decide what to do. Even we don't know them yet." In any event, I would not be permitted to reenter the Sudan. "It is not a legal crossing point. What you would do if they didn't like you, and how you would get out of there even if they did, I can't say," he had told me, with a minimal smile. Simon Dring, whose stunt in entering he didn't mention, had employed a daredevil free-lance Sudanese intelligence agent to smooth the way.

But now, after the Londoners' threatened telegram and Izz Abdel's hard sell-invoking me as a correspondent for the New York Times, since I was from New York City and because in order to be allowed to go, he needed me-we were rolling. What we lacked was a map. There are so few roads in the Sudan, there are no road maps. No maps of any kind at this time were obtainable, except that through special dispensation of the American Embassy I'd got hold of a twelve-bytwelve-inch sketch of the nation. Keeping one eve on old wheel ruts, we tilted this around to conform with the course of the sun, Izz Abdel-who was as squat as he was bold, wore a black headcloth, later a white headcloth, and called on Allah frequently-burst unexpectedly into laughter, remembering other adventures on the Uganda border during the Sudan's own civil war. He took over the wheel from Abdullah at the worst spots, as if to show the car who was its boss. After Tokar, we had no distinguishable roadway to follow.

Tokar, at the delta of the Baraka River, flowing out of Eritrea, is the site of a cotton-growing scheme. Pilgrims to Mecca from West Africa historically have paused here in the cotton fields for a season to earn their boat passage across the sea. We arrived at dark, and it was easy to get stuck in the outflow from the irrigation ditches roundabout, or lost among the tractor tracks. For two hours the next morning, we headed out again mistakenly in the wrong direction. The town is spaciously laid out, but so lightless at night

that the children must wait for the moon to wax to do much playing after the sun goes down, so poor and dispirited that several families had dug mud for their house bricks right from the street in front—big pits ten feet wide and ten feet deep, extremely difficult to see and dodge in a vehicle at night.

Many of these people were Hadendowas, who speak Bedawiye before they learn Arabic, or Bani-Amer, whose native language is Tigré. So when my manipulative companion Izz Abdel tried, at the whitewashed Government Club, to procure supper for the four of us by appealing to the obsessive hospitality of Arab culture, he managed to conjure up only a cup of coffee and a glass of orange squash apiece. The members, at their card games, glared at us over one shoulder suspiciously.

Meeting an Arab peddler leading a donkey in the desert that afternoon, Izz Abdel, in his practiced style, had stepped out of the Land Rover, patting his heart repeatedly and exelaiming, "There is no god but God!"

The peddler, who was a butcher—his donkey festooned with goat rib cages and legs jerked the animal's halter to bring it to a stop, and placed his right hand on his heart. "Mohammed is the Apostle of God!" he said.

"Bless the Prophet!" said Izz Abdel.
"Peace be upon him," the peddler an-

swered.

The whole four-part formula was gone through again, in a bountifully zestful, leisure-ly fashion. Then, too, again, the words for the first time starting to sound a little bit slurred, both men dropping their eyes from what I took to be the beginnings of boredom. Then yet again—before Izz Abdel inquired after directions to Tokar—by which time the entire fate of the peddler's soul might seem to have been staked upon the accuracy of what he said. But these Hadendowa notables in their white sheets did not respond to Izz Abdel's invocations except perfunctorily.

Arabs hoard their women like water in the desert, but the Hadendowa women go unveiled. They do their share of herding, and will gallop on a camel across the sand like a man when they want to, carrying a wickedlooking cutlass, on occasion, which they grip when meeting a stranger-gazing at you with scorn to forestall any incivility. Their tents are frog-shaped, constructed of hides and woven mats of goats' and camels' hair on a stick frame, the large mouth facing east. The men we saw, dressed in white, with a "fuzzywuzzy" hayrick of hair worn as high and proud as a Texan sports his hat, carried threefoot-long herding poles and narrow-bladed little brushwood hatchets, or one of their definitive, red-scabbarded, immense swords. At the time of Mahdi, they defeated at least one British general with these, and later, in defeat, still charged and broke a British square, as in Kipling's poem in praise of them.

Approaching the elusive border

HE FOLLOWING DAY, Izz Abdel had Abdullah stop every couple of hours so we could "pass water." Then, "Gentlemen, prepare yourselves!"—when it was time to continue again. Black sand alternated after ten or fifteen miles with soft white sand, or thorn-tree savanna land, or brine flats by the sea, with the beach beyond. The emaciated, desert-colored dogs darting around the miserable mud shops we passed could muster enough energy to bark but hadn't the moisture in their bodies to piss successfully when they greeted one another.

George, the journalist from Liverpool we had brought with us, was a Communist and had carried his Marx along, a paperback copy of Das Kapital to read if we broke down somewhere, or perhaps to impress the guerrillas (it later seemed). Though he was sympathetic to the proletariat, and said his father was a lorry driver back home, he kept raging unreasonably at Abdullah for "stupidity" in driving. He claimed he was a pacifist, as well, and vet became exultant, bobbing up and down, when the first of what were possibly the Karora Hills materialized ahead of us, where the war would be. Izz Abdel acted less sanguine. Apart from not being sure where Karora itself was located, we didn't know where the line of the border lay-had no guide or compass-and didn't want to cross inadvertently, like a bunch of "spies." Generally, as we traveled now, to the south and west we could see a rough small knot of mountainsnot the same ones, apparently-a country where, a century ago, people may have carried gold from hidden workings to market, poured into hollow vulture quills. We knew that Eritrea was mountainous, but not where it began. George in the meantime was trying to argue Izz Abdel, not only into accepting the tenets of Marx, but out of his faith in the existence of God. Izz Abdel, though a broadminded, worldly man, snorted at such folly.

"This is the Sudan, my friend. You are not among your bloody atheists in London!"

The Bani-Amer, a tribe related to the Hadendowas but hostile to them, live nearer the border and inhabit thatched-stick, rectangular hovels, patched with old tin, with an unbaked clay pot standing outside the door from which

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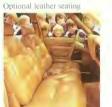
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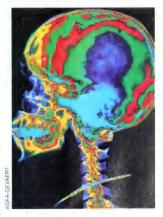


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water oozes just fast enough to keep the contents cool, and a brush corral attached for the livestock. Our motor startled herds of up to eighty camels, some of them hobbled, and double that number of goats, which had been lying peacefully in the sun, till they lurched onto their feet—all of them the very balls of the local sheikh. The women in flowing, pink or yellow taubs ran to head off nervous individual heasts.

We suffered another flat, and sprawled under a rock while Abdullah drove the car onto the punctured tire to get it off the wheel. He patched and mounted it again, and laboriously inflated it with a bicycle pump. Once, when flying to Khartoum, I had seen a bicycle pump used to fuel a Sudan Airways jet. In the office building in central Khartoum that houses the U.S. Embassy, I had often ridden up and down for several minutes in the elevator with a CIA type, while we took turns trying to snatch the door open just as we reached the fourth floor, because there was no other way to persuade it to stop. Manual difficulties were therefore a fact of life to all of us but we were feeling bad-tempered from the heat.

We passed a dead camel, bloated up, several scattered camel skeletons, and a ghastly desiccated donkey carcass, looking almost fossilized and twisted halfway about as if to plead against a terrific beating as it died. Of course it may have only been protesting the agony of the heat. We also went by single human graves, each with an upright flat stone at the head and foot and a circle of modestsized stones around. For brief stretches, water would have gathered in sufficient quantity in a slightly soggy area for sorghum to be raised. Then, in other terrain, there was nothing except tan-colored rocky sand, relieved every couple of miles by an acacia tree or a few cactus-looking euphorbias. At the upper elevations some wild olive trees and cedars grew.

"Alexander the Great, you know, could tell when an army that he was chasing was about to give up," Izz Abdel remarked. "That's right. He'd just watch their shit. Whenever he came to a place where they had camped, he walked all over and looked at where they had slept and done their business, and if it was spotted everywhere with runny stuff with blood in it, he knew they would be finished running pretty soon."

We had a handful of bananas left and two oranges and some dry bread, but had exhausted both our water and the Khartoum beer we had obtained in Port Sudan. Izz Abdel was a cosmopolite who drank beer when traveling to avoid dysentery, but only trusty Khartoum beer, brewed from Khartoum water.

"We will have some tea," he concluded cautiously, and directed Abdullah to stop at one of the mud-brick huts roofed with rusty tin and straw that we encountered every twenty miles, where our lorry track forked off from another or simply crossed a camel path. Our host here, an Arab petty trader named Yasin Ali Suleiman, reassuringly swore eternal fealty not only to God but also to us. He had thrown a tire on the ground and put a block of salt in it and an armload of sorghum straw for his customers' camels. Three of these were "barracked" in the yard with their forelegs tied up under them, though they could walk a little on the ball of the knee to reach the fodder or a tin tub of water. The largest was able to get up and stand on three legs and hop along, because his owner had bound only one of his knees.

Riding camels are males, whereas the breeding herds we had been passing along the way were mostly composed of females. Although a camel's nostrils can express consummate disdain, it is by a rope wrapped around his nostrils that his rider controls him. Controls but can't wholly domesticate him, because with their great vigorous necks, mean front teeth, contemptuous lips, threatening grunts and angry groans, camels do hold their own. They have not even been shaped by the 3,500-year experience of man, because the neck and hump are still architectured for living in the wilderness independently. Being so comely and tall -half giraffe and half gazelle-they are undiminishedly free-looking. We could drive all day and never see a wild animal yet somehow never realize this because we were seeing plenty of camels. These powerful creatures -the grace not sacrificed to strength, the strength not sacrificed to grace-nibbling high twigs in the thorn trees looked wild enough. And this big one, with his saddle scabbard sticking up as he lay watching us, himself appeared to be sporting the sword.

ASIN ALI, our storekeeper, was a poor man, selling hunks of pink soap, flashlight batteries, cloth cut from a trio of bright bolts, some grain in baskets, cooking oil, rope, thin saucepans and stewing pots, perfumes and spices. Spices are a particular necessity where so many meals consist of nothing but boiled mush. The perfume was a brand known as "Bint of the Sudan" (bint meaning girl), which is manufactured in Great Britain but advertised by posters of a plump dark girl with naked breasts.

Middle-aged, moustached, he wore an orange skullcap, just showing underneath his turban, and had a radio, which happened to be playing "London Calling" in Arabic. As we sat with him, he proved his poverty, however, by killing twin baby goats so that his young son could have the mother's milk, though he told us it would be more profitable to raise them. One of the tiny beasts was tied by its foot to a post while he strung up and bled and skinned the other. After offering us a pailful of brown sorghum home brew with a gourd floating on top, he sat cross-legged, picking its diminutive ribs out of its raw chest with his teeth and smiling at Izz Abdel's questions and sallies, Izz Abdel, like an indefatigable newsman, never stopped angling for information. The Hadendowas in Tokar could shrug and ignore him, but Yasin Ali chatted responsively. Allah all the time as bright as the sun in whatever he said.

Sitting on a mat under another mat that was propped up on poles, we watched him dip the tea kettle into a barrel of muddy water and blow at the coals of a little fire under a broken truck radiator, upon which he set the kettle.

His eldest son, leading a donkey, kept bringing water from a pit dug in a wadi, the waterskins making a peculiar rushing sound, as if the donkey were peeing, when he emptied them into the barrel. Then he'd mount again, sitting straight, tossing a white scarf about his throat, and trot back, his left leg balanced dapperly across the donkey's shoulders. There are the purposeful postures donkey riders assume, the man's weight centered on the creature's shoulder blades-and homey, negligent, comfy styles of slumping over, while perched upon its rump. Some people bestraddle the beast, rocking forward impatiently to lend it impetus. Some hang both legs down the same side of its ribs; or they will cross their legs, casually bumping along; or stick one leg straight out alongside the donkey's neck, with their arms akimbo; or hug themselves, although, really, a fat donkey, as it picks its way nimbly among the stones, looks disconcertingly like a moseying, roundbodied mouse.

"Gentlemen, prepare yourselves," said Izz Abdel, when we finished our tea. Driving again by the slant of the sun, we saw rain clouds ahead of us over the mountains in Eritrea.

"Are you afraid, my friend?" he asked, glancing at me. While his billing me as a correspondent for the New York Times might grease the gears for us somewhat, it would also make me sound like a juicier hostage, if the Eritreans were still of a mind to grab and hold a Westerner. Jon Swain, a correspondent

for the London Times, had only recently been released. Because he was our translator, I couldn't very well prevent Izz Abdel from making any claims he wanted to about me. In fact, he may have begun to believe I actually was a hard-news reporter because of all the notes I took. When we finally got back to Port Sudan, he played me the dirty trick of calling the airport and then telling me there wouldn't be a plane for Khartoum for several hours. As soon as I had relaxed and gone into the hotel to wash and change, he dashed with the English boy to catch one that was supposed to leave in fifteen minutes, so they could file their stories quicker.

ELF and EPLF

ARORA," HE SAID, as we pulled up beside a barbed-wire encampment a quarter-mile around. It was Friday, the Sudanese sabbath. A sentry with binoculars stood on the bluff above, to keep tabs on the Eritreans' activities, but the rest of the detachment of forty soldiers were playing volleyball, laundering their clothes, or playing cards. The captain, in his sport shirt, invited us into his tent, where we were given a basin of clear water to drink. Since this was not a commercial establishment, it was socially incumbent upon us to do so. We sat on folding chairs while Izz Abdel explained why we had come. Meanwhile, a dog that was a living skeleton ran inside with two soldiers with clubs stalking and chasing him. He stood with arched back and miserably gaped mouth

"He is a mad dog who has come out of the hills. They must kill him before he bites someone." Izz Abdel said.

I thought him only desperately starved and thirsty, but all of us sat very still while the soldiers sought to maneuver him out of the tent to where he could be safely killed. He must have known that to leave would be to die, but at last they succeeded in forcing him to make a run for it. He couldn't get through the fence, and we heard him yelp. Then as we walked to the border crossing we saw a private dragging his body to the dump, smiling at us, although the captain shouted that it was a stupid thing to drag a dead dog along in front of an Englishman and an American, like that.

Walking down some stone steps, I felt my knees knock a bit. We waited in front of the two-story brick-and-stucco police post in the shade of a big margosa tree, brought as a seedling from India and planted by the British, the police lieutenant, in his sabbath jibba, said. This was where the British post commander used to meet with his Italian counterpart when Eritrea had been a province of Italian East Africa. They had sniped at each other here at the start of World War'II. The army captain went through the bushes to the riverbank and hailed the Eritrean People's Liberation Front lookout on the opposite side, telling him to call his officer. In due course, a stocky figure in olive drab scrambled down the sand slope, about a hundred yards away, and crossed. His name, he said, was Sheikh Omer. He was a smoldering, vigorous military man, dark-colored, fortyish, but still alight with pride in the victory that he had won, although he told us that he bore no proper rank, because in a people's army such as his all fighters had an equal role.

Not an individual whose prisoner I would like to have been, the sheikh, who had just recently been dealing with prisoners, cast a cold eye at me. Then, as Izz Abdel talked, he shook hands. I was dressed in a rumpled saltand-pepper Brooks Brothers summer suit and Oxford shoes, oddly enough, because this trip had been scheduled as a hotel-type press junket from Khartoum to Port Sudan and return (our Information Ministry escorts had washed their hands of us when we set off for the border). But though my strange costume and black briefcase looked incongruous in the setting, they probably acted to convince the sheikh that I was either an American foreign correspondent or, better yet, a U.S. government agent posing as a correspondent. He walked back across the riverbed to radio his superior, who was commanding the siege at Nakfa, for instructions, saying that a decision might take another hour.

In the meantime, the Sudanese captain had sent a pickup truck to bring in the chief of the partisans of the Eritrean Liberation Front who had besieged the Ethiopians here from the crags above but had not managed to crank themselves up to the task of actually overrunning them. Now that the Ethiopians were gone, the Sudanese were bulldozing a supply road to the ELF's new headquarters at a ranchhouse on the valley floor, about a mile from the EPLF positions.

ASHIR ABDUL KADAR was the ELF chief, and they had known him much longer, and furthermore would tend to favor him because he was a Muslim, and the ELF preponderantly Muslim-armed and supported by Arab countries such as Syria, Iraq. Saudi Arabia, and Yemen. The EPLF, originally predominantly Christian highlanders, had split off from the lowlanders of the ELF in 1970 in what began as a religious conflict, ushering in three years of civil war within the Eritrean independence movement itself. About 3,000 guerrillas on both sides are said to have been killed. Having been persecuted and driven to the highlands in historical times by the Muslims, most of the Christians of Eritrea at first had been indifferent to the war of independence waged by Eritrean Muslims against Haile Selassie's army of Christians from Addis Ababa, Yet the Dergue made so little distinction between the religious affiliations of Eritrean villagers in its bombing and ground attacks that by the period of my visit, the ELF and EPLF were not killing each other, but merely planning their war strategy separately and holding territory "liberated" from the Ethiopian army in a leopard-spot pattern throughout the province. Each organization boasted its own spots.

The EPLF had 10,000 men under arms, altogether, the ELF perhaps 15,000, but the EPLF was better and more boldly led. Its cadres were better educated, intellectually livelier and trendier, more urban and middle-class in origin, and Marxist in theory. They would tell you that the ELF was "tribal," "regional," and "backward," but also "pan-Arab," and thus not truly "national." They claimed they fought mostly with captured-which is to say, American—weapons, not brand spanking new Kalashnikovs, such as the Saudis and Syrians had bought and boated to the ELF from Yemen. Both groups included Christians as well as Muslims now, and social democrats as well as Marxists, but the ELF, in answering the accusation that it was pan-Arab rather than nationalist, argued that—on the contrary -the Marxism of so many members of the EPLF rendered the EPLF beholden to outside ideologues and foreign powers.

So, George, I, and Izz Abdel shared a cheese-and-boiled-egg late lunch with Bashir Abdul Kadar on the second-story terrace of the police post. It was a breezy, pleasant spot, with pigeons bustling and cooing just above us on the corrugated roof. The Sudanese, after laying out our food, like good marriage brokers, withdrew. Mr. Kadar told us he was thirty-two and had been living as a revolutionary in the mountains for thirteen years. He had become such an ascetic, particularly during the drought and famine of 1975, when the Ethiopians cut off international relief supplies being shipped to Eritrea's civilians, that he allowed himself only one of the eggs and half the cheese that had been placed on his plate. Slender, emotional, idealistic-looking,

in the style of a schoolteacher, with delicate Hamitic features and a fragile mustache under his checkered kaffiyeh, he didn't alarm me, as had the flat and fearsome manner of the other commander.

Through his interpreter he asked why they had never seen a Western journalist before. Why this prejudice? Both George and I laughed uneasily and pointed out that Westerners who had entered Eritrea had been detained lately and, in some cases, never seen again. Why, asked the loquacious interpreter, did America, which had fought a revolution for self-rule, furnish the Fascist Dergue with F-5 jets and helicopters to attack them? I said that the American government had favored Haile Selassie—true enough—but not the Dergue, and that the arms presumably were intended to counterpoise the Russian ordnance then still pouring into Somalia.

George, however, elated as he was to be sharing a meal with genuine guerrillas, began to speak of the Imperialist-Oppressors Camp, versus the Peace-Loving Republics. He wanted them to know where he stood, and started ridiculing my explanation, condescending to me as a representative of capitalism and the Pentagon. "Of course, you would believe

hat!"

The Eritreans threw each other an amused glance, to find us Anglos disagreeing. Without really accepting him as a fellow fighting progressive, the translator, who turned out to be the unit's political officer, launched upon an enthusiastic lecture about the Socialist March.

I muttered to my colleague that if he'd wanted to get into a political argument with me, why on earth had he not done so during our many boring hours in the car instead of waiting till these precious minutes of the interview? Bashir Abdul Kadar seemed to feel the same. It was foolishness to harangue this visitor with gray in his hair and an American briefcase and suit. Interrupting his assistant, he got him to tell me that many Eritrean revolutionaries were not Communists at all; that although Somalia helped them occasionally with passports and other small amenities, they received no weaponry from Somalia and had their own troubles with the Somalis-as I already knew. In the wretched fashion of Africa, these two natural allies against Ethiopia, which stretched between them, were unable to coordinate their strategy freely. The Somalis were blood relations of the Issas, one of two inimical Islamic tribes inhabiting the tiny coastal French protectorate of Djibouti, wedged between Eritrea and Ethiopia proper and Somalia. But many Eritreans, on the other hand, were related to the Afars, who were outnumbered by the Issas

in Djibouti, and lived in danger of being massacred by them after the French left.

I asked him whether my country's M-14 rifles were of any use to his men, when they collected them from the Ethiopian dead.

"Oh, it is a good rifle, yes," he said, through the interpreter, smiling at that. "It is a rifle for an army, you understand. It is not as light and handy when you have to run up the side of a mountain. But what is important is not the rifle that a soldier uses. What is important is the man who holds the rifle. That is why the Eritrean people are winning against the Ethiopians. Not that we have Kalashnikovs. We are

fighting for our homeland."

For all of his asceticism, he wore creamy tan pants and smoked a Benson & Hedges, not the local Haggar brand of cigarette. In a modest way he identified himself as the ELF's Commissioner of the Military Bureau for the Northern Front, and a member of its Revolutionary Council. He was naturally embarrassed that his EPLF rivals had come up underneath his machine gun and rocket positions and, after two weeks' reconnaisance, had taken the town, when he had lain for so much longer in the rocks overlooking it. He had guessed that the approaches must be mined; but when Sheikh Omer, after asking his consent, and with a force only slightly larger than his own -about half the number of the entrenched Ethiopians—launched a creeping assault from the direction of Nakfa, they did not encounter any mines.

Starting four hours before sunset, the sheikh's men had suffered just two wounded, hugging the lay of the land. Although they didn't reach the actual V of the perimeter trench that night, they had dug in pressed so close that the Ethiopians the next day sent in four helicopters from Asmara to ferry away their howitzers and other heavy equipment, lest these be captured by the Eritreans. The Ethiopians had been supplied by air for months, but, judging that the helicopters were going to fly back to evacuate the troops as well, the tough sheikh, in the small hours the following night, dispatched a party to seize the isolated outcrop spur from which the Ethiopians, with a .50-caliber machine gun, had protected their landing pad. They succeeded in doing just this, and so when, around noontime, five Ethiopian helicopters whirled in again to pick up the 115 defenders left, these couldn't land. After much frustrated chatter, to which everybody in the valley with a radio listened avidly, they flew off. And that night the Ethiopians sewed together the white flag with which they had slunk across the river to the old British police post on Sudanese soil where

we were now enjoying our lunch. Fourteen Ethiopian dead and four rearguard, now prisoners, were left behind. The EPLF, after realizing what was up, tumbled into their trenches, firing after them, but also shooting at the irregulars of the ELF, who dashed from the nearby ridges where they had witnessed the proceedings, to help celebrate the outcome.

Indeed, the Christian sheikh now treated Bashir Abdul with blunt contempt, when Izz Abdel posed them for pictures. He almost refused to shake his hand, though this was partly political punctiliousness. Since I liked the gentler man, seeing him humiliated was painful.

Mixed lovalties

FTER THE picture-taking, Bashir Abdul returned to his enclave and we accompanied the sheikh across the river, keeping in his previous tracks in case the Ethiopians at some point had put mines down. Perhaps at Izz Abdel's request, the Sudanese army captain tagged along-I think, to be sure that we were permitted to return. In the Sudan it is the pattern that you can drive for four arduous days through the desert in order to spend what in retrospect has amounted to only a few hours at a village of naked dancers in the Nuba Mountains, for example; then drive for four days back. There is a suddenness when things do happen, as on a sweltering afternoon when you have phoned the EPLF leader in Khartoum-a number obtained from the Washington Post's Africa expert. You tell the oddly accented voice where you live, and he says he will make inquiries about you. Meanwhile, you read The Plumed Serpent, uncomfortably aware of the narrow terrace overhanging the courtyard just outside the door, because, like the tightrope walker who must keep moving forward if he is to stay aloft, you simply can't sit still in this hotel for long. Abruptly, however, the man appears -pop-eyed, burly, a tough cookie, as unannounced as a commando, so that if this were an ambush you had laid for him you would be unprepared. The American ambassador, William Brewer, despite the heat and the tedium of his four-year stint in Khartoum, twice a day would make a run for it from his car into the lobby of the embassy building downtown, with his life like a football tucked under his arm, mindful that his predecessor, Ambassador Cleo Noel, had been shot dead by Black Septembrists in the job.

The EPLF enrolled women in its ranks, as the sheikh said the ELF did not. Several of them, uniformed in baggy fatigues, jumped in the looped trenches to pose with the men for Izz Abdel's camera. The sheikh gestured sarcastically at the Ethiopians' breastworks as he led us around, and at the low buildings that had served as their barracks, holding his nose as if at the stench. A male nurse-midwife who had learned English in school introduced himself, telling me he was a Christian, but here was his best friend, who was a Muslim and fought alongside him. Here was a soldier who admired the Communism of Peking, but here was another who liked the Congress of the United States and wished Eritrea to have something like that. "We are many kinds of people," he said, "and we are not paid to fight for our country. The Ethiopians are paid.

Briskly we climbed the spur dominating the helicopter pad to see the big Korean war-type machine gun whose capture had meant so much. We went, too, to visit the ELF ranchhouse up the valley, and clambered to their best redoubt—although no matter how high we scrambled, always another guerrilla stood up above us waving his Kalashnikov. Bashir Abdul Kadar had changed into a khaki uniform and was lecturing a class of herd boys. All told, I was touched, and later did write a squib about the Eritreans for the New York Times, so as not to feel I had imbibed their tea and hospitality under false pretenses.

Within a few weeks, as they had hoped, Nakfa fell. Then during the spring and summer and early fall the Eritreans took the cities of Keren, Tessenei, and Agordat, until by late 1977, with only their intended capital of Asmara and the fortified ports of Massawa and Assab remaining in Ethiopian hands, President Numeiri of the Sudan, working alongside the Saudis-who said that they were prepared to bankroll sufficient weapons purchases to change the character of the guerrillas' war -finally forced the EPLF and ELF to merge. They had already coordinated the best sequences of their attack with the rolling offensive of the Somali Army and Somali Western Liberation Front in the Ogaden Desert in southern Ethiopia. In fact they had captured 95 percent of Eritrea. This was the periodbefore the intervention of Russian generals using Cuban troops-when the Dergue was running into disastrous logistical difficulties as it shifted from American to Soviet arms. Both its regular army and the gigantic Peasant Army conscripted for a holy war against the Muslims were routed. Afterward, remembering my exuberant hosts at Karora-most of them purist Marxists young enough to be my sons-I thought that what must have pained and bewildered and disillusioned them the most was not that Russian MiGs serviced and

flown by Communists supplanted the familiar American jets serviced by Israeli mechanics that for years had been bombing them. Russia, having been expelled from its port facilities in Somalia, needed a new port; and now Israel was providing cluster bombs for the MiGs. The idea of a cynical and overlapping hegemony of the Great Powers, if they so interpreted it, would not have been a bone to choke on. Rather, the arrival of Cuban mountain fighters, guerrillas like themselves, the heirs of Ché Guevara—guerrillas like the Vietcong—moving into the hills to break the siege of Asmara and defeat their fight for self-rule must have nearly broken their hearts.

Y NIGHTFALL we were safely ensconced in our Land Rover again, exhausted, relieved, and heading back. Our headlights occasionally picked out the white bodies of camels that had been at rest by the side of the path and now heaved to their feet—once a family of hyenas trotting.

A peculiarity of this part of the world is that the most extreme flip-flops of allegiance are accomplished so cavalierly, without embarrassment. The show of consistency characteristic of Asian, European, and even South American leaders—rightists to the Right, leftists to the Left—appears to have no force. The Libyans and South Yemenites who had supported the Eritreans against the Dergue in this same year now supported the Dergue against the Eritreans—but through no sudden hope of territorial gain for themselves, no particular change in the respective positions of either the Marxist Eritreans or Marxist Dergue.

"We don't have a 'Right' or 'Left' in Africa. Don't you understand that? We are a new continent. That is a concept of you Europeans,"

Izz Abdel argued.

I pointed out that even the exigencies of the Vietnam war had not allayed the ancient suspicion of the North Vietnamese for China; and yet the Libyans and the South Yemenites had contrived to switch sides like changing a shirt. Did they believe in conspiracies to the exclusion of every other factor in politics?

"They are Communists," he laughed. "No, you are right. We are tribal. It is true, unfortunately. We make alliances that last for a rains eason. But you are mistaken if you think the Libyans will ever love the Ethiopians."

Along about 2:00 A.M. we got mired in mud. We had bumped down into the trench of a watercourse, following the marks of a wideaxled lorry, and found that the squalls in the mountains had turned the bottom into a baby swamp. Our wheels could neither fit into the

truck's tracks nor spin free of them. We could see the fires of two nomad families camped separately against the slope of a jebel that rose several hundred yards off to our east, and another fire a mile away on the opposite ridge. These were big fires because the hyenas emerge at night, scouting for a goat or a camel foal 1zz Abdel, who could sound ingratiating and self-important in the same breath, had a proverb for every event. He sang a plaintive folk ditty about a beggar boy on a journey who asks for help from anybody within hearing, loud enough so that somebody might come and help us push.

Though his voice carried well, the tribesmen did not respond; only their dogs ran out. George and I, who had remained out of temper with each other, picked up stones to throw at the dogs, but Izz Abdel said no. "The tales you hear in London about stoning fierce dogs in the Middle East are wrong. If you stone

them, they will run at you."

We had eaten the last of our food, except that by feeling around under the seat he came up with a stray black thumb-sized banana. "Now I am a rich man!" he cried to himself. Rather, he sang it, and gave thanks to God, though we were by no means yet famished.

We had been watching Abdullah dig—George cursing him for slowness again. And we shoved at the vehicle ourselves, in a swarm of malarious mosquitos, standing in a spongy streambed that quite likely contained the race of snails which harbor the grim trematodes that cause the blood-sapping disease known as bilharzia. The longer we stayed stuck, the more mosquitoes bit us, but the more we floundered in the mud to free ourselves, the worse our chances were of exposure to bilharzia. Nor were we entirely eager to have our human neighbors materialize, because this was supposed to be bandit country.

Izz Abdel, as we struggled with fender and bumper, loosened up enough to mention politics, which ordinarily he would not. "Up with Numeiri!" he exclaimed—grinning because he was being bold with me. "Up with Numeiri, hey? Straight up to heaven, and the sooner

the better!"

Then our luck turned. Two white figures loomed up on camelback. They were Bani-Amer boys riding home from a dance in snowy robes. Nevertheless, they kindly dismounted and lent us a hand that made all the difference.

"No, no," Abdel corrected himself cautiously afterward, as we bumped past Tokar in the dawn, aiming for Port Sudan. "He's a good man. Numeiri's a good man. He has tried to rush a poor country along too fast. That's why things go wrong." He gave a harsh laugh.

THE CANOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

short story

by Jaroslav Hašek

OR AS LONG as I can remember, I have been fascinated by animals. At a tender age I used to bring home mice, and played for days on end with dead ats. I also used to be interested in snakes. One me I caught some kind of big snake on a sky hillside and I was about to bring it home of put it in my aunt's bed; fortunately, the me warden happened to come by and took away from me so that he could turn it in for reward. In my teens, I developed a taste for igger creatures, such as camels and elephants, and I longed to own a ranch and raise horses reattle.

When I reached thirty, I had to abandon nese daydreams and think in more realistic rms. My relatives complained about my unettled life, and pointed out with increasing ancor my failure to make a decent living. Vith sudden resolution, I announced that in iew of my long-standing inclination toward minals I would open a pet shop and specialize n dogs. The family didn't seem pleased.

П

In starting a new business, the first essenial step is to choose a descriptive and meaningful name. "Pet Shop" or "Dog Shop" idn't appeal to me, for it was my intention to conduct my business on the highest possible plane. I consulted the dictionary, and came across the word canology, which means "the scientific study of dogs." Then I happened to pass by the Agricultural Institute and everything fell into place: I would call my enterprise the Canological Institute. It was indeed a proud and learned title. As I noted in my advertisements, it designated "the breeding, sale, exchange, and purchase of dogs conducted on modern canological principles."

I must admit that when I read and reread my own impressive advertisements, in which the expression "Canological Institute" appeared on every line, I was moved to happy admiration. At last, I am the owner of an Institute! The pride, the delight that such knowledge brings has to be experienced to be understood. In the ads I promised expert advice on all matters relating to dogs. With every dozen dogs, one puppy given away free. A dog is the most appropriate gift for birthdays, confirmations, weddings, anniversaries. For children, a dog is the one toy that is truly unbreakable. A devoted companion. All types of dogs in stock. Direct connection with all foreign countries. Obedience training. Where to board your dog during vacations? In the Canological Institute. Where does your dog learn to beg in just three hours? In the Canological Institute. When one of my uncles read these advertisements, he shook his head: "No, my boy, you are not well, definitely not."

But I faced the future with great hopes. Not having purchased a single dog so far, I waited for orders; and in the meantime I put a helpwanted ad in the paper for a hard-working, honest clerk.

HE AD, headed "Clerk Wanted—Breeding & Sale of Dogs," brought in scores of responses. One retired policeman promised that in the event that he got the position he would teach all the dogs to jump over a cane and to walk upside down.

Another wrote that he had thorough experience with dogs, having been employed in a municipal dog pound. His service had been terminated after several years because of excessive kindness to the animals.

One applicant confused a canological institute with a gynecological one, and described his knowledge of female diseases.

Fifteen candidates had law degrees, twelve were qualified teachers. One letter came from the Association for the Advancement of Released Convicts, informing me that a hardworking and reliable former bank robber was available.

Some of the letters were quite sad and hopeless. They would begin: "Although I know that I will be rejected for this position..."

Among the correspondents were persons who knew Spanish, English, French, Turkish, Russian. Polish, and Danish.

One letter was in Latin.

And then came a simple but sincere note:



Jaroslav Hašek, author of the Czech classic The Good Soldier Schweik and hundreds of comic sketches for newspapers and magazines, died in 1923. This story was translated by Peter Kussi, who has translated fiction, nonfiction, and poetry by Czechosłowkian writers, most recenly The Farewell Patty, by Milan Kundera.



"Dear Sir: When shall I start? Sincerely, Ladislav Cizek." In response to such a direct question, I had no choice but to reply that he should come at eight o'clock in the morning on Wednesday. I was very grateful to him for having freed me of the lengthy and bothersome job of screening applicants.

Thus, on Wednesday morning my clerk started his duties. He turned out to be a short man, with a face pitted by smallpox scars, full of energy. When he met me, he squeezed my hand and said gaily, "The weather won't get any better by tomorrow, and did you hear that we had another trolley-car accident, down on Pilsen Street?" Then he pulled out a short pipe, informed me that he smoked Hungarian tobacco, and that the barmaid at Banzet's tavern was called Pepina. Then he began to discuss a certain terrier that he thought worth purchasing, though it might be necessary to dye him and to shorten his legs.

"You know a lot about dogs?" I asked hap-

"You bet. I used to sell dogs myself; that's why I had all that trouble with the law. One time I was taking this boxer home with me and all of a sudden a gentleman stopped me, yelling it was his dog, that he lost him two hours before in Ovocna Street. Shall I look around for a dog?"

"No, Cizek, my business will be strictly honest. We'll wait for customers, and in the meantime let's look in the papers to see if any-body has dogs for sale. Look here, a lady wants to sell a white spitz, because of limited space. Do spitzes really take up so much room? All right, you go to this address and buy it. I am giving you thirty Crowns."

He left, assuring me that he would be right back; he returned in three hours, in a terrible state. His derby was pushed over his ears, he swayed from side to side as if he were in the midst of a storm at sea. He was firmly clutching a rope that was trailing behind him. I looked at the end of the rope: there was nothing there.

"Well—how do you like—a nice animal, eh?—I am late—look at his ears—come on. you little bastard—she didn't want to sell him..."

Suddenly he turned around and looked at the end of the rope. He stared at it in amazement, took it in his hand, felt the frayed strands in disbelief, then belched. "An hour ago—he was still—there..."

He sat down on a chair but fell off at once, and clutching my legs for support he managed to climb to a standing position. Then he said triumphantly, as if he had just discovered something fabulous: "He must have run away."

So ended Cizek's first assignment on hil new job.

When he woke up, he decided to make an attempt to redeem himself. "I'll have that dog here in an hour," he said.

And he was true to his word. He came back in less than an hour, quite sober and out of breath. To my great surprise he was dragging behind him a black spitz.

"You rascal," I shouted, "that lady advertised a white spitz, not a black one!" For a few moments, he seemed confused and gazed at the dog uneasily, and then without a word he departed with the animal.

He came back two hours later with a dirty, mud-spattered white spitz, which was wildly tugging at the leash.

"That was a small mistake," said Cizek,
"That lady had two spitzes, a white one and a
black one. She was quite pleased when I
brought the other one back."

I looked at the new dog's identification tag; it was from out of town. I thought I might break down and cry, but I managed to calm myself. That night I was awakened by a scratching on the door. It was the black spitz, jumping joyfully and barking as I let him in. He must have liked our place and missed us. In any case, we now had two dogs, and all we needed was a customer.

IV

CUSTOMER CAME in the morning, at ten o'clock. He looked around the apartment and asked: "Where are your dogs?"

"We don't keep them here," I said, "except for two spitzes which I am training; but those have already been promised to the archduke. We keep our dogs in the country, so that they get plenty of fresh air and aren't bothered by insects or smallpox, which is a big problem here in the city. One of the basic principles of our Canological Institute is to provide all our dogs with the greatest possible freedom. In the country, where we have our kennels, our people let the animals out in the morning to run in the fields and they are not brought back till evening. This has the added advantage that the animals learn independence; they hunt for their own food in the preserves that we rent out. Sometimes it's quite comical to watch a little toy poodle wrestle with a

The gentleman seemed to like what he heard, for he nodded his head and said:

"I suppose you also sell vicious dogs, trained as watchdogs?"

"Certainly. I have some animals in stock which are so vicious that I cannot even supply

you with their pictures—no photographer would dare come near them. I have several dogs with documented records of having torn

thieves to pieces."

"That's exactly what I am looking for," the customer said. "I am in the lumber business, and now in winter I'd like to get a good reliable watchdog. Can you have one brought over here by tomorrow, so that I can come and look him over?"

"Certainly, sir, I'll send my man over right now to get him, Cizek!"

He came in, smiling pleasantly.

"Cizek," I said, winking, "please go and bring back that awfully vicious watchdog, you know the one I mean. What's his name again?"

"Fabian," Cizek answered with icy calm. "His mother was Hexa. He really is quite an animal. Once he killed and ate two children who tried to climb on his back. Now as far as the deposit..."

"Oh yes, of course," the customer said.
"Here is forty Crowns. What will the dog come

to, by the way?"

"One hundred Crowns," Cizek answered.
"We also have a cheaper one, you can have
that one for eighty Crowns but it isn't nearly
so ferocious. As I recall, it never did anything
worse than bite off the hand of one man who
tried to pet it."

"No, I want the other one."

Cizek departed in search of a watchdog. He returned in the evening with a huge, melancholy monster of a dog that barely seemed to be dragging itself along.

"What kind of corpse is that!" I shouted.

"He is cheap, though," said Cizek. "I met a butcher who was just taking him to the pound because he wouldn't pull the meat cart anymore and was beginning to bite. I think he'll make a fine watchdog. Besides, some smart thief will most likely poison him and the gentleman will come back to us to buy a new one."

We discussed this for a while, then Cizek brushed the dog and cooked him some rice and meat. The animal ate two potfuls and still looked as sad and bedraggled as ever. He licked our shoes, walked aimlessly around the room, and seemed to regret that the pound had not put an end to his troubles.

Cizek made a last-ditch effort to add some viciousness to the dog's aspect. He was a kind of nondescript yellow and gray, and Cizek painted some big black stripes over him that

made him resemble a hyena.

When the lumber dealer came the next day and saw the dog, he jumped back in alarm.

"What a frightful creature!" he shouted.
"He won't bother anyone he knows. His

name is Fox-go ahead, you can pet him,"

The customer refused to come near, so finally we had to drag him toward the monster and force him to touch the terrible-looking fur.

The dog promptly licked his hand and left with the new master like a lamb. By the following morning, the lumberyard had been robbed bare.

V

HRISTMAS WAS approaching, and we had dyed the black spitz yellow with the aid of hydrogen peroxide, while silver nitrate turned the other spitz jet black.

In addition to these two dogs, we now had a wealth of puppies, for Cizek suffered under the delusion that puppies bring happiness and prosperity and he was forever bringing more in the bulging pockets of his winter overcoat. I sent for a bulldog, and he brought me Airedale pups; I sent him to fetch a Doberman, he returned with a newborn fox terrier. Altogether, we now had thirty pups and we had paid deposits on 120 more.

One day, I got an excellent idea: We would rent a store just before Christmastime, put a tree in the window, and sell puppies decorated with gay ribbons. We'd put up signs to the effect that "A healthy puppy makes a happy

Christmas for your children.'

About a week before the holidays, I rented a vacant store.

"Cizek," I said, "take the pups over to the store, buy a nice big tree, get some moss, and arrange the whole thing tastefully. Understand?"

"Of course. You can count on me." He trundled the puppies away on a handcart and in the afternoon I went downtown to inspect Cizek's handiwork.

A big throng of people in front of the store indicated that the puppies had created considerable interest. But when I got closer I heard furious shouts from the crowd: "This cruelty is unheard of!" "Where are the police?" "I am amazed that such things are permitted!"

When I succeeded in elbowing my way to the store window, my legs almost buckled under me.

Cizek had strung about a dozen puppies on the branches of a big tree, as if they were Christmas decorations. The poor creatures hung there with their tongues protruding, like criminals on a medieval gibbet. And underneath there was a sign: "Buy a Happy Christmas Puppy for Your Child."

That was the end of the Canological Institute.





Archbishop Lefebvre and a romance of the one true Church

by Mary Gordon



HILE STANDING in the lobby of the administration building of a moderately sized Catholic college, I saw a recruitment poster for an order of nuns that said, in those light, slanty letters that are supposed to indicate modern

spirituality: ARE YOU LOOKING FOR AN ALTER-NATE LIFE-STYLE? Kind of like looking for Mr. Goodbar. Out of the closet and over the wall. It is not the Church of my childhood, that repository of language never to be used again, words white-flat and crafted: "monstrance," "chasuble"; words shaped to fit into each other like spoons, words that overlap and do not overlap, words that mark a way of life that has a word for every mode, a category for each situation: "gifts of the Holy Ghost," "corporal works of mercy," "capital sins," "cardinal virtues."

Surely there is no romance like the romance of a lost order, no desire like the desire for distinguished exile. It is not American, this image of exclusion and trial by fire. America deals with its dissidents like a rich and clever mother: she insists upon the embrace, either hought by the careful gift or yearned for on the part of the child who can no longer bear neglect from such a worldly bosom, from a mother so absorbed in her own activity that she forgets her banished young. The American exile must cross the ocean for distinction;

he will probably come back. The European exile sits on the doorstep of his next-door neighbor, sullen, hypnotized by plots and theories of conspiracy.

A French gentleman



ARCEL LEFEBVRE has the face of the born exile. He looks out at us from the newspapers, exhausted, finely made. He is not Irish; he is not Italian: neither Bing Crosby nor John XXIII. He looks even sadder than Paul VI.

and thinner, and more exhausted. He is a gentleman, a quality one is not supposed to yearn for in successors to the Apostles. There is a story about one of the Cecils who came home sporting a beard to the outrage of his father, who told him that gentlemen never wore beards. "But," his son objected, "Our Lord wore a beard." "Our Lord," his father said, "was not a gentleman." Archbishop Lefebvre is, and a French gentleman. There are those of us who fear we would have fared badly in the company of Peter, but know we would have been a smash with one of the Medici popes. Lefebvre suggests La vieille Europe: châteaux silver, ancient and perfect servants, a chapel

Mary Gordon is the author of the recently published novel Final Payments. r the tennis courts, where one could conto one's impeccable chaplain one's latest scretion with the young gardener and be that sins of the flesh are not central to spiritual life; where it will be suggested among people of consequence these things bound to occur.

efebyre's publicity has come to him chiefly ause he has insisted upon saying mass in in, against the orders of the Second Vat-Council. At first glance, it seems a monus punishment: typical of the rigidity of Church of Rome. Why should Lefebyre be iplined for saying mass in Latin, accordto the old rite, the rite established by the incil of Trent in the sixteenth century? vone who has gone anywhere near Catholics he past knows that dissatisfaction with the rgy is enormous. The new mass is pieceal, tentative, on the whole a botched job. ebyre seems to be standing for a kind of ity, aesthetic and spiritual, that was lost the Church in the '60s in its lust to make for lost time, to become—that word we e to hate-relevant, to join the twentieth itury in all its least satisfying aspects.

But when one looks into Lefebvre's case, it ickly becomes obvious that the Latin mass the merest symbol of what the archbishop jects to. He is against his age. His rhetoric desperate, and it has the excitement of descation. It has the excitement, too, of an araism revivified: it is the language of a cont, but a conflict that seems ancient, and nsequently grand. His metaphors are sexual d pestilential. He speaks of "the cancer of eralism." He refers to his detractors as nercenaries, wolves, and thieves." He deribes ecumenism as "confusion through basdization." But he does not stop there: he akes his metaphor an elaborate conceit. ou cannot marry truth and error," he said a sermon delivered in Lille in 1976, "beuse that is like adultery, and the child will a bastard—a bastard rite for mass, bastard craments, and bastard priests."

Bastard. Bâtard. How exciting, from the outh of an archbishop. The world is serious; e truth is obvious; the lines are clear. The ords suggest the kind of wrongheaded hersm that makes conservatives attractive when ey seem to be directing the finest possible splay of arms toward a target that is so reote from the real business of the world that en their hitting the target is no danger. The chbishop, for example, is a bug on Free-asonry. "They celebrate Black Masses and e in league with the devil." With the devil? hose square guys with their rings and pins at go to conventions and have scholarship

funds? It is a French hobbyhorse, and it has "I am struck by the charm of a foreign obsession.

Another of Lefebyre's targets is what he calls "Modernism." To most of us, it is as puzzling an enemy as Freemasonry. Who uses the word but literary scholars, speaking of Pound and Joyce? Modernism is one of those threats to the health of the Church that people stopped talking about in the late '50s. It used to mean, to the hierarchy of the clergy who were our particular guardians against it, liberalism, atheism, socialism, democracy. It led to Communism; it enshriped the human reason. It said that truth was not absolute, was not objective. It believed in change, in progress, in metamorphosis through historical development. Modernism is not an identifiable movement: it is a term invented by the enemy, and so it has a shifting meaning. Pius X, pope from 1903 to 1914, wrote the definitive attack on modernism in his encyclical Pascendi Dominici Gregis: On the Doctrine of the Modernists (1907). But he did not name names. Lefebvre's society, the Society of St. Pius X, is named after this pope, who is also known as "The Scourge of Modernism."

If St. Pius X is Lefebvre's hero, his villains are Luther, and especially Descartes, Voltaire, and Rousseau. His view of history is centered on the French Revolution. The world, for Lefebvre, has steadily declined since 1789. He sees as evidence of the decadence of the recent papacy the last two popes' having spoken of The Declaration of the Rights of Man as a conquest for humanity. I am struck by Lefebvre's insistence that it is the French Revolution that destroyed the world. It is not a position that has even occurred to me; it is not something I have ever heard anyone say. I am struck as well by the Frenchness of Lefebvre's position. In February, 1977, when followers of Lefebvre took over the French Catholic church of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, they were led by priests crying, "Catholic and

French forever.

Politically, Lefebvre is a monarchist. That position has, again, the charm of the impossible. What American can be threatened by the idea of a king? Kings are for cartoons, or caricature. Artists put crowns on Nixon to show his absurdity, to take away his sting. A picture begins to emerge of a man who loves tradition, and order, and certainty, and authority. He is a man who loves the pleasure of the hierarchy. And so, his relationship with the Pope and the hierarchy of the Church is puzzling. For who, if not the Pope, represents authority? And in what body does hierarchy survive with greater health in our age than in the body of the Church?

"I am struck by Lefebvre's insistence that it is the French Revolution that destroyed the world." Mary Gordon
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EFEBVRE'S TROUBLES with Church authorities began in 1974. In 1970 he was given official sanction to begin the Society of St. Pius X, a society of priests whose bent was traditionalist. The society was centered in Ecône.

Switzerland. Soon a seminary was opened. Its style was strictly preconciliar. The Second Vatican Council emphasized the importance of the Church's coming to terms with the modern world by being open to it. The curriculum of Lefebvre's seminary, mostly in Latin, stressed Scholasticism, the system of Thomas Aquinas. The study of "modern thought" was forbidden. "Modern philosophies," the archbishop declared, "prepare the cult of man and this is irreconcilable with Christianity." He asserted that a Catholic's concern must be with the world beyond.

Lefebvre's seminary was astonishingly successful. At a time when seminaries all over the world were closing for lack of candidates. Lefebvre had to turn people away. The news of the seminary's success reached Rome, and, in November, 1974, two ecclesiastics, one a former rector of Louvain University, were sent by the Vatican to investigate. Stories of that visit vary; some say that the former rector challenged important dogmas, such as the Resurrection of Christ; others hint that Lefebvre was told that if he simply celebrated one mass in the new rite while the emissaries were at the seminary, he would be left alone. In any case, the archbishop refused to say mass the new way, and the clerics left in a huff, incensed at the archbishop's arrogance. Shortly after their departure, Lefebvre issued a strongly worded statement that stressed the seminary's loyalty to the Church while protesting against "neo-Modernist" and "neo-Protestant" tendencies that had become part of the Church since the council.

In 1975, Pope Paul VI wrote Lefebvre two personal letters asking him to conform to the decisions of the Vatican Council: both the liturgical changes in the mass (not only the change from Latin to the vernacular, but important changes of diction whose implications were doctrinal, such as "This blood will be shed for you and for many" being changed to "This blood will be shed for you and for all men"), and the Church's new position on religious liberty and the necessity of separating Church and State.

Lefebvre did not even respond to the Pope's second letter. This was probably a tactical error, for the Vatican soon canceled its canonical endorsement of the seminary. However, although the Pope can forbid a bishop to dain priests, as he has done in Lefebvre's can he cannot make the ordinations invalid. Enthe Pope cannot take a bishop's rank frhim; the Pope, as the Bishop of Rome, is ally only a "brother bishop." So, although febvre was suspended "a divinis," that is, was forbidden to exercise his priestly a episcopal function, the priests he ordains defiance of the Church's order are considerable to the Church true priests. In June, 1976, febvre ordained thirteen priests and thirte subdeacons. It is estimated that these prieserve a congregation of 60,000: 50,000 Europe and 10,000 here.

The Vatican response to the ordination w dramatic. Pope Paul was harsh in his pub condemnation of Lefebvre—far harsher, fact, than he has been to those who challen the Church from the Left. No bishop in the century has been censured as Lefebvre h been. Two paradoxes, then, emerge. One that the Roman Catholic Church, tradition bastion of the Right, seems far more comfo able with the Left in this decade than it do with extreme conservatives. The other is the the only real schism to afflict the Church, d spite the upheaval generated by the Secon Vatican Council, comes not from the Left, n from Dutch theologians with their Marxi sympathies and their relativist stand on mora and scriptural interpretation, but from a tr ditionalist French bishop who obeys too lite ally the dicta of the past popes.* Connecte with this is the anomaly that a leader of the rebellion is one whose world view indicate that he values obedience to authority and col nection to tradition so highly that when I sees the Church breaking with tradition h breaks with the Church.

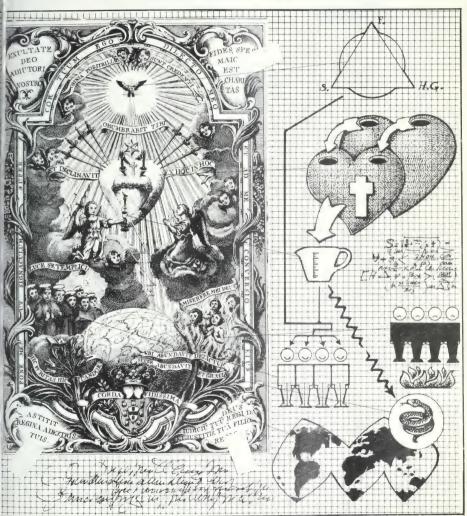
And so l'incident Lefebvre engages m imagination. It inspires in me an embarras ing richness of nostalgic fantasy: sung Gre gorian Masses, priests in gold, the silence d Benediction, my own sense of sanctity as a eight-year-old carrying a lily among a hur dred other eight-year-olds on Holy Thursday The society sparks the romance of a lost cause perhaps the least dangerous romance of all. imagine Lefebvre a gallant, clerical Charle Boyer, bathed in a clarifying bitterness. When I learn that he has dedicated a chapel in Oys ter Bay, Long Island, I am interested. I imag ine a new brand of American conservative priest. God knows there has been no dearth of conservative Catholic priests, but they have

^{*}The late Reverend Leonard Feeney started a similar right-wing schism in the '50s by upholding literal interpretation of the doctrine "Outside the Church there is no salvation."

een of the beefy John Wayne or the florid Hope variety, hysterical about sex and munism, with a lousy sense of pulpit ory. I imagine I will find in Oyster Bay a p of priests superbly educated on the 1ch model—Latinists, Scholastics, with persan expert on Palestrina in the group. But e is more: I grew up on Long Island ng radically conservative Catholics, and e is a particular aptness for me in the colence of a movement that embodies what

I have left and lost being placed in the physical world of my childhood. I feel I must write about these people; I so nearly could have been one of them.

I tell my friends I am going out there. My friends are worried. They kiss me on the forehead before I leave, as if they are afraid they will not see me again, as if they are seeing me off on a voyage of indeterminate length and destination in a vessel whose seaworthiness they seriously doubt.



Administration Assistant

Mary Gordon
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Articles of faith



YSTER BAY is about half an hour from my mother's home, in the town where I grew up. My mother drives me to the train. She, too, is nervous. "Don't get in over your head," she says, a piece of advice she has continued to

give me over the years with an astonishing lack of despair. My mother has railed against the changes in the mass every Sunday since 1964, but she wouldn't dream of disobeying the Pope. "Who the hell do they think they are?" is her comment on the Lefebvrists. My mother, who, like the devil, can quote Scripture to her own ends—although, being a Catholic, she does it rarely—draws herself up as she does for such an occasion and says, "Behold thou art Peter and upon this rock I shall build my church," and then, snorting as she does when she is particularly sure of herself, says, "Who do they think they're kidding?"

I get off the train at Oyster Bay and look around for a taxi. The taxis are parked behind a trailer. I knock on the door and tell the man where I want to go. He is one of those Paul Robeson types of black men by whom I feel entirely protected. He says, "Isn't that one of those new churches people are always starting up?" He tells me that the headquarters of the society is the old Woodward estate. The Society of St. Pius X bought the estate in 1977 for \$250,000, anticipating that it would serve a regular congregation of 600. Zoning regulations, however, prevent the society from offering public mass there on Sunday; residents feared problems with parking and traffic.

William Woodward. one of the Woolworth heirs, was shot on this property in 1955 by his wife, who mistook him for a burglar. The plot thickens like a custard: the romance clusters coalesce. I imagine Simone Signoret pacing the grounds in a state of drunken mourning. I am worried for the taxi driver. I imagine the place surrounded by uniformed guards who will insult him. At the same time. I have a wild desire to ask him to wait for me: I'm afraid I'll never come out again.

At the door, I have my first disappointment. Just below the threshold there is a piece of yellow-orange indoor-outdoor carpeting. It is not the fabric of my fantasies, but I wipe my feet on it anyway, determined to ingratiate myself. The door is answered by a beautiful

black woman who does not meet my eye at tells me I am early. I do not think I am ear but I do not want to argue. I am probatecongenitally incapable of arguing with anyo who might be a nun, and this woman is weing a long black dress. Her hair is invisit under a blue scarf. She tells me to wait in t parlor, that she will get "Father." Women wwork with priests tend to refer to the prisimply as "Father." the way nurses refer physicians as "Doctor," as in "Doctor will a right with you."

Alone in the parlor, I feel instantly guilt and yet determined, from the depths of m wickedness, to find some hidden clue befor I speak to the priest. When he comes to t door, I am scanning the bookshelves for sinificant titles. It is not a good beginning.

I am shocked that this is the man they ha elected to talk to me. He is no more than boy, with that impossible, untouched, virgin complexion I expect on no one over sixtee He is boyish, but it is a civilized boyishnes He offers to show me around. A measure of n alienation from the Church is that I have nev spoken to a priest who was younger than I.

He takes me first, as propriety would d mand, to the chapel. The stained-glass windo is nineteenth-century and unremarkable. b there is a fine piece, a papal seat, which the priest tells me is fourteenth-century. The rugoing up to the altar is a fake Oriental. make a mental note to talk seriously to the about carpeting.

Father takes me down to the huge indo tennis court, which he tells me they are usir for storage. They have bought out a lot religious supply houses that, he says, were wiped out by the Second Vatican Counci When I see what they have bought out, I as nearly ill with disappointment: the tennis cou is full of those mass-produced, entirely undi tinguished, entirely undifferentiatable status that adorned every church built in Americ before 1955. Virgins on globes stand with se pents between their toes. Christ fingers h bleeding heart. It was precisely this kind of mediocrity that gave anyone with an eye see ond thoughts about the Church. He shows m stacks of missals they bought, missals that be came useless when the mass was said in Eng lish. He tells me they bought out the compan that made St. Joseph Missals. I had one: I re member the glossy photographs beside appro priate feast days, the work of an artist wh probably spent his secular life drawing for Ivory Snow. Before I know what I am sayin I exclaim, "But St. Joseph Missals were th tackiest of any of them." "Tacky?" he says looking puzzled. I am again disappointed; annot take seriously the spiritual life of anyme for whom "the tacky" is not a lively conept. "It's not the sort of thing we worry bout," he says, walking up the stairs in front of me. "We are interested in building devotion the hearts of the people." We return to the iving room. We take out my tape recorder. It is clearly a procedure he is used to.

I ask about his childhood, Disappointingly, t sounds like the Catholic version of Andy Hardy's. He is from Detroit; his father is an accountant, his mother a housewife. Both parents went to Catholic colleges, his father to Notre Dame, his mother to a place called Marygrove. Marygrove: it sounds as if it had lane Wyatt as a valedictorian. He always wanted to be a priest, he said, except for a vague flirtation with being a fireman. He says his home environment was very cultured. I perk up. His mother, he says, listened to the Metropolitan Opera on Saturdays. I slump back down in my seat. I ask him to describe his early experiences of spirituality. He is not particularly good on spirituality, but then I've never met a priest who was. There is an interesting aspect to the involvement of a man of twenty-six in such a movement as Lefebvre's; the Second Vatican Council began before this young man was in his teens. He was never even an adolescent in the old Church. Only a child.

In discussing the makeup of the society, father tells me there are few intellectuals in the American branch, although they make up a significant proportion of the European membership. And he talks about the beauty of the universality of the Church, how its appeal transcends class differences. He speaks of how one of his classmates in the seminary, an Oxford graduate who teaches the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius in several languages, embraced "the common," in the Church, for its vitality. It is an image that appeals to me strongly: Chaucer and his Miller in the same pew. It is a particularly European image, for in America the best and the brightest have left the Church early or used it only as a metaphor. And I am pulled in by the priest's discussion of "the Catholic spirit." Every Catholic, he says, receives a Catholic sense at Baptism, which enables him to distinguish what is Catholic from what is not. It is this sense, he says, that has brought many people into the society. In worship, the Catholic sense is the sublime sense of rendering honor and glory to God using all the beauty of the ages. The Catholic sense is an understanding of human nature, or "nature baptized." Because God is a god of nature, He wants us to use natural things as a path to salvation. Since Adam and Eve sinned through material creation, he says, it is through material creation that we must get back to God. And this, he says, is something that Protestants do not understand.

I think of the difference between a modest Romanesque chapel in Italy and a New England Congregationalist church. I think of the Temperance Movement. And I am ready to agree with him, because it is a game I was taught to excel in: that trick of sheep and goats. Even today, I think of certain things as being quintessentially Protestant: Fig Newtons, trust funds, slipper-socks. It is with some sense of personal shame that I let him go on.



HE CATHOLIC SPIRIT, he says, is plugged into the Spirit of the Universe because it is based on the Natural Law. I recognize the Thomistic phrase. The Catholic spirit is a redeemed human spirit that recognizes the value of

natural things and blesses them. It is a spirit best expressed in the Latin countries, he says, with their love of dance and the good things of life. Again, it is an agreeable fantasy: the world as a wedding, the family dance. He says it is the Providence of God that the Italians have been chosen to run the Church. Imagine if the French were in charge, he says. There would be a drama every minute. Or the Germans, they would never have got started. I like him for this cosmopolitan ethnocentrism; I have always felt that the hasty generalization is one of the real pleasures of civilized discourse.

Afraid of being lulled by dreams of Napoli by moonlight, I decide to press him on the hard issues. On sex he is not bad at all, or at least he is not simplistic. He says that the focus of the Church has always been on the sanctity of sex, on acknowledging sexuality, but insisting that sexual energy be used in a more "sublime" way. So delighted am I to hear someone using the word "sublime" that the argument seems valid to me. A celibate, he says, concentrates that sexual energy on his personal love of God. He speaks of the erotic imagery of the medieval mystics, and how it could make many an Irish pastor blush. I am impressed now; he's a long way from the chaplain of my high school who referred to French kissing, that King Charles' Head among Catholic adolescents, as "swapping spit."

We move from sex to politics. He says that although the archbishop is a monarchist, he, the young priest, feels comfortable with the American system of "enlightened capitalism." "Does this boy really feel at ease with a system that says he should want to execute nice Mrs. Jones next door, who gave him oatmeal cookies and angel food cake, simply because she is a Presbyterian?"

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I ask if he is interested in placing members of the society in positions of political power. He says no, because the danger of corruption is too great. "Our position as regards politics," he says, "is trying to establish the Kingship of Our Lord Jesus Christ on earth. Archbishop Lefebvre says that this is the major issue that separates him from the Vatican . . . [who] feel that it is out of date now, not a practical goal, and the thing that you've got to work for is a better mankind. . . . We believe that laws should reflect the Natural Law and that the Church should be given a privileged place in the nation. And that's why Archbishop Lefebvre has spoken favorably about people like Franco and a couple of dictators in South America, either from the point of view of their establishing law and order, or in regards to Franco in terms of their preserving some modicum of Catholic life in the nation as such."

Our honeymoon is clearly over, and while I am out of love, we move quickly to the question of religious liberty. Lefebvre feels that the council's proclaiming the doctrine of religious liberty was a clear case of heresy. "We do not believe that anyone has the absolute right in God's eyes to be wrong . . . error has no rights," the priest says. I ask how one determines error. "It's a question of faith," he says. "What our Catholic faith tells us, we believe to be right." I suggest the paradox of that position in light of the society's defiance of the authority of the Church. "But," he says, "they're not the Church." I hint that his reasoning is ever so slightly circular. Not circular, but linear, he says: If the Church has uniformly taught one thing throughout history and then suddenly changes its mind, then it is the change that is the aberration. It is such a perfectly simplistic view of history that I do not ask him to pursue it. For essentially the basis of Lefebvre's position is his view of history, a highly fanciful conviction that the world before the Enlightenment was an orderly, harmonious family of colorful but always essentially docile children over which Holy Mother Church ruled, firmly but benignly. This vision is as much an article of faith to the Lefebvrists as their belief in the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin; that they do not call it dogma is entirely beside the point.

I ask father what he would do with people who would not conform to the teachings of the Catholic Church: what, for example, would he do with Jews? He assures me that he would protect them, as many of the medieval popes did. What about Protestants, I ask him. Protestants are different, he says; they are here tics. And what, I ask him, should be done with heretics? "The way of dealing with them in

the Middle Ages I think was good. They were more or less removed from the scene." "How?" I ask. "By being executed," he replies, with perfect equanimity. "If you are to consider the immense harm, the eternal harm that we believe can be done by the spreading of heresy, then to kill someone for the crime of heresy is perfectly acceptable." I cough uneasily into my microphone; some of my best friends are heretics. He notes my unease and goes on to say, "Today, however, without changing the basic principle, we wouldn't go about it in the same way, simply because we have too many heretics today.... So we certainly maintain the same principle, that that's the way it should be done, but nonetheless, as a simple point of prudence, adapting ourselves to the time where we are today, for us to actually mount a campaign to establish the Church as the one true Church and to burn heretics would be absurd today."

I am somewhat relieved. But not very.

In a moment, I have my first vision of the nice boy from Detroit struggling with his identity as the protegé of a French extremist. He says he has some trouble with French criticism of the American system, their calling our Constitution "masonic," for example. The Church, he asserts, has done far better in America, at least in temporal terms, than anywhere else in the world, far better than in France, with its history of anticlericalism and confiscation of Church property. Is there some dissatisfaction with the foreign masters? Four times in our conversation he has criticized the French: they are dirty, they are Jansenistic, they love drama excessively, they cavil over philosophical points at dinner. Does this boy really feel at ease with a system that says he should want to execute nice Mrs. Jones next door, who gave him oatmeal cookies and angel food cake, simply because she is a Presbyterian? He notes the contradiction before I do, and tries to defend it by pointing to the prosperity of the American Church. He does not convince me. I wonder if he is convinced. But I do not like to press him; he is such a nice boy; he has said too much already; he makes me feel as if I'm smoking three cigarettes at once; he makes me feel like Tallulah Bankhead.

We go over the old faith-reason argument. I shamelessly drag in Galileo; he shamelessly defends the position of the Church. He asserts that the "little people" want to be told what to do in Confession, that they want to be judged, they do not wish to make judgments for themselves. I think of Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor, who asserts that Christ has only made people unhappy by giving them freedom when what they want is miracle, mystery, and

authority. Father goes on talking about the little people. We have ceased to surprise each other. My questions are beginning to lose energy. I ask him one that I think is a gift, a throwaway so he can end on a good note. Already fumbling with the lock on my briefcase, I ask him if the preservation of the great artistic and cultural heritage of the Church is an important priority to his society. I am sure of his answer. But in a moment, I am jolted out of my careless lethargy, "No, it's not," he says, in his considered, good-boy's tone. "In fact, Archbishop Lefebvre looks a little askance at the art of the Renaissance. He finds that to be the expression of a pagan mentality that's entering here, not the Christian spirit of the Middle Ages, but a pagan spirit. Especially the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel."

I am glad it is my last question. The answer gives me a headache. Its logic is so perfectly loony, and yet, in its looniness, so consistent, that I find difficulty in formulating a response.

He ushers in the laymen.



CAN HARDLY bring myself to ask questions of the first woman they send me. One of the penalties of upward mobility is a sense of guilty indebtedness to the old neighborhood. And this woman could have lived on my

block; she could have been a friend of my mother's. Her hairstyle means she still uses rollers, and I see her in rollers as I speak to her, in a supermarket, or cooking frozen peas and minute steaks. I see her going quietly, not without considerable kindness, through her life, and it seems utterly wrong that she should have made some sort of decision that will place her like this before me, a smart aleck with a microphone saying, "Tell me about your life."

But I want to know what made her do it, leave the Church, for women like this have traditionally looked to the parish church as the center of the community. It is a leaving that requires courage, not only social, but spiritual, for this woman has been brought up believing that to leave the Church is to give up salvation. "Tell me how you came to be here," I ask, the least pointed and perhaps most inadequate question of my day.

She doesn't want to tell me her name—"in case I say something stupid." She incapacitates me as an interviewer; I want to make up answers for her; I want her to look good.

She says it was not her idea to come to St. Pius at first, it was her husband's. Her husband

brought her son, because he was dissatisfied with the education, particularly the religious education, the child was getting at the local parish school. He was no longer taught the Baltimore Catechism, and when he was about to make his First Communion, the parents were told that the children would not have to go to Confession because it frightened them and anyway children were not capable of sin. The woman believes neither that children are frightened by Confession nor that they are incapable of sin. Her son's First Communion made concrete many of the woman's dissatisfactions with the new Church. The sisters who were preparing the child for First Communion asked him to draw a picture of what he believed the table looked like at the Last Supper. The child included a bowl of fruit. "Now to me, that's not the Last Supper," says the woman. It bothered her significantly. She was even more disturbed that in her older son's religion class, the students were asked to listen to the song "The Sounds of Silence." "I happen to know that comes from the movie The Graduate. That's no movie for a religion class."

I ask her if she misses her old parish and she says no, that she's very involved here, cooking for the priests, helping out in the school. I ask her if she's lost friends as a result of her decision, and she says, "Not really." It's just, she tells me, that they don't see the people they used to see as much because "it's bound to come up." She offers to get me more offee. I carry the tray into the kitchen for her. It's all I can do not to help with the dishes.

The second layman is a man who looks, thank God, less vulnerable. He is an engineer. The trouble with all these people is that they all remind me of somebody I grew up with: he is all my cousins who went into the army after high school and put themselves through college at night. He doesn't understand how anyone could fail to believe the Bible is literally true: "There's so much evidence, all the archaeology." He doesn't understand how the girls in his office, "nice girls, smart girls, welleducated girls," can believe in abortion. It's common sense, he says, a baby is a baby. He is not worried about the birth-control issue because the Japanese have invented a new thermometer that can pinpoint ovulation to the second. He says he came to the society because the new Church didn't breed any respect, because he wanted a place where his children could learn morals, and the Catholic Church was becoming too wishy-washy. I ask him what he wants for his children. He says, "I'd like them to have their heads on straight." When I ask him what that means, he says, "Common sense." I ask if he would be in the society

"They were raised in a tradition that... provided them with answers before they thought of the questions, with a ritual full of mystery that promised never to change."

THE POPE

if he didn't have children, and he says he doesn't know. I ask him if it was emotionally painful for him to leave the established Catholic Church, and he says, "Not really." I speak to his son, who is ten. They have both come to the headquarters for the day to help out with some of the repairs. They are crazy about each other, this father and son, namesakes, tool-carriers. He is a nice man, with his irrational belief in common sense, with his upside-down devotion to science. He offers to give me a ride to the train.

I understand these two laypersons' decision to come to the society. They are frightened by change, they want a life for their children that they, as parents, can comprehend, a life that has something to do with their own childhood. They were raised in a tradition that told them they must distrust the human reason and their own powers of decision, a tradition that provided them with answers before they thought of the questions, with a ritual full of mystery that promised never to change. The Grand Inquisitor was right about them: freedom did make them unhappy. They believe it will make their children unhappy. They want solidity; they want the deep richness of a past that is not theirs only. They want to be told what to do. They have come to the right place. What's more, they have found community. They spend their weekends with each other, cooking, fixing the wiring, working in the bookstore. They all seem very happy.

I have more difficulty placing the black woman who answered the door. I walk into the kitchen and ask if I can speak to her. She bustles about, covering a canned ham with foil, putting a light under the frozen carrots. I ask why she is here. She says, "It's like falling in love, isn't it? You can't explain it. It just happens."

Her face is, of all the faces I have seen that day, the most compelling. She is a woman in her thirties; she has never married; she was a practical nurse; she was in the army. We talk inconsequentially; my tape runs out. We both laugh and agree not to put in another. She tells me that I do not look as if I am at peace, and that she will pray for me. She asks me to call her and have lunch sometime. I say I would like that. She is the only person I have spoken to who seems to attach any emotion to her religious life, and she has met in me for that reason a singular hunger. Or perhaps it is simply that as a type she is less familiar to me, and I grant her a grace I deny to those I grew up amongst. At the door we embrace. There are tears in my eyes, but she does not meet my eyes, and I am glad. I do not want her to see me.



HE NEXT DAY, my mother drives me to the Latin mass that one of the priests will say at the VFW Hall in Hicksville, where there are less prohibitive zoning laws and no neighbors worrying about the traffic. I ask my

mother if she wants to go inside with me to hear the mass in Latin, which is one of the things she keeps saying she wants to do before she dies. "No, thank you." she says. "I'm interested in saving my soul, if you don't mind."

On a table outside the room where the mass will be held there are religious articles and pamphlets; plastic gunmetal rosaries, medals, statues, and scores of religious booklets and hardcover books. Many of the publications are by or about Archbishop Lefebvre and the society, but I am surprised to see some remnants of an old genre I had thought extinct: titles like "Clean Love in Courtship" and "Why Squander Illness?" I am riveted by the section on the stigmata: "The Stigmata and Modern Science," "Padre Pio" (an Italian stigmatist who lost some clout for predicting that the world would end in 1952). And "Theresa Neumann." Theresa Neumann is one of those in-jokes that Catholics recognize each other by: a German stigmatist whose career of illness and suffering made Job look like a malingerer. I read about her early life while waiting for the mass to begin:

Though there is no record of her having made a vow of virginity, there is proof that she had firm unshakable determination to remain a virgin dating back to her childhood. She never attended a dance and never allowed any young man the slightest familiarity. Once when working on the hayloft over the barn, she made a perilous jump of about twelve feet down to the threshing floor rather than allow a young man to touch her. It is quite possible that the trouble that manifested itself in the spine later on was due in part to this jump. ... Her intention of entering a convent dates at least back to her fifteenth year. When, in spite of her declared intention of doing so, young men still persisted in pressing their suit for her hand in marriage she determined to end it once and for all, and the example of St. Thomas can be quoted in defense of the measures she

ook: she gave one of these suitors such a satigation with the goad she used on the xen in the plough that she was never roubled again.

iresay.

Vatching the other people praying, I try to some sense of them as a crowd. They could any working-class group, a collection of vlers or steelworkers and their wives. No , neither male nor female, has long hair, one is wearing anything strikingly fashione. I am surprised to see only two cripples he congregation; I had imagined that peowhose bodies had betrayed them would ig to some form of ritual continuity. All women are wearing hats or kerchiefs or t bizarre Catholic fashion of the '50s, the pel veil, a narrow circlet of black or white e that covered the minimum amount of hale head canonically acceptable. Ages vary, I would say that if there is one group more presented than any other it is the fifty-toty-year-olds. There are a few children, but so many as I expected. A disproportionate mber of them have red hair.

The priest begins the mass, his back to us. and forgotten one of the features of the old iss: its inaudibility. I pick up some phrases, t the altar boys spend most of their time, seems, with their foreheads to the floor, ich does nothing for the acoustics. I am not thed in a broth of bittersweet nostalgia; ther I feel vaguely frightened. And I reember feeling vaguely frightened during the asses of my childhood. Perhaps it was the ase of exclusion, or the sense that something onumental was about to take place. Or perps the combination bred terror. The green k back of this young priest stirs poignant emories, but I am deprived of the pleasure remembered words because he speaks too w for me to hear him. I remember now that ost priests did.

It is the Sunday before Lent, and the priest, different one from yesterday's, but equally wish, speaks about the need for penance. He minds the congregation that they are responble for the sins that crucified Christ. It is e Protestants, he tells them, who do not beeve in penance; it is the Protestants who have ways tried to underplay Lent. There is no mse of penance in the modern Catholic hurch, he says: the idea that making penance pluntary would make it more meritorious was nother one of their modern ideas that backred, because now no one does penance. He eminds the congregation that they are reuired under pain of sin to keep the preconiliar fast.

Again, it is an appealing idea: lean Lent, the pleasure of austerity. But no one looks very austere; and I suspect that their Lenten meals will be largely made up of fish sticks and Velveeta, not omelettes aux fines herbes, but devilled eggs. I reproach myself for what any spiritual adviser before or after the Reformation would have called a false sense of spiritual values. But this mass seems no more serious to me than the new masses, where the mystery of Transubstantiation is sung to the tune of "Five Hundred Miles." My desire for flippancy is as strong here as there. If the modern mode is a studied casualness, the offhandedness of this mass is no less bleak. It is not solemn, and I am not drawn in.

HAVE MADE arrangements to drive into the city with yet another priest. This one is older; I am relieved to see that he had a bad shave. At least he needed one. But he is, of the three of them, the least cheerful, the most sus-

picious of me. He has written a book called Conspiracy Against God and Man. I bought it along with the pamphlets on the stigmatists. It is published by the Western Islands Press, the publishers of the John Birch Society Blue Book. The thesis of this priest's book is that the Communist conspiracy is only the latest in a series of conspiracies whose major motive is to destroy the Church. The conspiracy flowered brilliantly in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries among a Bavarian sect called the Illuminati, who were an important influence on the Freemasons, particularly the French Freemasons. And we all know what the Freemasons caused: the downfall of history, the French Revolution, which has led to the shambles of modern life:

It is all too apparent that we are engaged in a deadly war for the very survival of civilization itself. For the spread of collectivism is not merely the result of a natural tendency of decay, but it is purposefully fostered in a concerted attempt to wipe out all opposition by reducing men to helpless wards of the State, thereby undermining the very natural law which is "written in their hearts." While the "new morality," which is amorality, is pictured as a great advance for modern man, true morality is subtly scorned when it is not openly attacked. And this is being done not merely in institutions run by a pagan Establishment, but also in seminaries-both Catholic and Protestant. Error is held up as truth; truth is mocked as narrowness;

"I had forgotten one of the features of the old mass: its inaudibility... the altar boys spend most of the time, it seems, with their foreheads to the floor, which does nothing for the acoustics."

Mary Gordon

MORE
CATHOLIC
THAN
THE POPE

logic is scorned as coldness and insensibility; contradictions are peddled as mysteries. Family life is undermined and property rights increasingly denied. When not mocked, patriotism is often used against the good of the people, who are duped into believing that it means loyalty to a man, an Administration or a party, rather than loyalty to the principles that are embodied in our Constitution. Naturalism, the religion of pantheism is fed to us in the name of modern theology, while degrading ideologies are given to us as philosophy.

It is an energetic diction, and the book is a strange mix of old Birch hobbyhorses and strangely foreign obsessions. Most American conservatives would not devote more than half a book to an attack on Freemasonry. The author even apologizes for the attack: "We do not wish to offend anti-Communist Massons, many of whom are among 'our staunchest patriots.'" And, when trying to make the point that most of the discontent among the poor that is used as a justification for social change is simply whipped up by the Left, he uses the example not of Vietnam, but of Algeria.

The priest asks me if I mind sitting in the back of the car. It's half an hour before I realize why: it is because I am a woman. I also realize that I am probably the only person writing an article of this nature who would get into the back seat of a car without asking why, simply because I was told to do so by a priest. "Numquam solus cum sola." It is an old rule: a priest must never be alone with a woman. Priests were not supposed, in the old days, to sit in the front seat of the car with a woman, but it was always a rule to be obeyed at the discretion of the particular priest. Some ignored the rule; some put even their mothers in the back seat.

Our conversation covers most of the same ground as the talk with yesterday's priest. There are no new responses; there is no real energy in his voice until we get to the Midtown Tunnel, and he discovers he has left his wallet home. He turns and looks at me for the first time. "Do you have any money?" he asks, a Brooklyn boy, someone I might have gone out with, but only once. The kind of boy who wears white socks with black shoes and forgets his wallet. I hand him seventy-five cents like Rosalind Russell, as if it is nothing. He prefers that I do not go into the dark of the parking garage with him. I wait for him on the sidewalk. When he comes out of the darkness, he asks me-Is that a threat in his voice?-why I don't come back to the True Church. I tell him I'm thinking about it. Over the weeks, I think of little else.

Mystery and authori



DO NOT CET the time to vis the school the society h started until nearly throweeks later. The school housed in a building rente from the Lutheran Church a concrete irony. The principal, whom I met at mas

shows me around. When we enter classroom children leap to their feet and say, "Goo morning, Miss Gordon." It makes me quit nervous, all this leaping and recognition. Whe I mention this to one of the priests he say "You soon learn to get used to it."

The principal's quick eye catches a boy ithe corner. "Mr. Finnegan, do you kno you're not wearing your uniform tie?" Mr. Finnegan knows. He is covered with a confusion that is dangerously familiar to me: ibrings back the terror of the time I did no wear my uniform shoes and had to spend the day in the principal's office, of the time could not win the statue of St. Joseph ever though I had the highest average in the clas because I had forgotten to have my repor card signed. Am I endowing the principal's voice with a brutality not its own?

We go into the ninth-grade English class and I am impressed by the teacher, who speaks to her students of Dickens with the passion of someone who has taught less than two years. At the end of class, she initials everyone's assignment sheet to make sure they have copied down the homework. In the teachers' room we talk about the excitement of teaching literature, about Shakespeare, about Jan Kott. She is a lovely woman, but I am sure she does not know of her loveliness. I am sure she worries about her legs. She is twenty-four and lives with her parents. She is very proud of her father, a New York cop. I confuse her literary comprehension with liberalism, and I confess my unease about a curriculum determined by a bunch of John Birchers. She stiffens, "The John Birch Society has been very much maligned," she says. She tells me about a book that points out that the whole country is run by groups we don't even know the name of. I nod. The bell rings. She leaves for her next class.

Three tenth-grade girls want to interview me for the school paper. They are wearing uniforms almost identical to the ones I wore in tenth grade. They ask me questions about

ing a writer. I ask them why they came to Pius School. The three of them concur: was because their parents wanted them to. l of their parents formerly attended a Latin ass at a church in Westbury run by the Revend Gommar DePauw. There is quite a bit bad blood between Father DePauw and the febvrists. DePauw puts out a periodical lled The Sounds of Truth and Tradition. lose logo is TNT. The one issue I read conined a virulent attack on Lefebvre and his ovement. Apparently these girls' parents ere drummed out of Father DePauw's church id came to St. Pius. The girls say they are ippy to be in this school because in the pub-: schools where they went there was no displine; one girl tells me students smoked mariana in the middle of class and the teachers d nothing. One of the girls admits that she issed her old high school at first, missed the rriety of students there. But now, she says, te feels very much at home: all the students e good friends, they spend a lot of time with ich other; they find they don't have much common with the students they used to go school with. I ask them if they were lonely their neighborhoods. They say no; they ave each other.

I ask them what they want to be when they row up. One girl doesn't want to go to col-:ge; she says she'd be happy working as her ster does, in an insurance company. But one irl wants to be a writer and I commit against er one of the worst acts of child abuse: I see welf in her. I tell her she must go to a good ollege; I tell her that she must work hard at riting, that she must look at things, careully. I am really saying that I want her to e like me, not like her English teacher, not ike the principal. But she is not unhappy; she 5 probably no worse educated than she would e in a public school. I do not tell her to keep n touch with me. I do not know if she would ike to. As I leave the classrooms, I touch he paper cutouts of the Crucifixion, of the stations of the Cross, and I wonder of these hildren: What will become of them?



HEY ARE NOT what I was looking for, these people on Long Island. I was looking for miracle, mystery, and authority; I was interested in style, in spirituality, in a movement that combined the classical ideal of the Grego-

rian mass with the romantic image of the foreign life, suggesting illegitimacy. I had imagined a group of thoughtful, saddened communicants led by priests devoted to a vision of sanctity made fecund by the grandeur of the past, anguished pastors reluctantly accepting their place outside the arms of Holy Mother. But it is difficult to coordinate the drama of the French archbishop with the reality of his American flock, reading their St. Joseph Missals and their pamphlets about stigmatists, sending their children to a school whose curriculum is determined by a man who teaches Industrial Arts in a public high school, where the children will be chivied about uniform ties. I can only make the connection in terms that are quintessentially American. I see now that what these people, deeply American in their longings, really want, both priests and laity, is not the Middle Ages but the 1950s, not Thomas Aguinas but Bishop Sheen, not Philip the Good but Joe McCarthy. Lefebvre's vision is distinctly European, but the fruits of it in this country are a puzzling mixture, a populist expression of an aristocratic ideal, a colonial adaptation of an Old World mode. as unsettling as those photographs of Indians wearing top hats.

America reacts to invaders by ingesting them; perhaps the most predictable course for the society will be a hectic fleurescence followed by a sullen homogenization. Perhaps not. The society provides for its people community and orthodoxy, the distinction of marginality, the allure of a foreign rule. And it promises to precisely the people most frightened by change that they need not change again, that they have found a home, the house they were born in, the Church of their childhood.

But it is not the Church of my childhood, and it is certainly not the Church of any adult to whom I bear even a distant similitude. If one, through a combination of instinct and training, hungers for the past, for the texture and substance of an age perhaps less slapdash than our own, then one is tempted by an order which suggests that the present is not all we have. But the pleasure of a world pared down is an equivocal one; there is, at the end, too much left out in deference to simplicity, consistency, even, perhaps, peace of mind.

Finally, it will not do, the image of a prelate who cannot love his age, supported by priests in love with theories of conspiracy, priests who could have been my brothers followed by a congregation in love with virgin martyrs and rote devotion. And finally, it is a relief to be on the train, knowing I will not have to see them again. But there is loss, as well, or more properly disappointment, as if I had got off the metro looking for Balmain's and found myself in Kresge's.

"The pleasure
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HARPER'S JULY 1978

LAM SORRY for any journalist landed with realize

I AM SORRY for any journalist landed with the job of interviewing me. To begin with, I am not at all lucky on these occasions; it so often happens that the last thing I want on that particular day is a stranger's questions. If I lived in London, it would be easy to cancel or postpone the interview. In Devon, by the time that I have decided that I really can't go through with it, it's too late, he or she is already on the way.

As usual several things have gone wrong. Perhaps somebody has turned my lucky horseshoe upside down. Blue eye shadow. Too much? Too little? There is no one to tell me. But after all, this is something I have always insisted on deciding for myself. It will have

to do.

Is the sitting room all right? Fairly, I think; shift a vase and try to decide which chair I ought to sit in. Some say back to the light on back-to-the-light days, others no, sunlight, unlike glare, is very becoming; face the light on sunny days. Just as I have decided, there is a knock, the interviewer has arrived.

"tPlease sit down," I say when I have opened the door and we have reached the sitting room and the interviewer plonks down in the chair I've chosen. I sit in the other, already feeling exhausted. There's not a thought in my head, not a word. I can only wonder if she (or he) will describe this place as a cottage, a semi-detached, or a horrid little bungalow with creepers and things all over it. I know already, it jumps to the eyes, as the French say. I wait to be questioned.

What are you to say when they ask you, "Were you glamorous in those days?" That all depends doesn't it. Should it be "Oh yes, I was very. People used to push little notes into my hand 'I love you.' Fun! Or "Good heavens, no, not at all!"

The question-and-answer game goes on, I

realize that I am being gently pushed into my predestined role, the role of victim. I have never had any good times, never laughed never got my own back, never dared, never

MAKING BRICKS

worn pretty clothes, never been happy, neve known wild hopes or wilder despairs. In short I have never been young or if I was I've for gotten all about it. Wailing, I have gone fron tyrant to tyrant; each letdown worse than the last. All this, of course, leads straight to Wom

en's Lib.
"It's all so different now," she says (this

"Don't you think it still depends a bit on the individual? But I suppose it's all different now," I add and suggest a drink. Sometimes I drink alone, sometimes not.

I pour myself out a large whiskey, for suddenly I am completely exhausted. Longing to have a cigarette and sit quietly by myself thinking it over.

Go without returning
Go without remembering
Just go... (old song)

I empty my glass, pour another, and this is where I begin to talk wildly, the real reason for the inaccuracies that have been written about me.

"I didn't like the suffragettes much," I say.

"Didn't you," she says, shocked.

"Not much, when you posted a letter you never knew whether it would get there. They used to set fire to post boxes, things like that. Such a nuisance."

Silence.

one's a woman).

"You know the one who threw herself in front of the horse?" I say. "Well, I felt so sorry for the horse."

"But the woman was a martyr," the interviewer says.

"Perhaps she wanted to be a martyr, but the horse didn't. He had to be shot."

Jean Rhys, author most recently of Sleep It Off. Ladies. a collection of short stories, is currently working on her autobiography.

TTHOUT STRAW

'But surely you realize the desperate her-

'Yes, of course I know that, but I was still y sorry for the horse. She was wonderful, course. They were all wonderful but as I England during that period I really don't w much about it. Then I've been living wn here for such a long time."

'How long have you been living here ne?"

'Oh, years and years, really I don't remem-

'You must be very brave," she says, look-

around.

'Oh, I'm not brave at all," I say. "I'm aid of almost everything, but I am faith-

'I beg your pardon, you're what?"

'I'm faithful," I say again.

"Miss Rhys, I find that very interesting, ase do explain what or who you are faith-to."

"Oh, that would take far too long; besides um a little tired now" (a hint).

"I'm afraid that's my fault. Thank you for ving me all this time." (Quite kind after

When I read the article it is something like is:

Miss Rhys was very old and frail, has been living alone in a small remote bungalow for years and years, she says. She insists that she is not brave but faithful and rather coyly refuses to explain what she means by that!...

I am left to remember other interviews, the ne when I forgot to put the whiskey out. The time I mistook the interviewer for the toby. The time when a local reporter folwed me into the hairdresser's and wanted to ke my picture with my hair wet.

by Jean Rhys

The time I was sitting soaking in the bath when there was a succession of loud knocks on the door. The knocking went on and became louder and louder. At last I got out of the bath. opened the window, and called: "I can't see anybody now, please go away." He went away and wrote that I was a confirmed recluse refused to see speak to anyone. This became a local legend. and it was not only local. Of course, I tell myself the poor interviewer had to produce a smooth article of so many words and I hadn't helped him much. Inaccuracies occur, for people must be entertained. So now I can read calmly of my dark dreadful life, extraordinary versions of my first marriage, that I worked on the

stage for ten bob a week (this last an-

noys me), but as a rule I don't turn a hair.

HOW TO TELL WHEN YOUR CAR NEEDS A TUNE-UP

AND HOW TO BE SURE YOU DON'T PAY FOR MORE SERVICE THAN YOU NEED.

Remember the old Spring and Fall tune-ups? There was a time when GM cars needed tune-ups every year. But that was a long time ago. Since 1973, we've been building cars that don't need anywhere near as much routine maintenance as they used to.

Now, a lot of people are getting tune-ups they don't really need. Probably out of

habit.

Break the habit, and you'll save yourself some money. The maintenance schedule and the owner's manual your GM dealer gives you with your new GM car will tell you exactly what scheduled maintenance is required and when. Some of the newer schedules may surprise

For example, spark plugs used to have to be changed every 12,000 miles. Now it's every 22,500 or 30,000, depending on which new GM car you bought. For most drivers that means changing plugs every two years instead of every year.

When you bought your first car, you probably changed oil every 1,000 miles. We upped it to 6,000 a few years ago; and now it's 7,500 on all new GM cars except diesels.

Or take distributor points and condensers. They never need replacing with GM's new high energy ignition system. It doesn't have any points or condensers.

If you do have trouble with your car, just fix what **needs fixing.** When you take vour car in for service, tell the mechanic exactly what's happening. If it's hard to start "hot," but starts okay when it's "cold," say so. If it doesn't perform the way you expected, describe just how and where it doesn't live up to your expectations. Then it'll be easier for the mechanic to pinpoint what's wrong, and he won't have to make unnecessary repairs. That can save you time and money.

Some things have to be watched more carefully, depending on how and where you drive your car. For example, if you do a lot of driving on dry, dusty roads, you may need to change the air cleaner and oil filter more often than the maintenance schedule indicates. Remember, the maintenance schedule that comes with your car is based on average driving conditions.

If you have an older car that still needs an annual tune-up, what should it include? There are some basic things to be checked: spark plugs, points, condensers, idling speed, and drive belts. It can't hurt to check the air cleaner and fuel filter, tire pressure, and brake fluid either. And when you do take your car in for a tune-up, don't be shy. Find out exactly what you need and what you're get ting for your money.

We're trying to make GM cars easier and more econom ical to service. We've been able to stretch out the mainte nance intervals for new GM cars, which should reduce the cost of routine maintenance: and we're working on engineering improvements that should reduce the amount of required maintenance even further. We want to be sure our cars perform well for their entire lifetime, without costing you a lot of time and money in maintenance. That's better for you and better for us.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

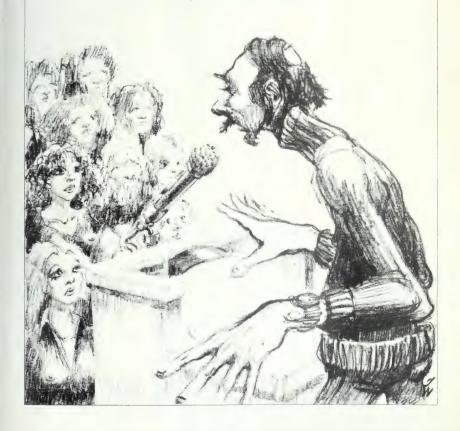
Great Ideas of Western Man: The Famous Writer on the College Lecture Circuit

"...so we are confronted once again with the duality, the bifurcation, the existential dilemma of the writer's task in America, and..."

("The little blonde bud from the creative-writing class is a sure thing, but she'll insist on a lot of literary talk first...

The big redhead on the lecture committee will spare me that, but she talks to me as if I'm seventy years old...

Little Bud?... or Big Red?...)



LANGLOIS'S BATHTUB

The Genesis myth of the Cinémathèque Française

by Diana Johnston

UST ACROSS the Seine from the Eiffel Tower, nestled under the upstream wing of the vast sleek museum complex called the Palais de Chaillot, lies the entrance to a national treasure trove: the Cinémathèque Française. To the average Parisian intellectual-in-the-street, it is one of the glories of the culture, the first, biggest, and best film collection in the world, the Louvre of cinema, the creation of a lone genius, Henri Langlois.

In French legend, Langlois's bathtub rivals Marat's in fame. There, supposedly sacrificing personal cleanliness to art, the young visionary stacked up precious reels from the early days of moviemaking, rescuing masterpieces from the celluloid recycling factories where they would be melted into women's hosiery. "Henri Langlois's bathtub was the first cinémathèque in the world," a film authority wrote in 1974, perpetuating the well-established myth. Such sentiment struck a responsive chord in a country whose misers long hid their savings in mattresses. The myth made it sacrilegious to ask precisely where, and how, the 50,000 to 80,000 films variously claimed by the Cinémathèque Française were being preserved, without any of the specially equipped storage facilities or knowledgeable technicians employed by the world's other, less inspirational film libraries. Jean Cocteau once called Langlois "the dragon who guards our treasures," and the label stuck. France was privileged to entrust its film heritage to a mythical beast rather than to mere anonymous specialists in the conservation of celluloid images. Other film libraries had card catalogues. As for the Cinémathèque Française, "I am the card catalogue," Langlois said.

HE CINEMATHEQUE Française was founded by four men in 1936 as a private, nonprofit organization. The one with the money for the venture was a forty-five-year-old businessman, Paul-Auguste Harlé. The one eager to set up a film archive was a thirty-two-year-old journalist, Jean Mitry, later a lead-

ing cinema historian. The other ty were Georges Franju, twenty-four, whent on to direct films, and his frien-Henri Langlois, twenty-two. A ye earlier, the two young men had forms a Cercle du Cinéma with the object projecting silent movies, but they he found it hard to get hold of films.

The Cinémathèque Française cor bined the archives project of Miti with the "cinema circle" project Langlois and Franju, each project pr viding solutions to the problems the other. The circle's showings a tracted public attention and contribu tions to the archive, which in tur enriched the showings. As a "museum, the Cinémathèque was able to sho films for low, untaxed admission fee cheaper than movie houses or evel ciné-clubs. As a public service, it wa able to obtain rent-free projection rooms and, eventually, governmen subsidies. And with a name that gave people the impression of a national institution, it was able to obtain donal tions and loans of films from film makers, private individuals, and film archives in other countries, all eager to contribute to the proclaimed mission of conservation.

The great days of the Cinémathèque Française, were not to come until the Fifties, however, in a France still dark ened and divided by the Occupation and the Cold War, resentful of Americanization yet fascinated by American cultural products, jazz and films in particular. Oblivious to political issues Langlois in his role (by this time) and director offered a cornucopia of images created by Orson Welles and Eisen stein, Eric von Stroheim and Akira Kurosawa, Alfred Hitchcock and Luching Visconti, Luis Buñuel and Fritz Lang D. W. Griffith and Buster Keaton.

stein, Eric von Stroheim and Akira Kurosawa, Alfred Hitchcock and Luchint Visconti, Luis Buñuel and Fritz Lang D. W. Griffith and Buster Keaton.
Langlois began by unveiling his wonders to a select few in a small pro Diana Johnstone has taught French literaturation at the University of Minnesota. She currently works as a journalist in Paris writing for French and American publications.



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low does the bologna andwich compare vith the others?



lamburger Bologna Tuna Sa 4 lb taw beef, (31) ounces (11), oun

cooked, bologna 1 thsp 1 thsp catsup) mustard) on on bun white bread

by ounces to ounces to ologna to a to ounce to ologna to ounce to

The bologna sandwich earned our west vote of confidence.

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t in cost-per-ounce of protein
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jection room in the avenue de Messine. In 1955, showings began (three films daily) in the basement of the Pedagogic Institute in the rue d'Ulm, in a staid section of the Latin Quarter. The young intelligentsia of Paris flocked. The film shown was not always the film promised; sometimes it had holes in it, sometimes it was in Swedish with Japanese subtitles, but that only added to the air of adventure, as did Langlois's shouts of rage at the occasional Philistine who foolishly laughed out loud at the posturing of some faded silent star. His haphazard programing stimulated the imagination of budding filmmakers. The only way he ever grouped films was by directors, in periodic "tributes," driving home the point that if "movies" were stars, "cinema" was directors.

Langlois particularly loved silent movies, without musical accompaniment and even without titles. But his passion for cinema was universal; he appreciated virtually everyone. Film people whose careers had fallen on hard times, or newcomers trying to get started, were grateful for Langlois's warm tributes to their work. He offered a promise of immortality to a precarious art, and film people responded by building his collection and his glory.

◀ HE CULTURAL village of Paris thrives on the assumption that it is the center of the universe from which most significant trends emanate, and on exchanges of favors and flatteries. The directors, film historians, and journalists who felt grateful to Langlois naturally began to build his legend as the unique genius who had single-handedly rescued the cinema's past from total destruction. Actor Michel Simon called him "a Saint sent by Providence to gather films, protect them, bring them back to life." The newspaper Quotidien de Paris pronounced:

If Henri Langlois had not lived, if he had not from his earliest youth piled his bathtub high with films thrown into the rubbish heap by the big companies, what would we know today of the beginnings of the Seventh Art?

Such exaggerations appear to be more the work of Langlois's admirers than of Langlois himself, whose own writings include more accurate versions of the Cinémathèque's origins.

Indeed, the idea of creating cinémathèques, that is, film libraries with the double function of conserving cinema works and making them available to researchers and to the public, is practically as old as cinema itself and is so obvious that no inspired genius was necessary. The city of Paris has had its own educational cinémathèque since 1925. The big French companies -Lumière, Pathé, Gaumont-carefully preserved all their negatives in archives that exist to this day. Rich amateurs, like banker Albert Kahn, and the French Army, also began early amassing large collections. The introduction of the "talkies" in 1929 spurred the creation of film libraries in all film-producing countries by driving silent films out of commercial circulation; this made copies of silent films available to collectors while stimulating concern for their preservation.

The Swedish Cinema Academy founded a national film archive in 1933. That same year, a group of amateurs in Paris founded an ephemeral Cinémathèque Nationale. In 1935, the Museum of Modern Art in New York opened its film library, and the British Film Institute set up a national film library in London. Meanwhile, the German government had started a film archive in Berlin, while Rome and Moscow had film libraries set up to meet the needs of professors and students of cinema.

There are two problems that make film collecting more difficult than, say, book collecting. One is physical preservation: reels of film take up a huge amount of space. They are perishable, and even, in the case of the old nitrate films, potentially explosive. The other is legal: films are commercial properties, and ownership and distribution rights are tangled affairs. Langlois's originality lay largely in substituting showmanship, bluff, and inextricable confusion for any systematic approach to these problems. Around Langlois, it was always understood that collecting old films was a dangerous mission, on a par with espionage in enemy territory. Absolute secrecy was necessary to protect the treasures from mysterious enemies who lurked about. To outsiders, the "enemy" might be identified according to what was assumed to be the outsider's political bias: to

an American, presumed to favor enterprise, it might be stressed the enemy was "the State," while French leftist would be warned to "the Americans" were plotting to m off with the precious reels. Occasi ally Langlois, who believed in soc sayers, would spot an "enemy" whad the "evil eye."

Langlois's warmth, his enthusias his flights of fancy enchanted me people who knew him. He had " Oriental charm of his Turkish mo er," one familiar recalls. Later on life, he grew enormously fat and dermined his health with compuls overeating, often in fine restaura where he generously picked up the t for bedazzled film buffs or visiti cinéastes from East European cou tries. He retained always the charm his intense, wide-eyed gaze and his m lodious voice, the charm of the secre sharer. Langlois wrapped himself films and secrets, alternately concer ing and revealing, showing his tre sures as he would reveal his hidde soul, to make himself loved. He live in the reflected light of flickering ir ages, merging with the larger-than-li emotions of the screen.

ANGLOIS DIED on January 1, 1977. So many people helpe build the myth that he le behind that it still survive like a dragon to guard a myster whose unraveling could only be en barrassing to much of the French cu tural establishment. But one must asl What is left of the Cinémathèque no that Langlois is gone?

To the public, the Cinémathèque continues to be the projection room at the Palais de Chaillot, the cheapes movie show in town, offering four diferent films every day but Monday To uncritical fans, such abundance has long constituted visible proof that the Cinémathèque Française possesse "the biggest and finest film collectio in the world," Only about one of thos four daily films is a masterpiece, be longing to the cycle of classics that th Cinémathèque runs through each yea -a total of some three or four hur dred films at the most. The others ar often fairly recent releases, lent by th director or distributor. (By showin 1,248 films per year, most of ther borrowed, the Cinémathèque convince

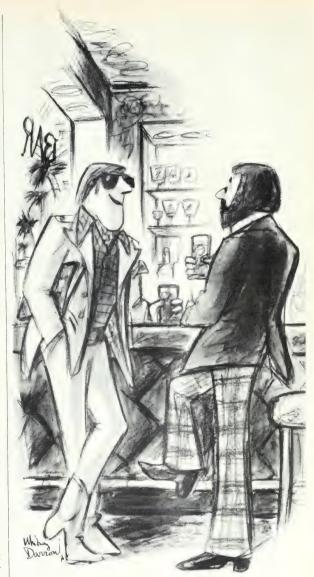
public that it possesses upwards of 00 movies-a miracle of projecindeed.)

pstairs from the Palais de Chaillot ie theater is the "Museum of Cincalled Langlois's testament, but acteristically closed to the public. pt for guided tours by appointt. Here Langlois finally (the mun was not inaugurated until 1971) inged his precious relics of cinema pre-cinema: magic lanterns, darreotypes, early cameras, posters. os, costumes, old movie sets.

he museum is a long and artfully tered labyrinth, a work of seduc-. At the end and to one side is Cinémathèque's private projection m, to the other a strange draped ern like some underwater surrealist doir. Before it sits the surviving goness: Mary Meerson.

or thirty years Mary Meerson lived Langlois, not, apparently, as a tress, but more as a sort of substi-· mother, protecting and punishing. ether they ruled the Cinémathèque. sided over its disorder, hatched its spiracies and vendettas. Like Lang-, she is hugely overweight, artisilly slovenly. The holes in her garnts bespeak unconcern for worldly alth. She has a heavy gaze, a heavy ce. It is clear from the line of her e and her brows that she has derately chosen to be an ogress. She said to have been a beauty when came from somewhere in the Balis in the 1920s, a slightly shady v named Popov who lived with set igner Lazare Meerson and took his ne when he died. Even in her prime · tended to be dirty, believing dit contact with water to be bad for health.

Unlike Langlois, Mary Meerson's irm has proved to be widely resisle. Some who revere Langlois as a nt call Mary Meerson a demon, a onster who maintained her hold er the great man by encouraging weaknesses, his disorder, his meganania. Whatever scandals come to ht. Mary, as a lightning rod for ime, always enables Langlois's unitical worshippers to absolve himd themselves. Meanwhile, she conrues to wield power at the Cinémaèque Française as the only person ive who may know Langlois's seets. Did the dragons guard-or deur-France's film treasures?



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In order to answer this question, one must look again at the real extent of the treasures. How did the Cinémathèque grow, and to what proportions? According to legend, repeated in some press accounts, Langlois scoured the flea markets of Paris, and when the war came, snatched as many as 60,000 films from the marauding Nazis.

According to Mitry, the collection was started in 1936 by pooling what money they could get from Harlé and Langlois's father to buy old prints being sold by dealers to fairs and amusement parks. The Cinémathèque Française had about 200 films by the time war broke out; many of these were unfortunately lost in the country caches where Langlois hid them.

The German Occupation turned out to be a windfall to the Cinémathèque, thanks largely to Frank Hensel, director of the Reichsfilmarchiv, the German film archives. Hensel provided the Cinémathèque with storage space in the Palais de Chaillot and quarters in the avenue de Messine building requisitioned from Jewish owners for the Reichsfilmarchiv. After the war, the Cinémathèque gave its first regular showings in the projection room there used during the Occupation by Nazi censorship. Above all, when the Germans began to requisition old films for chemical recycling, it was Hensel, as a conscientious professional, who saw to it that the Cinémathèque got any negatives that turned up and at least one copy of each movie. Mitry estimates that the Cinémathèque thus emerged from the war with a vastly enlarged collection of some 3,000 films.

After the war, the Cinémathèque's cofounders having gone on to other activities, it became Langlois's oneman show, and the statistical escalation began. In a 1945 interview, he claimed 20,000 films. A few years later, the figure was raised to 35,000. The government offered him storage space in an old fort at Bois d'Arcy, outside Paris.

A second major source of acquisitions was a 1950 law banning flammable nitrate films. Laboratories were given deadlines to copy onto safe acetate, and truckloads of old nitrate films were carted out to the Bois d'Arcy. Langlois's figures grew again, perhaps in good faith, since there is no evidence he ever even counted all those reels. ANGLOIS'S SUCCESS in making a life's work of watching and showing old movies hinged on his playing to the hilt the role of fanatic preserver of threatened celluloid. But squirreling rusty reels away in dank cellars is not conservation, as specialists know. Copied onto acetate and kept in cold storage, films may last centuries. Otherwise they are doomed.

Despite Langlois's prestige and charisma, specialists began to have their doubts about the "dragon" when, in July, 1959, several thousand reels entrusted to the Cinémathèque and stored in a backyard shed in the rue de Courcelles went up in flames. Precious films, including some on nitrate, had been heaped up there, unguarded, amidst trash cans and refuse. Many of the films belonged to other archives that had lent them for showings. The Cinémathèque was never able to provide a list of the films destroyed in the fire. Lenders discovered that no one kept close enough track of their films to know whether they were in the heap that burned, or perhaps in some other heap, goodness knows where. If a lender complained that he never got his film back, then "it must have burned in the fire." Suspicions grew of negligence, and, even worse, theft. Some lenders claimed to have seen their "burned" films at subsequent Cinémathèque showings. Sonika Bo, a Langlois admirer who was heartbroken at losing the children's films she had accumulated since 1932 for her unique Cinderella Cinémathèque, is convinced to this day that they were "stolen" by Mary Meerson.

In the Sixties, Langlois seemed to be in luck. De Gaulle's Minister of Culture, André Malraux, was willing and eager to help the Cinémathèque. Official largesse flowed, including about a million dollars to make copies of films, new modern storage facilities at Bois d'Arcy, and a handsome new projection room in the Palais de Chaillot, inaugurated in 1963.

All this time, the Cinémathèque's operations were a mystery to everyone, including its administrative council, a repository of film people content to lend their names to a good cause and let Langlois run it. After the daily showings, Mary Meerson would scoop the receipts from the cash register and carry them home. How much money

came in? How was it spent? Whi films had been copied with the go ernment money, and where were the

Bloodhounds of the public treast began sniffing around the Cinén thèque for the scandals that were su ly there. Under growing pressure well from specialists who warned the the films in Langlois's care were r ting away from neglect, Malraux w obliged to demand an accounting.

Subsidies had given the governme a decisive voice on the administraticouncil. At Malraux's request, to council named two specialists to s to administration and conservative relegating Langlois to the role of "stistic director." The date was Februa 9, 1968.

A wind of revolt was blowing ov the world in 1968. In France, the was boredom with the political rigid ty of the Gaullist period, impatien with its high-handedness. Malraus move against Langlois sent the Frenfilm world to the barricades.

The "new wave" directors-Fra çois Truffaut, Jean-Luc Godard, Ala Resnais, and others, then at the heig of their fame-took the lead in d fending their old master, who wise lay low and let others speak for hir A defense committee was formed. Pet tions were signed. Demonstration were organized. Telegrams of suppo poured in from abroad signed by suc figures as Vincente Minnelli, Robert Rossellini, and Charlie Chaplin. Pla wright Jean Anouilh protested in th name of "Shakespeare and Sophocle who would have been unsparing their support." In parliament, Fra çois Mitterrand took the lead in d manding an explanation from Malrau for the outrage. The Left followed.

The newspaper Combat led in the apotheosis of Langlois, portraying a epic battle between Freedom and the State, poetry and bureaucracy, artist creativity and heartless technocrat A professional archivist like Raymor Borde of the Toulouse Cinémathèqu who tried to call attention to conse vation problems, had no chance making his voice heard against Lan lois's glittering array of champion When the government took newspap photographers out to the Bois d'Are to show them the desolate heaps abandoned reels, Combat angrily d nounced the "staged" tour as "worth of a totalitarian regime."

political paradoxes stand out.
was that the conventional Left
p the cause of a purely private
rise against a government intern aimed only, in fact, at assurormal management of a publicst enterprise subsidized by tax
. The other was that the budding
Left," theoretically in favor of
ters' control" and the free flow of
nation it implies, ardently chamd a one-man control that, howcharmingly eccentric, was ultiy tyrannical and mystifying.

ideology was distorted to suit reater power of the network of nal connections in the Paris culvillage. Malraux bowed before orm. On April 22, Langlois was ated, his rule of the Cinémae secure until his death.

ring the crisis, Malraux appointwo technicians, Jean Vivié and r Weil-Lorac, to examine the ition of the Cinémathèque collecand make the only known inven-Finding no usable lists, they right to the reel boxes, kept in different places. They never had to check them all to see how 1 was duplicate footage, but their check indicated that the Cinémaae Française possessed, at the , from 15,000 to 16,000 films, Of an estimated 9,000 were damin some way, leaving perhaps 0 usable films. That was ten years Since Langlois never consented ansfer his films to the new, modvaults, experts say the surviving s may number only about 3,000. he report by Vivié and Weil-Lorac never published by the govern-

hy did Malraux back down so ly? As French film pioneer Abel ce wrote in the heat of the conersy: "The Cinémathèque Frane has, in fact, no body. It is enly a heart called Langlois. If you e it out, there will be nothing left." Vhat is a magic act without the gician? Malraux was no doubt able appreciate Langlois's bluff, and the lity of calling it. France would only "the biggest and finest cinémaque in the world," and Malraux self, among so many others, would k silly or worse for having supted and subsidized what might ely be called a fraud.

en days after he was reinstated,

Langlois broke his silence with a statement that surprised some of his supporters. "The battle amounted to a sort of tribute to Mr. Malraux," he said cannily, "since it showed him that he had been right to protect the Cinémathèque for eight years."

Having been canonized by acclamation in 1968, Langlois rested uneasily on his laurels, letting the Cinémathèque go to pot. His sloppy programing no longer enchanted a public that now had an array of Latin Quarter art cinemas to choose from. Cinémathèque personnel, generally underpaid and reduced to lackey status by the Langlois-Meerson dictatorship, took it out on the customers, who were treated like crass idiots if they dared complain of delays or unannounced changes.

Instead of putting order in his own house, Langlois announced ambitious new projects for the United States. They eventually fell through, but he won a special Oscar in 1974. He used his reputation in America to silence criticism at home, letting it be known that any government move against his rule would trigger instant withdrawal of films deposited by American filmmakers.

In fact, withdrawing films deposited at the Cinémathèque has proved no easy matter—except perhaps for Langlois himself and Mary Meerson.

René Clair was among the French filmmakers who entrusted negatives of his films to Langlois. When he wanted to have copies made, they were nowhere to be found. The Langlois myth survives such misfortunes.

HE GOVERNMENT has gone on discreetly subsidizing the Cinémathèque Française and paying off its debts, saving it from its own mismanagement, without ever obtaining an accounting of its peculiar operations. And the Cinémathèque limps along toward some sort of reorganization, perhaps as a foundation, burying its scandals alive. An inventory has been called for to find out what actually belongs to the Cinémathèque.

Drastic shrinkage of "the largest film collection in the world" can be expected from deflation of Langlois's inflated figures, deterioration of neglected reels, and ignorance of where Langlois put things. But a more subtle threat—one that could explain the continuing power of Langlois's inner circle, especially Mary Meerson—was suggested in a recent interview with Madeleine Malthète-Méliès, secretary of the Cinémathèque from 1943 to 1945, and granddaughter of Georges Méliès, the creator of the first fictional films, including A Trip to the Moon in 1902.

Her grandmother, France's first "movie star," sold a collection of Méliès drawings to the Cinémathèque with the understanding that they would be preserved and displayed there. The drawings were paid for by the Cinémathèque, which received government subsidies for such purchases. But later, Madame Malthète-Méliès discovered that her grandfather's drawings had been registered as a loan to the Cinémathèque from Mary Meerson. They belonged to Madame Meerson, who eventually sold most of them to American buvers.

"And it's the same for all the films, all the documents," Madame Malthète-Méliès said. "An inventory is impossible. The story will be hushed up, the inventory will never be made known, no one will see it. For it's a monumental swindle."

If, as Georges Méliès's granddaughter says, everything at the Cinémathèque is under the name either of a real lender or of a fictional one, the Cinémathèque itself may own very little—unless it can quietly come to terms with the fictional owners.

Meanwhile, some of the specialized cinema journals have been looking wistfully at the less illustrious but better-run cinémathèques in neighboring countries. Just across the channel, the government-supported British Film Institute, with a catalogued collection of more than 8,000 properly conserved films, offers such services as a lending library, well-organized showings and educational programs, and a projection room where researchers can order special screenings of films they want to study.

Thus, whatever happens to the Cinémathèque Française, the film profession is beginning to call for a national institution seriously dedicated to conservation, projection, research, and documentation. French cinema has had its guru. It now needs a cinémathèque.

HARPER'S/JULY 1978

MUCK, MEMORY, AND IMAGINATION

by Margaret Drabble

The World According to Garp, by John Irving. 437 pages. E. P. Dutton, \$10.95.

OHN IRVING writes so wittily about the misapprehensions of reviewers that it takes some courage to embark on an account of his latest novel, The World According to Garp-though I am comforted a little by the fact that he clearly has friends in both camps, and that his novel is in a sense a review of itself, and of his own literary pilgrimage. But it is not merely a book about writing a book: in the first chapters, his defensive, distancing techniques strike more than the reality of the subject matter; it is only gradually that the meaning is released. This is just as well, for the book contains almost intolerable pain. It is a bloody package, and if he had flung this in front of us we would have backed away in horror. As it is, we read on, at first entertained, then puzzled, then trapped, wanting to look away, but by this time unable to avert our eyes ... or at least, this is what happened to me.

The plot is so full and so bizarre that any summary of it will make it sound even more grotesque than it is. Its hero, T.S. Garp, wrestler and author, is the

Margaret Drabble's most recent novel is The Ice Age; others include The Realms of Gold and The Needle's Eye. She has also written critical studies of William Wordsworth, Thomas Hardy, and Arnold Bennett. son of Jenny Fields, nurse and author and feminist heroine before her time. He was conceived in a singular and one-sided manner by his determined mother, reared in the infirmary of Steering School, taken off by Jenny to Vienna to become a writer, returned to marry his childhood sweetheart. daughter of the wrestling coach at Steering, as motherless as he is fatherless. His mother's autobiography becomes an international best-seller in the feminist market: nurses' uniforms named after her, embroidered with little red hearts, become a top-selling line. With her money, Jenny Fields opens a home for women and subsidizes her son's literary adventures. Her son's career is less spectacular, and opens

with a long short story, "The Per Grillparzer," incorporated in full in text; we are spared his next oet Second Wind of the Cuckold, abo physically handicapped foursome, prising one stutterer, one blind i one suffering from uncontrollable ulence, one with an uncontroll spasm of the right arm. His wife He who is his first and best literary cr does not like it, and nor, by imp tion, would we, the readers. But his third work. The World Accord to Bensenhaver, Garp achieves fa and not surprisingly; this time his: ject is rape and his style has bec as merciless as his subject matter. gentle publisher, the amiable J Wolf, markets the book on its se



aspects, which are not far to and Garp, like his mother, bea best-seller, though nobody is clear whether he has produced rst man's feminist novel, or the wicked of male chauvinist out-Both mother and son are deed by the turbulence unleashed d them, and by this time, alas, eader has ceased to question the y or unreality of the Garp world, e legitimacy of the Garp/Irving iques: mad though they are, the world is madder, as full of fana-, extremism, assassinations, loyand survival.

IS A BAFFLING book in many vays. Beneath the surface lies a olid, suburban, everyday life, where men worry about their chilare mildly unfaithful to their s, crack up when their wives are ithful to them; an ordinary life of ing and jogging in the park and nas and students, the kind of life which John Irving at his college ermont (if he is still there) is tless familiar. Garp's perceptions is children, his anxious protective his rebellion against and accepe of this deadly anxiety, are beauly done; there is a fine scene where. ried about the fecklessness of the her who has invited his son to stay the night, he creeps around to spy ne o'clock in the morning, and sees ugh a window in the lethal rays of elevision

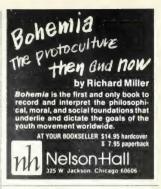
rammed against the sagging ouch the casual bodies of Duncan nd Ralph, half in their sleeping pags, asleep (of course), but looking as if the television has murlered them. In the sickly TV light heir faces look drained of blood.

s sense of death round the corner ws in the novel, and finally domises it; the Garp family calls it the ler Toad, after a misapprehension Garp's baby Walt about warnings inst the undertow in the ocean. Evanxious parent knows the Under d, and I am not sure if anxious ents should be recommended to read book, for the way in which the d gets Walt is really too much to r, even dressed up as it is in such acabre array of horror.

he macabre elaboration is, I imag-

ine, designed to diminish rather than to intensify the book's message about the violent insecurity of the world we are forced to inhabit. But Irving's fantasies are so near the bone that three-quarters of the way through the novel I began to wonder whether perhaps there really was an American feminist society called the Ellen Jamesians, named after a child rape victim named Ellen James whose tongue had been cut out by her attackers. Lost tongues, lost ears, severed penises, blinded eyes, broken bones, Gothic nightmares, Jacobean melodramas, tasteless jokes about disability: it all sounds like a self-indulgent fantasy, the kind of clever creative-writing-school trick writing that one would go a long way to avoid. But it isn't that, at all.

For one thing, it does have a good deal to say about feminist movements and the changing roles of husbands and wives. Garp is a good housewife, happy with the supper and the shopping, and it is no accident that one of the most sympathetic characters is a transsexual. More important, to me, was the novel's commentary on what I have to call the creative process, pretentious though those words always sound. Irving has some sharp comments on reviewers who look for autobiography in fiction, and the quarrels of Garp's biographers after his death ought to make one pause, but they don't. It is obvious that Garp/Irving is commenting in the novel on Irving's own literary career: his first novel, Setting Free the Bears, was set in Vienna and featured bears and the Vienna Zoo, as does Garp's first imaginative effort, "The Pension Grillparzer." The second novels of both remain unknown to me, though I was pleased to note a chapter heading, "Second Children, Second Novels, Second Love," that seemed to imply a natural coincidence of these three events, a coincidence I have noted in women writers before, but not in men, or not at least confessed by men. The worlds of Bensenhaver and Garp and Irving are the worlds of the mid-thirties, of midcareer, when a crushing awareness of an accumulating store of memory, most of it unpleasant, threatens to warp and inhibit the imagination. Irving's account of this process is particularly interesting. Unlike poets, most novelists seems to look forward to middle age, and to the fund of experience and





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INVENTING AMERICA

■DOUBLEDAY

observation upon which the older writer can draw: after all, many major writers didn't even start until they were older than Irving now is. Moreover, most novelists tend to look upon personal tragedy as something that can eventually be made useful, turned into grist for the mill; the more the writer suffers, the more he has to write about.

Irving challenges this assumption. His protagonist looks back to the days of visionary gleam, when he could write purely, happily, from out of the air, not from out of himself. These days have

gone. Garp, struck down by the death of his son, for which he bears terrible responsibility, looks back to the first sentence of his first book, and says:

Where had it come from? He tried to think of sentences like it. What he got was a sentence like this: "The boy was five years old; he had a cough that seemed deeper than his small, bony chest." What he got was memory, and that made muck. He had no pure imagination any more.

This is finely said, though luckily untrue, for the novel itself contains muck,

memory, and imagination, and muck gives it a weight that Set Free the Bears lacked. The zaniness been replaced by stoicism, and jokes are now black. But there are tenderness, respect, humanity. I ticularly liked publisher John W surely one of the most apprecia portraits ever drawn by a writer; smokes himself to death, for his "c restlessness and unrelieved pessim could only be numbed by smolthree packs of unfiltered cigarettes day." Forget the bears: the wolves do fine.

THE CRITIC AS A CULTURAL CONFIDENCE MA

by John Lahr

New York Jew, by Alfred Kazin. 307 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, \$10.95.

♦ O BE BOTH a New Yorker and a Jew is to be in the vanguard of overachievement. A city of aliens, New York reflects the metabolism of the uprooted in search of a destiny. And the Jew, who so dominates the rich cultural and business life of the city, defers to no man in either success or suffering. Lucid and impassioned, dispossessed and insatiable, the Jew makes a myth of his solitude, thus turning himself into an aristocrat of ambition. Alfred Kazin's New York Jew is, as the title proclaims, an exercise in such racial mythmaking. Kazin puts himself into the geography of the city and into the literary landscape of postwar America, an experience as spellbinding and often unsettling as New York itself.

"I was hungry for it all," he writes of his early omnivorous reading bouts at the New York Public Library which formed the groundwork for his major critical study, On Native Grounds. "Hungry all the time." An appetite for triumph is built on a diet of rejection. Kazin asks to be taken as a prototype; and in many ways, in both accomplishment and impoverishment,

John Lahr is the author most recently of Prick Up Your Ears, a biography of Joe Orton, to be published by Alfred A. Knopf in the [all.



he is. Son of a Russian immigrant house painter-"an unreachably lonely, self-centered, always peculiar man who was not like other Jewish fathers, not a hustler and bustler, not active for his children"-and an "illiterate housebound" mother, it is not hard to see why Kazin so avidly sought rebirth in the mainstream of American intellectual life. Where his parents never mastered English, he would become a writer and scholar of America's literary heritage. Where they were impotent and adrift in a society that promised more than it delivered, he would gravitate toward the secure and powerful role of critic, dispensing validation and at the same time finding it. In a book distinguished by its literary command, no portraits have more ferocious clarity than those of Kazin's troubled parents. Their f ure still haunts him: at once his gi and glory. Out of their gross limi tions came an obsession with maste

Like all dreamers, Kazin is more by the punishing dignity behind very American faith in self-transc dence. A man of many careful distitions, his passion can't be decoyed style when writing of his old fries the historian Richard Hofstadter, washared Kazin's early fascination was "America the powerhouse": "The were terrible fears for his life, experience ambitions, that he seemed hold together by the will to write a to hold out, to dominate himself. loved him..."

In a society ruled by a work eth willpower and output are everythin In Hofstadter and another super

ched acquaintance, Edmund Wilambition and moral courage seem coalesce. They are among the exions in Kazin's tableaux vivants America's literary scene. Kazin is n ravished by the dreams of his ous friends. Walking with Saul low in Brooklyn, Kazin rememhim, even before he'd written his t novel, as "measuring the world's er to resist him, he was putting self up as a contender. . . . He had lged himself to a great destiny." fessionally concerned more with duct than with personality, Kazin never really face the delirium bed the dreams of so many of the rary figures he describes. All those ters destroying themselves, and the ple around them in pursuit of their nificance! The cost to life is never important to the critic as the qualof the work, a cruel intellectual s that leads even as discriminating nan as Kazin into awful confusions. more Schwartz, who died impovshed and insane, is glibly dismissed ause he didn't suffer enough for od art: "Delmore could be mading, but he never relaxed into the madness of art." The novelist ac Rosenberg confounds Kazin beise he won't give up living for litture: "I could never be sure how ious Isaac was about writing.... lived not like a writer but like a tracter in search of a plot." And lvia Plath, whose work had not ved Kazin when he taught her at ith, finally impresses the critic en she embraces her dementia: "As oet she would not become alive and ghtening until she faced her fascition with her own death."

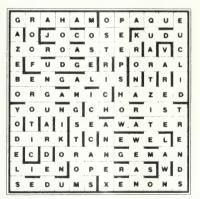
AZIN CAME on the New York literary scene in 1942, when On Native Grounds made its impressive debut and the w Republic simultaneously took him as an editor. He was launched; w York Jew recaptures the wonder d sweet success of those days. Kan soon began reaping the benefits of ing a cultural middleman. The nartive winds its way through Brookn and the Village and the numerous atering holes of the literary stars id starlets: Yaddo, Black Mountain ollege, Schloss Leopoldskron, I Tatti, 'ellfleet ("The beach was full of interesting and notable people to talk to"). "I lived my life among brilliant intellectuals," Kazin writes.

What is strange and sad is how little of their intellectual power gets into Kazin's otherwise admirable portraits. Ideas are only salt to Kazin's stew. The real meat is gossip. And since, in the politics of celebrity, one is only as famous as one's friends, New York Jew is chock-a-block with big names: Robert Frost, Hannah Arendt, Henry Luce, James Agee, Lionel Trilling, Cartier-Bresson, Clifford Odets, Bellow, and Wilson, to name but a glittering few. Kazin is not above serving up a tidbit of acquaintance (Brecht, Berenson, Stieglitz) and making it seem a meal. Power, however elegantly disguised by style and intellect, is what Kazin sought and what he responds to most eloquently in his city:

It was a constant challenge just to walk up Park Avenue [he writes of New York in the 1940s]. The straightness of the streets-columns in a bookkeeper's account book-made you run and claw your way to your goal. There was always an immediate goal. Up and down, straight and across, numbered and ranged against each other like a balance sheet, the great midtown streets were glowing halls of power....Its beauty rested on nothing but power. was dramatic, unashamed, flinging against the sky like a circus act, one crazy "death defying" show after another....

As a celebrated survivor, Kazin is not interested in the dark side of power. His New York has been eroded by the very ethic that made it great. When he considers the ugliness and the destroyed life along Manhattan's Upper West Side, he sees it only as material: "This too human landscape can be suffocating but is interesting to write about."

New York Iew has a stylish veneer: but style is both a mask and an admission. Kazin on writers is smart, sure, eager to impress with flourishes that often have more sound than sense. "Life [for Edmund Wilson] was one elaborately constructed sentence, and he had been sentenced to the sentence." Kazin on Kazin is a different matter. New York Jew becomes insecure and pretentious when it moves from the heart of the book world to the world



Notes for "Abecedarian Jigsaw"

Solution to the June Puzzle

1. angstrom, anagram; 2. Anne-X; 3. Bengalis, anagram; 4. chorist, anagram; 5. dirk, k(R)id (reversal); 6. erotic, c(it)ore (reversal); 7. Euclid, anagram; 8. fudge, two meanings; 9. gaze-B.O.; 10. gra(anagram)-ham; 11. ha-zed; 12. (w)ho-(G)od; 13. ice caps, spac e-c.-1 (rev.): 14. Jo(co.)se; 15. kron-A; 16. kudu, Duk(E) (reversal)-U.; 17. lawn, pun; 18. lien, homonym of "lean"; 19. Mosel, hidden in reversal; 20. (do)ne-we-L; 21. n.-ikon; 22. opaque, hidden; 23. O-p-eras; 24. (m)oral(e); 25. Orangeman, anagram; 26. organic, anagram; 27. ost (anagram)-rich; 28. peep show, anagram of "hopes" in "pew"; 29. quartzite, anagram; 30. roof, f(0)or (reversal); 31. seawater, anagram; 32. sed(ge and m)ums; 33. t.-rends; 34. unguarded, anagram; 35. Varese, anagram of "severa(1)"; 36. wean, anagram; 37. xenons, anagram; 38. yodels, anagram; 39. young, two meanings; 40. zO (reversal)-roaster.

of the heart. Three times married, Kazin strains in prose to keep the artifice of the successful man of culture intact, "My mind was beating new wings across the water in the park," he writes in one purple patch about the love affair that would lead to his second marriage. And later, with unwitting but terrifying aloofness, he summarizes their relationship: "For more than anything else except our son Tim, I would be grateful to her for Italy." Kazin's two children come in for incidental but loving mention, as if, like the children of any local tradesman, they grew up while he was minding the store. Still, it's touching to find him wistfully meditating on his son's game of catch and how the baseball gradually became a symbol not of sharing but of rebellion. "The curve ball he throws at me still harder every year, more derisive, certainly more difficult to catch." This is as close as Kazin comes to evoking genuine vulnerability as a father.

Kazin tells us that Stieglitz's "Steerage" hangs above his writing table. The famous photo reminds Kazin of the reigning passions of his life: his woebegone parents, his Jewishness, the great American experiment, the suffering, and his triumph. He has come a long way; and yet still a stranger in a city where he cannot rest. But as he mentions only in an aside, the Stieglitz photo is really of immigrants leaving America. The dream is more important than the reality. Kazin can't seem to draw rich insights and energy from the confusing events of the past two decades-perhaps because the literary scene has lost some of its amperage, perhaps because in his celebrity he's stopped questioning the sc ciety whose literature he's discusses so brilliantly. But he soldiers on wit the critic's mischievous intuition that if he is to be important he must mak his scene significant. So, despite it oppressive death dealing, New York to him "is even more splendid." And it the quality of life gets more thread bare, well, "we are the best historian of our own death."

New York Jew, for all its many plea sures, is too patchy and too chic to equal the high standard Kazin set foo himself with A Walker in the City and Starting Out in the Thirties. But it limitation is perhaps more symptomatic of an attenuated modern America where hype is fast replacing history and where, to maintain his influence the critic must become something of a con man as well as a man of culture.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Violet Clay, by Gail Godwin. 324 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, \$10.

Unlike the adolescent Dürer or Holbein the Younger (hard acts to follow), Violet Clay must postpone her self-portrait for a while—until she has a true self to portray. Violet has much in common with the Gothic heroines whose terror she paints for a living; perpetual maidens running in full scream from the dark realities that menace them. Every Gothic reader knows there will be a "shapely, romantic conclusion," a happy transformation of lurking menaces into devoted husbands. All our boarding-school fantasies told us so.

Abruptly Violet loses her job painting Gothic book covers and her Uncle Ambrose commits suicide. So much for the romance of the young Southern girl making her way as a painter in glamorous New York. Violet is forced to set aside her facile renderings of art and life and concentrate on essentials. This is best done in the upstate New York cabin where Ambrose died, a place unhaunted but curiously demanding. Ambrose was an

artist, too: a novelist who wrote one best-seller and lived the rest of his life on charm and self-deception, his Southern capital. Violet takes a more honest way. Friendships help; memories begin to make sense; art deepens and thrives. No hero performs Violet's rescue; she rescues herself. For true heroines, the happy ending is not the love of Mr. Rochester but the integrity of independence.

Gail Godwin is too practical to be pompous about these grave concerns. She shares with Margaret Drabble an impartial sense of humor and the civilized context in which her heroines dwell: the old-fashioned assumption that character develops and is good for something besides the daily recital to one's analyst. In quick sketches and full portraits, Violet Clay catches numbers of quirky, beleaguered women being themselves in New York, in Charleston, South Carolina, and in Plommet Falls, upstate. All are believable except one dea ex machina of astonishing self-sufficiency.

Godwin's fine earlier book The Odd Woman had much to say about the Pre-Raphaelites, the most literary of painters. Violet Clay, in its unpretentious exploration of the creative process, shows Gail Godwin as a painterly writer, and a very good novelist indeed.

—F. T.

Set in Motion, by Valerie Martin. 210 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 88.95.

There is a scene in Set in Motion, Valerie Martin's first novel, in which a welfare applicant pulls an amputated toe from his pocket and drops it on Helene's desk to demonstrate his need for food stamps. This is what everyone does to Helene: they reveal their amputations, which are mostly of the soul, and bang the table with personal demands. Helene complies as best she can, disbursing food stamps to the hungry, Seconals to her junkie boyfriend, attention and sex to the fiancés and husbands of her women friends. It is disturbing to watch her do this, and more disturbing to discover that she relishes the role. She likes to contemplate her own passivity. She enjoys watching Reed risk an o.d. every time he shoots up. The image of her wn vulnerability titillates her, which to say that Helene, like some narcisstic Jake Barnes, turns out to be sufring from a psychic amputation of r own. Patiently we wait to observe st what part of her is missing.

And then...then comes one of ose wretched moments out of Holly-ood psychoanalysis or est when the g suddenly lifts, when health renews, hen optimism and resolve sprout like lips. "Do you think you could stop ying to kill yourself?" Helene unpectedly asks Reed. And Reed anvers, a little dismally, "I guess I mild try."

How to explain such a scene, given e prehistory of this couple? How in Valerie Martin expect us to beeve that stability and sense are unecountably blaring their bugles right ver the horizon? It is not that she icks insight or control. She's got a parp eve for character, good lanuage, dialogue, pacing, and certainly ne better half of a good novel. The act that Helene's world cannot be nanipulated at will testifies to the ower of Ms. Martin's creativity. Peraps she only lacks nerve, the courage follow her characters in the dark. Ir perhaps it is a matter of values; erhaps literature has never quite lost ight of its ancient missions of charicter improvement and moral exhor-—P. B.

Visible Man: A True Story of Postacist America, by George Gilder. 49 pages. Basic Books, \$10.95.

In his previous book, The Naked Vomads, George Gilder reported the tatistical evidence for regarding the 'unmarried ghetto male . . . as the source of much of the violent crime in his country." Visible Man fleshes out hat evidence by profiling one "young black male, single, fatherless, violent. Sam Brewer (only the name is fictitious) has spent the latter half of his twenty-five years in the Albany ghetto. in and out of work and fights and the beds of several women. In 1975 he did time while awaiting trial (and eventual acquittal) on a charge of raping a white woman, a controversial case prosecuted by a woman who was at the time Albany's first female assistant D.A. and a consultant for its first rape crisis center.

The case made Sam a perfect

target for reporters, editorial writers, and sociologists, and thus gave him a visibility as brief as it was bright, born of the current moment's requisite outrage and concern—Sam in a bad light. Gilder goes beyond the limitations of that view, not with the mere objectivity of Susan Sheehan's Weljare Mother, but in a keen-eyed, compassionate study that jives, jogs, and lunges through the ghetto.

He portrays an individual whose growth to maturity has been stunted by a pattern of fatherlessness that began with his own illegitimacy and continues to his two children, who, along with their mother, receive a steady, comfortable income courtesy of the federal government. This "welfare trap," more than any of the ghetto's other myriad inhumanities, wastes people and ensures that the pattern of fatherlessness is repeated: "Not one of the men in Sam's life in Albany. old or young, is married and living with his wife and children." Unsure of how to be a father, and unneeded as a breadwinner, Sam flees frustration to search the streets and bars for dignity-a search that most often ends in fights and bloodshed: hence the violence, and from there one small step to crime. Gilder doesn't offer solutions, although his comparative analysis of conditions among the poor in Sam's home town, Greenville, North Carolina, shows that there are alternatives to the ghetto's cycle of broken —J. B.

To Dance: The Autobiography of Valery Panov, with George Feifer. 397 pages, illustrated. Alfred A. Knopf, \$15.

Valery Panov, one of the great dancers of our time, is better known in the West as a cause célèbre. In 1972 he and his wife, both members of the Kirov Company, applied to emigrate from the Soviet Union to Israel. The red tape and the harassment were diabolical: Valery was briefly imprisoned on trumped-up charges; he and Galina might have vanished entirely if it had not been for the outcry raised by valiant friends in the West. The Frances Taliaferro teaches English at the Brearley School in New York City. Paul Berman has taught American history at Brooklyn College, and contributes regularly to a number of magazines and journals. Jeffrey Burke is copy editor of Harper's.

politics of détente prevailed, and in 1974 the Panovs left the U.S.S.R.

Valery, né Shulman, was the child of an assiduous Communist father who patiently suppressed his Jewish bourgeois origins, the better to survive. His father's insistence on gray conformity was countered by his mother's colorful style: a classic stage parent, she pushed Valery into his first ballet lessons in Lithuania. Valery, with his "nonstandard body" and his acrobatic imagination, was far from the wan ideal of the male dancer in the 1950s: he embodied a new athleticism, an irrepressible energy that still must be bent to the acquisition of technical perfection. After years of study, unruly but splendid, he joined the Maly Theater in Leningrad.

Panov's narrative vigor draws the reader into a world both exotic and unglamorous. The Maly, Leningrad's "cozy family house of opera and dance," is vividly contrasted to the Kirov, the temple of art, the cathedral of technique to which Valery aspired and was eventually admitted. The Kirov Company is as large, the productions as lavish, as in Imperial days when it was the Marvinsky Theater. The difference is in the Communist party bureaucracy that both supports and corrodes it. Petty corruption is as common in the Soviet theater as on Broadway: Russian artists, however, must also suffer constant surveillance. regulation, and punishment by a party that equates artistic originality with "bourgeois depravity." To Dance is a fascinating portrait of an intricate professional world. It is also a record of everyday oppression, homely and insidious.

Panov is a generous observer, harder on himself than on others. "Like a captured jackrabbit" at school, he was also a romantic boy who wooed his first love with chocolate layer cake (a powerful seduction in sweet-starved Russia). Active and impulsive, he married in haste at nineteen and repented through a long adolescence, which vielded at last to the love of a good woman as well as to deepening convictions. Unpretentiously but with natural dignity Panov communicates "the great majesty and great sadness" of Russia. This fresh, instructive book has much to teach the general reader as well as the balletomane. -F. T.

HARPER'S/JULY 1978

AMERICAN MISCELLANY

BARBED WIRE

... and the art of stringing it

by John Fische

F YOU GREW UP in a city, it is possible that you have never had occasion to look closely at a barbed wire fence. In that case, it might be fun to try to invent it, in imagination, for yourself. It sounds easy. You only have to set two posts in the ground and string between them wires, fitted with barbs at about six-inch intervals. The problem is to fix the barbs so firmly that a heavy animal brushing against the fence will not break them off, or slide them along the wire. If they slide, you will soon have all the barbs shoved up against one post or the other, with a naked wire in between. Another problem is to figure out a way to make your wire cheaply and fast-that is, with machinery requiring a minimum of hand labor.

You might think of soldering on the barbs, but that quickly turns out to be a poor idea. The soldered join is inherently weak, and since each one has to be made by hand, the process would be prohibitively expensive. Another possibility is to take a ribbon of steel about one inch wide, cut zigzags along one side to form sharp points, and then John Fischer is an associate editor of Harper's. This article is taken from From the High Plains, an informal history of the settlement of the High Plains of Texas and Oklahoma, to be published in September by Harper & Row. ® 1978 by John Fischer.

twist the ribbon as you string it. This, too, has been tried and found impractical. The ribbon can be rolled, and cut by machinery, but it is too heavy to handle easily, uses too much expensive steel per foot, and is too weak to resist the impact of a charging bull. Another abortive scheme involved spiked spools strung on a wire.

According to the Bivins Museum in Tascosa, Texas, 401 patents for barbed wire have been recorded, and more than 1,600 variants have been catalogued. Out of all these attempts, only two proved successful. Both were patented at nearly the same time by two neighbors in De Kalb County, Illinois: Joseph F. Glidden and Jacob Haish. Whether they got their ideas independently, and who got his first, are questions that have provoked much expensive litigation. Their concepts were quite similar. Each involved clasping barbs around a wire at appropriate intervals-and then twisting that wire together with another one, so that the barbs are tightly gripped between the two. The only essential difference, to the eye of anyone but a patent lawyer, was in slightly variant methods of clasping the barb.

Whether or not Glidden was the original inventor, he certainly was the more successful businessman. He made

his first wire in 1873, forming the bar with a converted coffee grinder ar twisting the twin wires in his barn wi a hand-cranked grindstone. He sold h first wire, and took out his patent, 1874. That same year he formed a par nership with a neighbor, I. L. Ellwoo and built a factory in De Kalb. Befo the end of the next year, their factor was turning out five tons of wire a da using improved, steam-operated m chinery. In 1876 Glidden sold a ha interest in his invention to the Was burn and Moen Manufacturing Cor pany of Worcester, Massachusett which had been supplying him wit plain wire; in payment he got \$60,00 plus a royalty of 25 cents for ever hundredweight of barbed wire sold."

How profitable this deal proved be can be glimpsed from the followir figures. In his first year of manufa ture, Glidden sold 10,000 pounds owire. Two years later, Washburn an Moen sold 2.8 million pounds. Within the next five years, sales mounted the more than 80 million pounds a year-yielding Glidden an income of monthan \$200,000 annually, the equivalen

*Washburn and Moen eventually merge with the American Steel and Wire Cor pany, a subsidiary of U.S. Steel. Ame ican Steel and Wire's museum in Wo cester is the prime source of inform tion about barbed wire.



least \$1 million today, and that before the era of income taxes. manufacturers' profits amounted any times that.

uch of his wire was being shipped exas. Glidden and his money fold it, leaving a permanent impress he settlement of the High Plains especially on its main city. Ama-There I came across his traces

ly sixty years later. it in the meantime I had a chance become well acquainted with his luct. When I was eleven years old, grandfather John Fischer taught how to string wire during a sum-I spent on his homestead near che, Oklahoma. To my eves he ned a very old man, but he was wirv, lean, hard-muscled, and acomed to working from sunup till after dark.

ike inventing barbed wire, stringit is a more complex business than might think. First you find your

s. My grandfather insisted that be either cedar, locust, or bois c, also known as Osage orange. se woods will last in the ground many years, while cottonwood or e will rot quickly unless creosoted nd we had no creosote in those s. Some he cut himself along a litcreek that ran across one corner of 160-acre farm; others he bought partered from neighbors. Each post to be exactly six feet long.

When the posts were all collected, h a mule team and wagon, he stacked m near the edge of the pasture he nned to fence, and then marked his . This he did with a borrowed suror's transit, a handful of stakes, l a few rolls of binder twine. At ty-foot intervals he scratched a rk on the hard prairie soil to indicate where he wanted each post to go. One of my jobs was to make a hole in the ground with a crowbar at each mark, and fill it with water from a fivegallon, galvanized-iron milk can, thus softening the earth for my grandfather. who followed me with his post-hole digger.

The first post set, to a depth of precisely two feet, was of course at a corner of the tract he was going to enclose. It had to be braced in both directions of the future fence lines. For braces he used two other posts planted diagonally in the earth with their feet anchored against heavy stones; their top ends he sawed at the proper angle and fastened to the corner post with tenpenny nails. Then we set about the weary labor of digging holes and setting intermediate posts until we came to the place he had marked for his next corner. We had to do only three sides of the forty-acre pasture, because the fourth side abutted a field enclosed vears earlier; but at that, the post-setting took us the best part of two weeks.

Then we drove the wagon into Apache to get a load of wire. It came on big wooden spools, so heavy that the hardware dealer had to help us load them. Grandfather let me drive back, a groud and nervous assignment for me. although the mules-named Pete and Repeat-were gentle enough.

At the rear end of the wagon bed he rigged a pole, crosswise, to serve as a spindle on which a spool of wire could be mounted and easily unwound. We drove the wagon close to a corner post, twisted the end of the wire around it one foot above the ground, and stapled it fast. Next we drove along the line of posts for about 200 vards, unreeling wire on the ground behind us. There Grandpa stopped, unhitched the team,

blocked three wheels of the wagon with rocks, and jacked up the fourth wheel, the rear one next to the fence line. He cut the wire and twisted the loose end around the axle of the jacked-up wheel, fastening it to a spoke for additional security. By turning the wheel, we wound the wire around the axle until it was taut. (There were patent wirestretchers, but Grandpa did not own one. The wheel-stretching method worked just as well, and saved money.) After he had lashed the wheel to maintain the tension, we went back down the line and stapled the wire to each post. Then we repeated the process, time after time, until we had the pasture enclosed with a standard fence of four strands, spaced a foot apart. We finished up by making a wire gate at the corner nearest the house.

Three tips for fence-stringers:

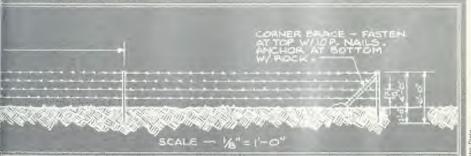
-Wear the heaviest leather gauntlets you can find. Even so, you are bound to get your hands and arms torn, so carry some iodine and bandages with you.

-Staple the wire on the side of the posts facing into the pasture. When a heavy animal runs into the fence, he will press the wire against the posts, not the staples. If the wire were on the other side, the staples might pop out.

-Hang the expense, and use two staples for each fastening of the wire. One of them might someday rust or work loose.

I haven't seen that fence in decades, but my brother told me a few years ago that it was still standing and tight. Probably it is the most nearly permanent thing I have ever worked on. Certainly its useful life has been far longer than that of any article or book I have written.

HARPER'S/JULY 1978



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PUZZLE

TRISKAIDEKACODE

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions: A simple code has been created by taking a 13-letter word with no repeating letters, writing the other 13 letters, in alphabetical order, under that word, and then making vertical substitutions. For instance, if the code's base word were LUMBERJACKING, the following code would result:

L U M B E R J A C K I N G D F H O P Q S T V W X Y Z

and the word TIMBER would be encoded as AXHOPQ.

The answers to the four clues printed in italics are to be entered in the diagram in code, the base word of which must be determined by logical deduction. To complete the puzzle, enter the code's base word in the squares provided below the diagram.

Answers include four proper names; 24 Down is uncommon, and 15 Down, while common, is not in all dictionaries. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 87.

CLUES

ACROSS

- 1. It's legal (and terrible) after 50 (6)
- Skinless peach devoured by pig, walrus, or hippo (3, 3)
- 9. Direction: twist hair up around the ring—high (8) 11. Circling barn owl's cry (4)
- 12. Intend entering cost of shelter and clothing (7)
- 13. Sudden move from clumsy churl (5)
- 17. Misprints are art! (6)
- 18. Air is bad when surrounded by worthless element (6)
- 20. Burn Rachel's turnover (4)
- 21. Qualities of courage at mass, in converts (8)
- 22. God may light a new way (8)
- 23. Shark swimming amok (4)
- 25. Feel bad about mom, or any lady (6)
- 27. Hack politician . . . tipper? (6)
- 30. Kid a Latin aggregate (5)
- 31. Thrown in hold: soft-hearted whale (7)
- 32. Vibratory sounds were! (4)
- 33. He follows letter of the law for ages till it gets rewritten (8)
- 34. Lifted two Kennedys (6)
- 35. Movie of French reversion of paradise (6)

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 13 12 13 16 16 17 18 19 20 21 23 24 25 26 27 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 35

DOWN

- 1. Old Persian's relations with king upset (6)
- 2. Raquel, red when bust fell out (9)
- 3. Came without it, raised about two farm animals—cleverly done (12)
- 4. When heart is cross, outwits adversaries (4)
- 5. Zits unfortunately hit high school—washing tubs needed (4, 5)
- 6. Border wind-up (4)
- 7. Nine in St. Louis wise to high church position (12)
- 8. A bit of extremely toxic fluid from abroad (6)
- 10. Watery growth found in tidal garden (4)
- 14. Girl who goes to pot when embracing Juan! (5)
- 15. Took the lead with Grease first, being witless (9)
- 16. Friend's belief could show same quirk (9)
- 19. Made poetry aloud, submerged in Frost (5)
- 22. Equal and overt hearts tremble (6)
- 24. Religious statues: gold article, saint ascending (6)
- 26. Sucker halfway in lounge (4)
- 28. Sport bird (4)
- 29. Exploding shells from Southern State Parkway median (4)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Triskaidekacode, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016. Entries must be received by July 7. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the August issue. Winners' name will be printed in the September issue. Winners of the May puzzle, "Diametricode," are Leon E. Boodey, Broomall, Pennsylvania; Lorraine Hackman, Lakewood, Colorado; and M.F. Lipworth, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

FOR 56645 YOU CAN 3UY A CHEAP CAR. OR AN EXPENSIVE ONE.

It's no longer true that you get what you pay for. At least, it isn't true among the 1978 models. nat's because—for about the same money—you can come the disappointed owner of a cheaply made ror the satisfied owner of one that's well made.

Luckily, the cheap ones can give themselves /ay to anybody who bothers to look closely. Doors, wod and trunk lid don't fit properly. The paint job dribbled in some places, spotty in others (especially top of the hood). The trunk is a wasteland of raw, if inished surfaces. Rattles are constant companions.

Volvos, on the other hand, are known for being

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August 1978 \$1.25 arpers

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by William Tucker In which scientists and environmentalists argue about the right way to kill insects

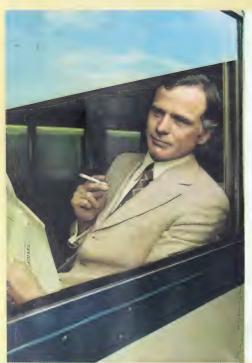


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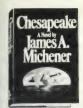
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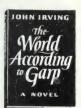


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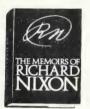


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Since 1926, 330 million books in 15 million homes.

ALMOST EVERYONE HAS A \$10,000.00 IDEA HERE'S HOW TO MAKE IT PAY.

By Ernest P. Weckesser, Ph.D.

Several years ago, while I was teaching college in Indiana, I stumbled across a "money" hobby that has changed my life.

Oddly enough, I discovered it while browsing through magazines in a drug store. In almost every magazine there were dozens of small ads selling one basic thing-printed information.

The financial magazines contained small ads for "newsletters," "reports" and "booklets." The science and mechanics magazines were loaded with classified ads for all sorts of "how-to" books, "instructions," "plans," etc.

I was most surprised by the fact that almost all the ads were placed by individuals-not by large

This was too fascinating to resist: I decided to place two small ads myself.

I put together a booklet containing some of my best wine recipies and another about Australia. A few days after the ads appeared I stopped by the post office

When I looked through the little glass window on my P.O. box, I almost dropped my key. The box was stuffed-jammed-packed full of envelopes. Hundreds of orders containing cash and checks! I couldn't believe it.

\$9.450.00 IN 45 DAYS

When the dust finally settled around our house, I talked with other successful advertisers.

- 1. A young graduate student in Texas markets a body-building manual for \$3.00. He uses one classified ad in six magazines. It's strictly a sparetime activity but he reports earnings of \$300.00
- 2. A retired U.S. Army sergeant in Arizona wrote a 24-page booklet. His three \$17.00 classified ads brought him \$300.00 in cash orders
- 3. A Kentucky woman selling a 15-page travel booklet for \$1.00 was literally swamped with orders. In 87 days her classified ad running in six magazines made a net profit of \$2,230.00 from a gross of \$3,250.00. She was 69 years of age, widowed and living alone in her apartment at the time.
- 4. A husband-wife team in Oregon compiled their own "how-to" booklet. They put a small display ad in one newspaper. Within only 45 days that one ad pulled \$9,450.00 in cash orders

Don't misunderstand. This isn't a get-richquick scheme. It's a business, and, as such, it's speculative. But test ads are cheap (as low as \$13.50 for a national ad) and the profit potential is staggering! An Ohio man I spoke with put a large display ad in a national Sunday supplement. A few days later the orders started pouring in-mail sacks full of cash! Within the next two months he received over \$220,000.00 in CASH orders for his \$3.00 booklet.

I realize this all sounds too good to be true. But here's a way you can actually verify what I'm saying in your home or office.

TRY THIS TEST

* First, obtain several magazines containing classified ads. You don't have to buy them . . . just borrow them from the library.

* Second, get old copies of the same magazines—at least 10-13 months old.

- * Third, turn to the classified sections of each and place the old magazine beside the new magazine.
- * Fourth, compare both. Cross-check each one to see how many ads in the old magazine are still running in the new edition.

THIS IS AN ABSOLUTE PROFIT TEST.

It has to be. People don't continue running ads for over a year unless they're making money at it

WHY NOT YOU?

Consider these facts:

- It's simple to begin . . . just an hour a week can get you started at home
- It's inexpensive to begin . . . I'll show you how to place a test ad in a national magazine for only \$13.50. Your total starting investment can be less than \$25.00.
- · You don't have to write a booklet yourself. I'll show you an easy way to get hundreds of different books at wholesale prices or less
- · If your test ad produces even a modest profit you can run wild with it. The whole nation is
- · Your profit margin may exceed 1,000%! My wine book cost 36 cents to print yet sold for
- · It's private. Even if you begin making \$75,000.00 a year you can run your entire business from your home or apartment
- · It's safe. Information booklets and newsletters aren't breakable, mechanical or chemical They're easy to mail in small envelopes and can be stored in a closet.
- · You don't have to be a "writer". My first effort was only 14 pages and sold for \$1.98. I had it run off for 8¢ a copy. Even so, it pulled in thousands of dollars, month after month.
- . The market is almost infinite. My own "bestsellers" include . . 101 Ways To Fix Hamburger, How To Win Contests, How To Stop Smoking, How To Make Champagne At Home, and others .

I want you to see this for yourself. That's why I put everything . . . every secret . . . in a simple, easy-to-follow beginners guide. It's entitled, Dollars In Your Mailbox.

I'll show you . .

.Where to get hundreds of books wholesale. . Where to advertise . . . which magazines and

newspapers are most profitable.

- •Where to get national ads for less than \$15.00. . How to have your own booklets printed for less than 12¢ each.
- . How to save 40% on all printing.
- *How to get "free" advertising and publicity. *How to start with no money in stock or supplies.

·How to word your advertisement.

· How to start a newsletter. . How to rent your mailing list for extra

PLUS All the forms, lists, and details you'll n

HERE ARE SOME READER COMMENT

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o"Super! I'm converting 22% of my inqu using a classified ad in Rolling Stone r zine T.M., Mar

"Excellent! I've gotten 600 subscribers !

newsletter in the first year . . . V.J., Mis · Enclosed is a pamphlet I wrote after ing Dollars in Your Mailbox. It sold 400 c

from an ad in the Atlanta Journal at each . . . F.A., Flo o" . . . the enclosed booklet is one I printed and have done WELL with . . . Th

R.D., Pennsylv

o"I can honestly say that your book is best I've ever read!"

G.R., Ari:

MONEY-BACK **GUARANTEE**

Again, this is not some kind of get-rich-o scheme. This amazing business really works. I'll prove it to you at absolutely no risk to you.

I'll send you a copy of Dollars in your Mai for 60 days without obligation. A full two mon

You can read it . . . and try it. If you're satisfied, simply return the book and I'll send a full refund within 3 working days-no nonse

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LETTERS

Realms of gold

Tom Bethell's "The Wealth of Washington" [June] was not up to standard. I am a GS-11 physicist (\$18,258/ year) working for the federal government. According to Mr. Bethell, I should be getting rich. I am not. According to Mr. Bethell I should be paying \$9.50 every two weeks for my Blue Cross High Option health insurance. I am currently paying \$24.86. According to the author I should be paying 8 percent on my car loan at the White Sands Federal Credit Union. Unfortunately I am currently paying 12 percent. According to Mr. Bethell I should be making free long-distance phone calls. Unfortunately my telephone bill is just as high as everyone else's is. According to the Federal Pay Schedule in Mr. Bethell's article it is possible (within a given grade) to get to the top in only ten years. In actual fact, it takes more than twenty years.

It is grossly unfair to characterize the thousands of honest, hard-working government employees based on the actions of a few bad apples.

> CURTIS L. GLADEN Las Cruces, N. Mex.

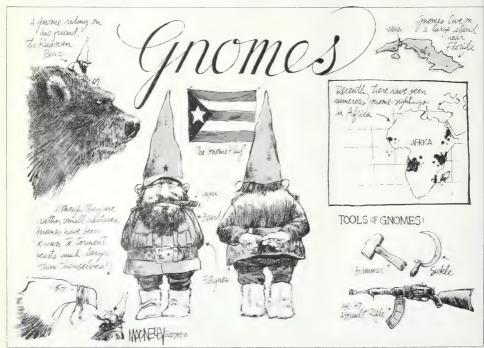
The typical government worker's salary doesn't come close to the \$20,000-plus figure Bethell cites as the "average salary" paid to federal workers in the Washington, D.C., metropolitan

area. Indeed, more than two-thirds of all government workers in the nation's capital earn less than \$20,000. Eighty percent of those earn less than \$15,000

KENNETH T. BLAYLOCK
National President
American Federation of
Government Employees
Washington, D.C.

TOM BETHELL REPLIES:

A high-level official in the Office of Management and Budget provided me with the \$20,740 figure (average Washington-area government salary) and it has been widely cited elsewhere. In any event, Mr. Blaylock's contention that two-thirds of all government workers earn less than that does not con-



t the statistic. The two statistics onsistent provided the remaining earn substantially more than 00, and this of course is the case. reply to Mr. Gladen, there are rous health plans available to al workers, as I said in my arti-Similarly, federal credit unions e rates of interest on loans varyetween 8 and 12 percent, I am he is paying the maximum. I ved that it was possible, not obligto make free long-distance phone It is true, as Mr. Gladen says, in-grade step increases are not al, as was suggested by figure 8 npanying the article. After step 4, ninimum promotion period is two and after step 7, three years. ever, this is rarely applicable bethe vast majority of employees promoted "vertically" to higher es before reaching step 10. nally, it is not a matter of good

ad apples in government service. I convinced that the vast majority overnment workers are intelligent, onsive, and industrious. The probis the noncompetitive system they a part of: analogous to the posia writer would be in if he had no llines, but was assured of a genercheck each month. Most writers, a pples though they might be, ld produce very little under such

erman response to terrorism

irrangement.

vavid Zane Mairowitz in "Scissors the Head" [May] is light-hearted

'here are some errors. There are o missions, evasions, and implicais, manipulated so as to create the pression of a willful stifling of dist by the German government.

Mairowitz ignores the agonizing parnentary debates engendered by both so-called Berufsverbot and terrori. In the latter, West German legnores had somehow to create effece machinery for dealing with terrism without undermining the demtatic institutions that terrorists seek

Mairowitz minimizes the extent of terrorist threat in order to make seem like a "pretext" for represn. In West Germany, terrorists have led 28 people, injured 92, attempted to murder 106, and held 162 hostage. With their international connections, the ease with which they find refuge in other countries, their unlimited arsenal, and their willingness to kidnap and murder at random, terrorists ought not to be portrayed like a Wild-West gang of "a few desperadoes."

Mairowitz describes the so-called Berufsverbot measures inaccurately. Literally a prohibition against engaging in one's profession, Berufsverbot is the popular term given to procedures designed to screen out applicants for public-sector jobs if they advocate the destruction of the constitution. It does not differ in intent from the lovalty oath requirements for government employees in many democratic countries. Since it applies only in the public sector, everyone in the private sector is free to practice his profession as he wishes. But far from having no redress, as the author contends, rejected applicants can avail themselves of a hierarchy of appeals. These include hearings at the agency to which the application has been made, interagency review, and, in the last resort, the courts. Though the appeals procedures may vary somewhat from state to state, all applicants must be informed in writing of the reason for their rejection. The author contends that the procedures are being abused. Perhaps, but in the one case of abuse that he cites -the teacher in Bayaria-Mairowitz contradicts his own statement that no relief is provided by the courts when he is forced to mention that the rejection was upheld in an appeals court.

Finally, there are the contentions that the government in Bonn has over-reacted and is fostering a climate of repression. But again the author fails to mention the 464 daily and weekly newspapers and 10,000 magazines and journals in Germany which range from the extreme Right to the extreme Left and continue to publish their opinions freely and without censorship. There are more influential and widely distributed leftist publications in Germany than in the United States.

It is important to remember that Germany's one previous democracy, the Weimar Republic, proved unable to defend itself against the then Nazi terrorists and found no way of keeping Nazis from infiltrating the civil service, where they worked to bring about the end of the republic. This

time, we are determined to hold on to democracy.

DR. CARL HEINZ NEUKIRCHEN
Director
German Information Center
New York, N.Y.

DAVID ZANE MAIROWITZ REPLIES:

Dr. Neukirchen's letter, to use his own words, is full of "missions, evasions, and implications," manipulating both my article and the facts to give the impression there is no "stifling of dissent by the German government":

1. The German "loyalty oath" does differ from that in other countries because of the scope of the German public sector. Other democratic countries do not require loyalty oaths from garbage collectors and train drivers.

2. Dr. Neukirchen is referring to the law as written. My article speaks about its current application. The Berufsverbot laws may be "designed to screen out applicants . . . if they advocate the destruction of the constitution," but in practice they merely prevent those with left-wing views from holding down state jobs. There are indeed complex methods of appeal, but only a handful of cases in which dismissals have been overturned. And even when an appeal has been won, reinstatement has not always followed. as in the case of Hans Roth, a teacher from Hessen.

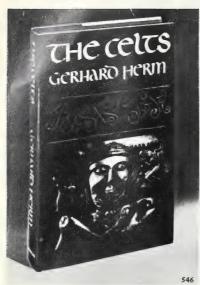
3. Yes, there are numerous freely printed and disseminated left-wing journals, almost all of which can be found registered on a list kept by the German border police for surveillance and harassment purposes. This list was recently published in the respectable daily paper Frankfurter Rundschau, and in others.

4. My article shows that current repressive legislation is being used against left-liberal opinion and not against terrorists, as Dr. Neukirchen suggests. To refer the debate constantly back to terrorism—when not one terrorist has ever been prosecuted under these laws—is an official smokescreen.

5. The Nazis came to power not only through acts of terrorism, but by manipulating the democratic process and the right-wing civil servants of the Weimar Republic. By constantly equating left-wing opinion with terrorism they opened the way for the march of fascism in Germany.

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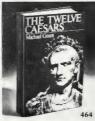


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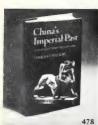
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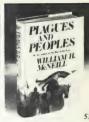
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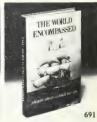
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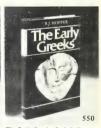
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PERSPECTIVES OF FLIGHT

Notes for a journal

by Lewis H. Lapha

The toad beneath the harrow knows Exactly where each tooth-point goes; The butterfly upon the road Preaches contentment to the toad. —Rudyard Kipling

OR THE PAST FEW MONTHS I have been making notes on the feeling of dread that seems to afflict so many of the officials and quasi officials who conduct the national debate and formulate the public policy. I think of them as belonging to an equestrian class (of lawyers, government functionaries, journalists, academics, corporate and foundation hierarchs) that sustains itself by substituting words for things. They have a faith in abstraction, and until quite recently I think that they believed that their abstractions more or less accurately represented the world of events. But since the election of President Carter I notice that they have begun to lose confidence in their epistemology. I cannot say that I blame them for this, but their panic and anxiety set a poor example for the people whom they would lead and instruct. They remind me of first-class passengers traveling in an airplane at an altitude of 43,000 feet, careening through the upper air at greater and more efficient speeds, but knowing nothing of aerodynamics and wondering if something might be wrong with the engines.

They exist in a suspension of time and space, afraid of an environment they didn't make, feeling themselves always and unjustly (i.e., through no fault of their own) besieged by risk. The stewardesses do everything possible to conceal the risk, to soothe the passengers, and to persuade them that nothing unpleasant can happen to them. The passengers remain unconvinced. They know that the plane sustains itself by unnatural means and that only a few feet away from them the immense forces of the universe shriek like banshees along the wings.

Their fearfulness is not easy to describe. Although I can sense it almost as if it were a palpable thing, I'm not sure that I can make it visible. The following set of notes deals with aspects of what I take to be a shriveling of the American spirit and the loss of courage on the part of people in perpetual flight.

N THE NEW YORK TIMES this morning (June 15) I see that things have gone from bad to worse. This is an observation that any diligent reader of the paper could make whenever he had a mind to do so, but rarely have I noticed so many proofs of the general desire to conceal the world of experience behind a veil of words. In Skokie, Illinois, the American Nazis receive a permit to march through a neighborhood in which live Jewish survivors of the concentration camps. Obviously the Nazis have it in mind to humiliate the Jews and to celebrate the glory of Auschwitz. But the American Civil Liberties Union, supported by the New York Times and other voices of enlightened humanity, chooses to overlook the murderous intent. The pharisees retreat into ceremony, and so find, no doubt after much high-minded discussion, that the march deserves the Lewis H. Lapham is editor of Harper's.

protection of the First Amendment Presumably they would come to to same conclusion if the Ku Klux Kl decided to march through Harlem.

From Saudi Arabia I read a reporto the effect that two British citize have been flogged for making bee The British government makes nothin but the most diffident protest for fe of offending the princes who suppose them with oil and who own so muc property in London.

Elsewhere in the paper I notice th. Mario Cuomo has agreed to run folieutenant governor of New York of the ticket with Governor Hugh Care Only a year ago Mr. Carey withdre his promised support for Mr. Cuomo mayoral campaign, thus using him a carelessly as he might use a towel is a public toilet. Mr. Cuomo doesn't of ject. Smiling into the television can eras, he promises to work for peace justice, and decency.

Also in the paper I read a speech is which President Carter blames Fide Castro for allowing the Lunda tribes men to invade Katanga. Mr. Carte either doesn't know or chooses to for get that nobody, not even James Reston or Andrew Young, can reason with a savage. When the Lundas get drun they like to kill people. But Mr. Carte is a pious man. Like the ACLU, hadare not but believe in ceremony.

N THE INTELLECTUAL amphither ters people take elaborate pains to obscure the meaning of what the say and write. They might be proven wrong by events, and in the meantime they do not want to give our meantime.

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fense. Who knows what is going on in Libya or Washington? Who knows what politician will be elected to what office, or what dictator will surround what palace with whose tanks? The man who hopes to keep open all his options for money and preferment does well to say what he thinks everybody else is saying. The debate minces along like a dog on a leash. The acceptable arc of thought compares to enclaves in which people live (either in high-rise apartment buildings or in the heavily guarded suburbs) and to the narrow perimeters set up by American troops in the jungles of Vietnam.

N A PLANE coming east from Houston at the end of May I found myself looking at the design of the Mississippi River and thinking about the deceptions implicit in the view from 43,000 feet. At that height the landscape dissolves into lines on a map, and for a moment I could imagine that I was looking at what the equestrian class likes to call "the big picture." The topography of Arkansas presented itself in the form of an abstract painting about which I could make the kind of critical analysis practiced by literary critics and Presidential advisers. Everything seemed so easy to perceive and understand. I could distinguish between the straight lines of man's invention and the soft, alluvial shapes of the ancient flood plain; further to the east I could observe and categorize the changing texture of the land as it shifted into forest and the Appalachian Mountains. Given the advantages of height and speed, I could believe that I knew as much about Arkansas as the poor souls obliged to build the roads or work the farms that I perceived as pretty diagrams. The geometric clarity of the view reminded me of Time magazine and the idiot omniscience of the media, of earnest men gathered around conference tables, busily dividing the world into free-fire zones and spheres of economic interest. I remembered a prominent journalist telling me that one underdeveloped country was like any other underdeveloped country. He spoke of them as if they were stage sets against which it might be possible to play out the dramas of geopolitical theory and ambition.

But if I turned away from the uni-

versal truth that shimmered in the far distance, what remained? I was left with the equally uninteresting image of my own face in the window. At 43,000 feet the middle distance disappears, and I could choose between the broad perspective so beloved by makers of public policy and the narrow reflection of self so much beloved by the human-potential movements and the legions of soi-disant revolutionaries trying on the Halloween costumes of social and political dissent. I thought of the books written to be admired by a small circle of critics in New York, of people "getting into their own heads," "doing their own things," going on journeys to India to "make a movie of my philosophy." The mirror provides them with a world as malleable as the one seen through the blue distance, a world in which they arrange and rearrange the precious objects of their experience.

But it is the middle distance that is the locus of human society and the human family, of art and government and other people. No wonder the United States has so much trouble with its politics and its attempts at literature. Instead of using the imagination as an instrument through which to perceive and understand the world, the equestrian class uses it as a means of escape. Nobody has any interest in the middle distance. Since World War II, parliamentary politics has fallen out of fashion together with any and all writing that seeks to describe social reality. The politicians promise to restore the faithful to never-never land; the novelists and academic historians amuse themselves with theory and metaphor.

HY, THEN, despite the most elaborate precautions, do so few people ever feel really safe? The society is obsessed with security in all its declensions—security police, national security, risk-free foods, and political pamphlets. Even the word risk (together with words like additive, artificial, plastic, and exposure) has come to connote something awful.

The equestrian class prefers to live in enclaves—in heavily guarded apartment buildings, in suburbs protected by discriminatory zoning laws, in sealed-off atmospheres of gigantic bureaucracies and corporations, in wa was the air-conditioned lunar modul of the American military command Vietnam. These environments resemb the enclave of the plane at 43,000 for Either the plane falls down, or doesn't. The passengers have no use courage or compassion. Like humy the human virtues belong to the mid distance, to the realms of imaginati and feeling in which people have sor thing to do with one another. The m in the plane, like the child in the n sery, remains dependent on myster about which he knows nothing. wonder the poor soul feels so constan threatened by a nameless dread. He c no more rid himself of his unconscio fear than can the man who thinks to much about the prospect of therm nuclear war. Either the world dissolve or it doesn't; in the meantime the isn't much the man on the plane ca do about it except to listen to the m sic and sign petitions.

The well-bred passenger, of cours can complain about the champagne. I proves his moral sensitivity by sho ing himself capable of being blister by a rose leaf. This is equivalent the earnest convocations sponsored I the Trilateral Commission, at whic people express their alarm about A rica and their concern for civil righ in Chile or Cleveland. How else ca they demonstrate their courage excep by worrying about all the things the could go wrong? The substitution consistility for action disguises the factor one's helplessness.

HE "ENERGY CRISIS" amount to little more than a redistr bution of comfort and author ity and a transfer of wealt among rival factions within the eque trian class. All of a sudden the Unite States must pay higher prices for for eign oil. The "wrong sort" of peop get rich, and this inspires rumors about the end of the world. When I read th editorials in the New York Times about the energy crisis I think of a woma of enlarged pretension but reduce means who has been informed by he husband that she will have to fire th gardener and maybe the chauffeur. Sh cannot bear the affront to her dignit How dare they do this? What is the world coming to? My God, the pr sumption.

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Like the lady of reduced means, the American equestrian class finds it demeaning to make do with fewer excitements. Nobody likes to discuss the loss of the Vietnam war or the failure of Keynesian economics. Once the war had been lost it became implausible, as well as impractical, to talk about the imperial projections of American power. The United States found itself much weakened, both in terms of its own courage and in terms of the way it was perceived by the rest of the world. Mr. Richard Nixon and his liberal critics had their own reasons for choosing to portray themselves as pitiable and self-pitying giants. They made a show of weeping great, sad tears to demonstrate their appreciation of what they believed to be their country's peril. To their embarrassment and surprise they found that their respective audiences accepted their performances as truth rather than illusion.

The talk of an "energy crisis" conceals an arrangement that works tolerably well (profitable for the wrong people, perhaps, but still profitable) and that reflects, with the degree of accuracy customary in dealings between nations, the balance of military and economic force that prevails in the world. Certainly it is preferable to buy the oil, even at preposterous prices, than to go to war for it. This cannot be satisfactorily explained to the lady of reduced means, and so the press thunders against satanic Arabs, environmental ruin, and the earth's insolvency. In these matters the press resembles the faithful butler who remains on the premises to reassure the lady of the house that none of this could have been foreseen and that it certainly isn't the family's fault. My goodness, Madam, it isn't like the old days, is it?

HE AMERICAN EQUESTRIAN class perceives the world as a nuisance, as an importunate beggar or blind man constantly asking for money. When I think of Cyrus Vance perpetually aloft on State Department business, I think always of Edward Wiggins almost twenty-five years ago at Yale. Wiggins had been raised in the enclave of the American oligarchy; a young man of good intelligence and expensive education, he considered the possibility of a career

in the Foreign Service. Eventually he discarded the prospect as being too much trouble. On his summer vacations he sometimes got as far as the Ritz Hotel in Paris or Claridge's in London. Everything else was too far off, too crowded, too likely to be hot and infested with flies. He preferred to see the movie. In an air-conditioned theater on Crown Street, eating popcorn with his friends, he figured he could see the whole world without having to:uffer the indignities and the inconvenience of travel.

HO CAN SPECULATE about the causes of the present loss of courage? It is easy enough to mention the loss of the war in Vietnam and the bitter disappointments of the 1960s, a decade in which so many had been encouraged to expect so much. Possibly the level of anxiety has to do with the emptiness of American education. The schools teach children little or nothing about their own bodies. People graduate from college knowing nothing about biology and nutrition. Nor do they learn much about technology. No wonder they believe in quacks and astrology. The so-called liberal arts education achieves the effect of alienating the graduate from what he has been told is reality.

SUSPECT THAT MUCH of the present anxiety has to do with the habit of living in time present. So few people have any sense of history. Thus they lack proportion, and they also lose their sense of humor. I associate both losses with the end of World War II and the beginning of the age of American empire. Before it became an imperial nation the United States could rely on the sardonic wit of Mark Twain, Dorothy Parker, James Thurber, Artemus Ward, Robert Benchley. and H. L. Mencken. Hiroshima and the Cold War made it difficult for the newly seated equestrian class to laugh at itself. People took themselves very seriously indeed (as how could they not when the fate of mankind depended upon them?); they had a use for entertainment, not for humor. With the ascension of John Kennedy the rest of the world began to fade and dissolve into the lines on a brightly colored

map. All history prior to the foundig of Camelot receded into the mists romantic legend.

But the more that people bind then selves to the dimension of time preser the more threatening the world b comes. Every edition of the news bring word of disaster or the threat of c saster. The Soviet Union adds to store of weapons, and a drought California inspires reports of famil and plague. In the East the rain brin: little succor because it washes the lar with carcinogens. Travelers returning from Africa or the Middle East thin themselves less perceptive, less desering of respect if they fail to bring bac proofs of Soviet conspiracy and rumoi of World War III. The world change so fast that the perceived risks reac catastrophic levels. This induces wide spread feelings of suspicion and resenment. People become paranoid, believ ing that their happiness and well being is being subverted by the activ intervention of unknown agents. The find it hard to believe that other peopl have their own reasons for doing what ever they do, that they don't care, mucl less think about, what effect their ac tions might have on innocent bystand

HE MORE THAT ONE is re minded of one's mortality, the more this must be denied: the more complicated and threat ening the world becomes, the more that people must insist that it is simple Thus the general retreat into the caves of superstition and the closets of fan tasy. To wandering saints and evan gelicals the faithful pay higher prices than they pay for foreign oil. They initiate themselves into the mysteries of cult religions and supernatural diets. They take up jogging and hope that if they run far enough and fast enough they will outdistance the black hound, death. President Carter talks to God and Dr. Peter Bourne: the Hilton hotel chain requires the candidates for its management and training programs to take instruction from the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. I have heard of doctors who go among the ranks of corporations, marking (as if with a piece of chalk) those executives whom they judge doomed to die by heart attack.

The press, of course, profits from the

arfulness and ignorance of its auence. So also the government bureauccies and the entrenched commercial terests. It becomes prudent to merge isting companies rather than to unrtake new ventures. The emphasis ifts away from the creation of goods id ideas to the marketing of goods id ideas already acceptable to large imbers of people. This contributes to e ascendancy of the bureaucrat-i.e., e man who explains, categorizes, and isses judgment as opposed to the man ho makes, builds, and invents. The overnment assumes the robes but not e authority of the medieval church, ad its labyrinthine regulations serve e same purpose as religious obserances. People devote more and more f their time to these observances (i.e., lling out federal forms); the money ent making these offerings (comarable to the sums collected for the ained-glass windows at Chartres) last ear amounted to \$36 billion.

managed by lawyers. They present themselves as generalists, as men who can learn anything in a few days or a few weeks and who, armed with the weapon of reason in what was presumed to be a rational and Newtonian universe, go forth and subjugate the forces of unreason and superstition. No longer. The events of the past twenty years have proved to them that, with Horatio, there are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in their philosophy. They confront a world in which terrorists murder Aldo Moro, in which they know nothing about computers, biology, physics, fusion, anthropology, psychology, et cetera. Ralph Nader and his disciples, all of them lawyers, thus represent a rearguard action. Together with the press they seek to defend and reassert the primacy of the ancien régime. Insurance companies try to reduce risk. Mr. Nader and the newspapers seek to magnify it.

EOPLE WHO BUILD and make things accept risk as a necessary condition of doing business. The heirs to the fortune magine that they can avoid risk, as if, ike politics, it were an artificial additive. Thus the pretense that foundations, Presidential commissions, universities, et cetera, constitute sanctuaries beyond the corruption of politics.

Unfortunately, no matter what the iaith healers say, the law of the conservation of risk suggests that it can be leferred or displaced, not excluded. A man maybe can choose which death he wants to die, but this is not the same thing as proclaiming himself immortal. The United States might think itself rich enough to neglect the development of speculative research and nuclear energy, but the rest of the world is not yet inclined to take so exquisite a view of things. Even now the United States imports not only raw materials but also technology from abroad.

s RECENTLY AS twenty years ago lawyers still could regard themselves as general staff, the officer class, from which the nation would recruit its statesmen, Presidents, university officials, politicians, et cetera. The events of the past two or three generations have been

GOOD REASON for the feeling of pervasive dread-if Americans have learned anything in Lathe past twenty-five years, they have learned that everything connects with everything else. Every triumph of medicine or biology brings with it the corollary news that yet another substance or bodily malfunction, heretofore unknown, tends to kill people. A man feeds a raisin to a fish, and seven years later in the South Atlantic calamity overtakes the unsuspecting krill. Decisions made for partisan political reasons in a Washington basement result, nine years later, in the massacre of 3 million Cambodians.

Even as medicine extends the life span, so also do people feel themselves more expendable. They accept the doctrines of progress and the perfection of the self as product, and so they expect to be superseded. Having become defensive about their transience and about the smallness of their achievement, and having lost the connection between time past and time future, they come to think of themselves as being no more substantial than a summer fruit fly. The less valuable they become in their own estimation, of course, the more useful they become to the people who would reduce them from citizens to subjects.

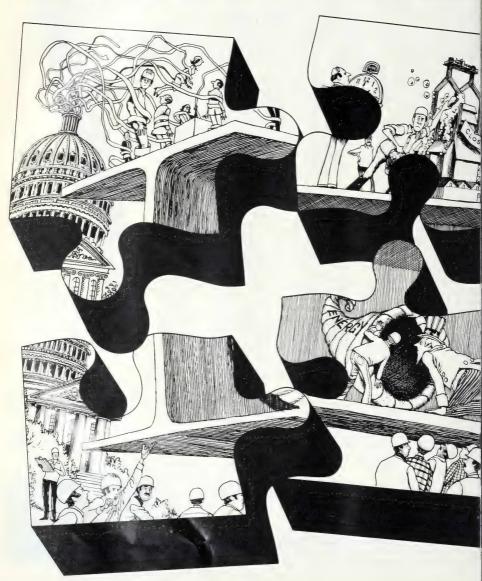
HARPER'S/AUGUST 1978



We had this original idea. Make an automatic pencil that uses lead so thin it can pass through the eye of a needle. Yet won't break while writing. We did this by Jourrounding the lead with a stiding sleeve 2 that protects during uriting and 3 fully retracts.



The steel industry puzzl tough problems in search



f solutions.



Steel is a basic commodity used by most industries. Thus, the economic health of America's steel industry plays an indispensable role in the well-being of our nation's economy.

Last year, steel's troubles made

headlines

Plant closings and layoffs-triggered by an unprecedented flood of steel imports-focused attention on the plight of the industry.

Since then steel's situation has improved slightly, but our problems are far from solved.

No single solution

Most of the issues confronting Bethlehem and other domestic steelmakers impact on each other to weaken the earnings we need to get moving forward again.

No single solution solves all of the interlocking problems that make up the steel indus-

try puzzle.

If the pieces fall into place

Because steel is essential to the prosperity and national defense of America, we believe the pieces of the puzzle must fall into place. And they will, provided industry and government work together to insure economic health and stability.

Putting it all together

Just as steel's problems have impacted on one another to diminish earnings, so workable solutions can interact to improve earnings. And better earnings provide the means we need to upgrade productivity, maintain employment, and attract investors.

Consider:

Federal tax policies that generate funds for capital investment can stimulate demand for steel from the construction and capital goods markets.

Vigorous enforcement of America's existing trade laws can prevent foreign producers from "dumping" illegally priced steel that

erodes our markets.

Sensible energy policies can help insure adequate supplies of the coal, oil, natural gas, and electric power we need to keep our plants running, our employees working.

Less rigid and less costly environmental mandates by government can free more steel dollars to invest in job- and income-producing facilities-without forsaking environmental

And regulatory reform to eliminate red tape at all levels of government can save tax

dollars for everyone.

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For more information about the problems facing America's steel industry and our recommended solutions, write for our booklet, "In Search of Solutions." Public Affairs Department, Room 476-B, Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.

Bethlehem

THE LIBERAL CARTER

Wooing the recipient class

by Tom Bethe

ANY ARE THE diagnoses of President Carter made in Washington. From time to time members of the press will lay aside all other tasks in order to check the Presidential pulse, temperature, and heartbeat. Vital signs have been erratic. "He jumps around like a water spider on a June afternoon," declared Stephen Rosenfeld of the Washington Post after taking a recent sounding. According to one report, Hamilton Jordan reads Rolling Stone magazine with his feet up on the desk, thereby gleaning sufficient information to report on the state of the nation to his boss, who, like Richard M. Nixon, doesn't like to see too many people too often. "I can read faster than people can talk," he explained to an adviser.

Some people in Washington are beginning to wonder (or as James Reston, columnist for the New York Times, would put it, Washington is beginning to wonder) whether Mr. Carter really understood the nature of the job he pursued so avidly, in much the same way that Harry S. Truman in retirement wondered whether Nixon had ever read the Constitution. Did Mr. Carter know about things like the separation of powers before he became President? Or was he privately convinced that everyone-bureaucracy. Congress, press, Supreme Courtwould instantly recognize his shining goodness, and defer to it?

There is reason to believe that something like this might very well have insinuated itself into Mr. Carter's mind. After all, so much had been made of the immorality, "dirty tricks," lack of compassion, et cetera, of his immediate predecessors that Carter could almost be forgiven for imagining that the principal element missing Tom Bethell is a Washington editor of Harpfrom Washington politics before he arrived was good intentions. If so, he would be only the latest in a long succession of liberals who have made the characteristic mistake of assuming that their good intentions set them apart from others who subscribed to different ideologies.

President Carter a liberal? Some will question that, and Carter himself astutely managed to shun the label throughout his campaign. Poor Morris Udall found himself saddled with it instead. The general consensus seems to be that Mr. Carter is a man with no ideology, a judgment that may have some truth to it. Still, it is always possible to judge a man by what he does rather than by what he says or fails to say, and his record is turning out to be indistinguishable from that of an old-fashioned FDR-inspired liberal, complete with seal of approval from Americans for Democratic Action.

Let us not forget, incidentally, that the New Deal years were formative ones for Mr. Carter. It was a period, he writes in Why Not the Best?, when "we learned to appreciate the stability of the agricultural programs brought about by federal government action." A few pages later he adds: "During the Depression years, political decisions in Washington had an immediate and direct effect on our lives. Farm programs, rural electrification, Works Progress Administration, Civilian Conservation Corps, and others were of immense personal importance." In short, the virtue of government intervention was absorbed along with other childhood lessons. Later on he went into the peanut business, where he put this lesson to good use. As William E. Simon, former Secretary of the Treasury, points out in his remarkably outspoken book A Time for Truth, Mr. Carter "made his money in a regulated, subsidized industry."

Thus instructed, Mr. Carter qu plainly came to the Presidency wi the firm (although private) convictithat, whatever else might be uncertain this world, government at least wgood for people.

Mr. Carter's ideological inclination are indicated better than anything I the identity of those who have suported his programs on Capitol Hi. David S. Broder, associate editor the Washington Post, commented eallier this year that these turn out have been

card-carrying (and in some cases even knee-jerk) liberals. There has been a kind of conspiracy of silence to keep this fact unpublicized. Members of the White House's Congressional liaison staff checked the voting records a few months ago and discovered, as one of them said, that "the Northeast and Midwest liberals are the backbone of Carter's support."

More recently, Martin Schram has reported in Newsday that "the Senato who voted with Carter more than an other was Sen. Edward M. Kennedy.

In an attempt to confirm these find ings, I called someone I knew at th White House and asked if I could se the Congressional liaison report. H said he thought that there would b no problem. He would call me back He did-apologetically. "Sorry," h said, "it's not a public document." felt that I had not come close to wir ning my Woodstein spurs, but it wa interesting to discover, nevertheless that the Administration is apparentl anxious to conceal the identity of it own supporters. Secrecy in governmen has taken a new twist! In Nixon time, it was the Enemies List. Now it's

My uncommunicative friend at the White House pointed out that Congressional Quarterly had done a sim ir study. Mr. Carter's most consist nt supporters, as reported by CQ, turn at in almost every instance to be berals with high ADA ratings. His ggest opponent on Capitol Hill, on the other hand, has been fellow Georan Larry McDonald (1976 ADA rat-192) (1).

It seems to me that Mr. Carter has far avoided categorization as an DR understudy on the basis of talk one. His aides have occasionally let rop the remark (as it were, ruefully), Basically, Jimmy is a fiscal conserative." Or something like: "I know sounds old-fashioned, but Jimmy is 1 favor of balanced budgets. There's othing we can do about it-he's as ght as a tick." Thereupon people such s Joseph L. Rauh (a founder and ice-president of ADA) could say that ne Democrats had elected a Repubcan in disguise, and somehow everyne seemed to forget about the \$60 illion budget deficit. But word can asily overshadow deed, which I supose is one of the realities of the media ge. (In fact, as Mr. Carter truly reparked last year, Presidential words re indistinguishable from deeds.)

It is becoming clearer every day, evertheless, that Mr. Carter can say omething and not really mean it at ill. One afternoon, for example, he et forth from the White House and aunched an unexpected attack on docors and lawyers. No doubt it was good politics. The doctors could be expected o vote Republican anyway, and as for he lawyers, they no doubt forgave im immediately. (Ralph Nader, perraps the most litigious man in the country, thought "it was a very good speech.") The main growth area for awyers in recent years has, of course, been government, and since assuming office Mr. Carter has scarcely missed an opportunity to expand the role of government, his campaign obfuscation notwithstanding.

For example, Mr. Carter lobbied hard for a Consumer Protection Agency, which would have been a Lawyers'
Agency by another name. Having experienced a setback there, the President campaigned instead for the Equal
Rights Amendment, to the distress of
Phyllis Schlafly, its principal opponent,
who observed that the amendment really ought to be called the Lawyers
Relief Amendment. If the amendment
is ratified, in fact, it will undoubtedly

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C189

turn out to be lawyers' heaven: women who are denied a job, or a promotion, or a raise, will head for the courts in droves claiming that they are the victims of an unconstitutional discrimination. They may win or they may lose such lawsuits, but either way the lawyers will win.

Someone I know at the Department of Housing and Urban Development, a political appointee and a lawyer, had this to say about the new direction of urban policy under HUD Secretary Patricia Harris (a lawyer, like four other members of Mr. Carter's Cabinet): "It will be good for lawyers." So good, in fact, that my friend had toyed with the idea of going back into private practice. The General Counsel's Office at HUD provides employment for 700 lawyers, a figure that somehow conjures up a discouraging picture in the mind's eye. A similar number of lawyers are now toiling away in the Department of Energy. Their efforts to tie up the oil companies in litigation may well turn out to be the foremost achievement of the Carter Administration. (Incidentally, the new Department of Energy is supposed to be located in the Forrestal Building, a prestigious modern construction close to the Potomac. But to date James Schlesinger's minions have been unsuccessful in their attempts to dislodge a covey of generals and admirals roosting in the building after the Pentagon filled up. If Schlesinger's men win this "turf" battle, which they no doubt will, there is likely to be a strong and justifiable move to change "Forrestal" to "Carter.")

There have been numerous other indications of Mr. Carter's penchant for greater government. None could be more clear-cut than the matter of tuition tax credits. One bill, sponsored in the Senate by Daniel P. Moynihan and Robert Packwood, would allow families to reduce their income tax liabilities by a certain amount if they send their children to private schools. The Carter Administration, on the other hand, has made a counterproposal involving an expansion of federal tuition grants and loan programs. The amounts of money involved in the two plans are not greatly different, but there is an obvious ideological difference. One would add to government, the other would subtract from it. Mr. Carter, on the side of addition, has promised to veto the Moynihan-Packwood bill, a version of which has passed the House. Surely, nothing could be more revealing than the great umbrage Mr. Carter has taken here at the prospect of taxpayers being permitted to send less of their money to Washington.

Then there is the sorry matter of inflation. Was Mr. Carter displaying a fundamental ignorance of government, or a surreptitious Keynesian tendency, when in the course of his State of the Union message he remarked that one of the things government could not do was "reduce inflation"? Embedded as it was in a list of several other quite reasonably perceived limits to government, this innocuous-seeming remark thus created an unobtrusive, almost invisible rationale for deficit spending. Mr. Carter stuck to this position for a while, with Jody Powell claiming that there are only two responses to inflation, "voluntary measures and wage and price controls." The idea that reduced government spending could play any role seems to have entirely eluded the President and his spokesman. There has been a change since Robert Strauss was appointed as Mr. Carter's chief "inflation fighter," no doubt because Strauss was able to sell the idea of fighting inflation as one more "program." Eventually, of course, Mr. Carter will either discover that this program is at odds with his other programs, or settle for wage and price controls-no doubt the latter.

If there is one thing that Mr. Carter loves, it's a program-preferably comprehensive. Higher still on his scale of values, however, is a reform. Perhaps best of all, a comprehensive program of reform. He has used the word reform so often that by now, I notice, more and more newspapers are following the Wall Street Journal's example by putting the word inside the quarantine of quotation marks. Almost single-handed, Mr. Carter has managed to drain away any vitality the word once had. Future leaders will have to think up a more challenging word to summon up the support of the electorate.

The "taxpayers' revolt" in California and elsewhere strongly indicates that Mr. Carter's activist approach to government is very much out of tune with the times. Even in 1976 it was plain that after the Great Society, Viet-

nam, and Watergate, the country w looking for a respite—perhaps to provided by someone who might e. ulate President Eisenhower (by plaing golf) or President Coolidge (staying in bed). And no doubt the was a sense that an "outsider" wou be most likely to fulfill this role. He mistaken this judgment was! Even the President's old friend, T. Bertra Lance, the deposed budget directe has said he believes that Mr. Cart was elected because people thought he would give us less government, wher as what we have got from him is mor

Politically, this could be astute, sind the recipient sector within the U.S. electorate gets larger every day, and if it gets much larger it could threate to outvote the donating sector. (One tadonor has the same electoral "weight as one tax receiver—one vote each. The additional weight of governmer added to the recipient class, as is now the case under Mr. Carter (in the ir terest of "fairness"), is disturbing by cause it could tip the scales decisively leading inexorably to redistribution.

Fortunately, if California is any thing to go by, we haven't reached that point yet. Therefore the Congress highly sensitive as it is to the public mood, won't let Mr. Carter get away with too much. Welfare reform, health reform, education reform, et cetera (translation: more money spent or each) all are distant goals. Thus Mr Carter will most probably be reduced to little more than gestures, speech making, and symbols. (A marvelous comment, by the way, from Midge Costanza, Mr. Carter's "highest-rank ing woman assistant," who was threatened with removal from her White House office to an office of lower status in the adjacent Old Executive Office Building: the move should not be allowed, she said, because "this is a very symbolic Administration." In the end, she was moved to a basement office, but still in the White House.)

As for Mr. Carter's speech-making, a further point of similarity between the Carter and Nixon Administrations comes to mind. Let us not forget the exceptionally candid remark of the former Attorney General, John Mitchell, currently serving time in an Alabama jail. "Watch what we do, not what we say," he said. Good advice at the time, and good advice today.

HARPER'S/AUGUST 1978

BIOETHICAL QUESTIONS

ho lives, who dies, and who decides?

by Leonard C. Lewin

FEW MONTHS ago, NBC's nightly television news carried a segment that to the jaded viewer might have appeared be just another plum from the sugarrrel of "human interest" stories. fteen-month-old Tony Olivo of Dallas as reported to have spent his ene short life in a special germ-free om in a hospital; he had been born victim of the Wiskott-Aldrich synome: having virtually no resistance any infection, he could not survive itside a sterile environment. Now was being taken to the Boston hildren's Hospital Center for an elabate new treatment-a bone-marrow ansplant-that it was hoped would prrect his condition. The initial cost f this effort, including that of the byjously difficult transportation aringements, was reported to be about 70,000. Not to worry about this until nother day, the doctors said; meanhile most of the money needed was eing raised by contributions in Houson. No figure was given for what it ad already cost to maintain Tony for nore than a year, nor was it made lear how or by whom this enormous xpense had been underwritten.

The newscast betrayed an uneasiness bout the prodigality of efforts to save ony Olivo-an uneasiness that I think s new, and that can be attributed to growing awareness that questions of ocial values must complicate apparent noral imperatives to preserve a life, whatever the cost. The newswriters eemed to be asking why, in the face of an entirely negative prognosis when Tony was born, such an extraordinary ffort was mounted in the first place?

Franslation: How many other lives night have been saved, or substantially extended, if the resources devoted to Tony's case had been used differently? The time of medical technicians and the use of hospital facilities cannot necessarily be presumed to have been given over to Tony entirely to the detriment of other equally needy, if less interesting, patients. But medical resources are finite. Should our society (or whoever can be said legitimately to speak for it) encourage/approve/ tolerate/disapprove/forbid the commitment of resources in such cases?

The answer to this question, and to the many others for which it might serve as a paradigm, is not vet clear. Yet similar questions are being answered on an ad hoc basis every day. Decisions of this kind must be made, whether according to principle or in response to circumstance. And they are becoming increasingly frequent following the spectacular advances in biology and in medical technology that have marked the last decades. These decisions have provoked the development of a new, sophisticated, and rapidly expanding field of study: bioethics.

T WAS PROBABLY inevitable that the ethical questions that arise in the life sciences would assume a name that is both convenient and scientistic. (Just plain "ethics" would suffice, and often does, but the philosophical and religious connotations of the simpler term don't set well with many of the technologists, politicians, and lawvers who must deal with these matters.) By whatever name, bioethical questions have always troubled us-

Leonard C. Lewin is the author of Report from Iron Mountain and Triage, satirical fictions that deal with the ethics of institutionalized killing.

but perceptions of them change. Today, because the new medicine has made them so much more visible, bioethical questions are being examined more carefully, more extensively, and under a number of broad rubrics. As follows:

Allocation of resources applies not only to all aspects of health care, but also to general social priorities; the problem involves technology, economics, politics, and class interest, as well as ethical values. First of all, to what extent is health defined by medical rather than social criteria? At this point in history, what are reasonable goals in public health? By what criteria should resources be allocated for preventive rather than therapeutic medicine? Or for advancing medical technology rather than extending current technology to more people who need it? Is the objective of "health care" to prolong life, improve life's quality (how defined?), increase economic productivity, make life more subjectively enjoyable, or to realize some other goal?

How can public-health resources be distributed fairly? Some American communities have more hospital beds



-and more enormously expensive equipment-than they can use. Others are hard put to maintain a resident doctor, much less a hospital. Lavish treatment for some and inadequate care for others is the rule. Can such inequities be remedied without stringent government control of the assignment of doctors, nurses, and equipment?

Should public-health policy seek a minimum decent level for all, or the greatest good for the greatest number, or the best possible average care in a given population? These objectives are by no means the same. Is there a basic right to health care, and what services should it encompass? Is it possible to exercise such a right in a medical market economy of fee-for-service and private insurance?

Experimentation. Assuming that a series of experiments promises medical advances that may substantially improve the length or quality of life for many people, under what circumstances is it proper to use other people as test subjects? Must the subjects always be fully informed of the possible side effects and dangers of the experiments? If not, what are ethically proper exceptions? Under what circumstances can prisoners, for example, who may hope to have their sentences commuted by participating in such a program, be considered to have given their free assent? How legitimate are experiments on children, and on others who may not be capable of giving informed consent? Who can speak for them, and in what circumstances?

Recently a new issue has been added to this category: the widely reported controversy on recombinant DNA experiments. The experiments involve changing the genetic structure of micro-

organisms, and force us to weigh the hazard to the general population that the experiments may pose against the social and scientific benefits that may result. The deeper and perhaps more vexing question attending the controversy is the degree to which scientists should be answerable to, and controlled by, the body politic in the knowledge they pursue and the methods they use. Although a working protocol to govern recombinant DNA experiments appears to have been formulated. the limits of scientific freedom are sure to be debated in other contexts, and perhaps more sharply.

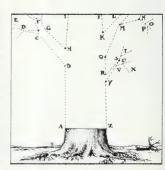
Genetic screening. It is now possible to predict a number of characteristics of unborn children according to the genetic inheritance of their parents or by sampling the amniotic fluid during late pregnancy. The latter procedureamniocentesis-can reveal certain serious defects such as Down's syndrome (Mongolism), as well as gender. To what extent is it proper to abort possible or probable defectives or to permit them to come to term? For that matter. should it be permissible for parents thus to "choose" the sex of their next child? Under what circumstances is it justifiable to sterilize people likely-or certain-to produce carriers of disease or of other unwanted traits? How does one reconcile the desire or "right" of people to bear defective children with the opposing societal interest? And at what point are defective characteristics deemed sufficiently "undesirable" that society's interest must prevail?

Death and dying. It is by now generally accepted that any person has the right to refuse treatment, for himself at least, and for whatever reason, even when such a decision is tantamount to suicide. (Yet suicide itself is illegal in most jurisdictions, and an attempt at suicide is often considered prima facie evidence of mental incompetence.) But do people also have a right to receive maximum, or extraordinary, treatment in order to survive? As for rejecting treatment, it is one thing to make such a decision when fully competent to do so, but this is not usually the case for a patient already in extremis, who may be in a coma, heavily drugged, deeply depressed-or for an infant. How is competence then determined, and by whom? Who makes the decision for the patient when he cannot make h wishes known? A predesignated su rogate? Lacking that, his next of kin Lacking that or anyone else clos enough to claim or accept responsibil ty, should the decision be entrusted t a hospital ethics committee, an attend ing physician, or a court?

During World War II, penicillin wa new and scarce. Given the choice of treating the possibly mortal infection of the critically injured and treating venereal disease in soldiers who could be returned to combat, the latter was given preference. When resources are at hand to save one patient and two pa tients need them, whose life is judged more valuable, and by what criteria? The very young, the mature, those in the prime of life, those with the best prospects for a satisfactory life, those judged to have more to contribute to society? And, of course, who makes the judgment?

Euthanasia, which used to mean simply a "happy death," has come to mean abetting the death of someone who wants to die, usually someone for whom life does not seem worth the pain or emptiness it will hold. "Active" euthanasia, such as giving a patient a lethal injection, is murder according to the law; "passive" euthanasia, such as discontinuing treatment, is not usually so considered. But is it morally legitimate to distinguish the two?

Population control. Genetic screening, in the sense used earlier, is population control on a very limited scale. Voluntary contraception and sterilization, as well as elective abortion, also serve to lower the birth rate: the ethical questions they imply turn on individual rights. But what of large-scale compulsory control of reproduction, where



Rediscover the courage of words in Harper's



"As often as not these days I run across people who wonder why Harper's publishes so many criticisms of American art, government, and education. Not that they object to these criticisms, but they worry about the magazine's hope for the future. Why must the magazine dwell so much on the imperfectibility of man and the failure of his grand designs? Might it not be possible to cast a more cheerful light among the ruins?

I should remind the reader that I am by trade an optimist. As an editor I have no choice but to believe in man's capacity to learn from his failures. It seems to me that a magazine such as Harper's has an obligation to publish as many arguments on as many sides of a given question as there are people willing to declare themselves.

The argument going on in the country cannot be seen as the customary opposition between liberal and conservative, Left and Right, Democrat and Republican. It has to do instead with the division between people who would continue the American experiment and those who think the experiment has gone far enough.

The fearful majority needs to be opposed by an articulate and courageous minority, by people who live for others, and not the opinion of others, who believe that they can forge their energy and their intelligence into the shapes of their own destiny and their own future. I admire the courage of such people whenever I have the good fortune to meet them, but I have particular regard for those among them who choose to write magazine articles. I count it a victory to find writers who speak in plain words and who report what they have seen and heard and thought rather than what they have been told. //



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Levis H. Lapham



In Bell's "Photophone," sunlight was bounced from a reflector throug a lens to a mechanism that vibrated response to speech. This caused the light beam to vary in intensity. At the receiving end, a selenium detector translated these variations into electrical current to recreate speech through a telephone receiver.

7 years before we nvented the laser, rofessor Bell had a perfect application for it.

In 1880, only four years after invented the telephone, exander Graham Bell received atent for a remarkable idea—ing light, rather than wire, carry phone calls. Professor Bell built an experiental "Photophone" that ansmitted his voice over a am of sunlight. It didn't work ry well, however. Sunbeams are scattered by r, rain and fog. In any event,

r, rain and fog. In any event, e sun doesn't always shine. he Photophone, unfortunately, as an idea whose time had not at come.

new kind of light By the 1950's, scientists again

ere looking for a way to use ght for communications. In September, 1957, Charles ownes, a Bell Labs consultant, nd Bell Labs scientist Arthur chawlow conceived a way of roducing a new kind of light—xtremely intense, highly directional, and capable of carrying

mmense amounts of information.
Townes and Schawlow
eccived a basic patent on their

invention—the laser.

Since then, Bell Labs scientists have invented hundreds of lasers, including many firsts—gas and solid-state lasers capable of continuous operation, high-power carbon dioxide lasers, liquid dye lasers that produce pulses shorter than a trillionth of a second, and tiny semiconductor lasers that work reliably at normal temperatures. Some of these, no larger than grains of salt, may emit light continuously for 100 years.

Getting the light to the end of the tunnel

While we were developing lasers to generate light, we also looked for a way of shielding it and guiding it for long distances and around curves.

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of the laboratory and put it to work under the streets of downtown Chicago. The system, the first to carry phone calls, computer data, and video signals on pulses of light, is working successfully.

Spin-off

Laser light is now used in many other ways—to perform delicate eye surgery, detect air pollution, read product codes at supermarket checkouts, and do a variety of manufacturing tasks. Western Electric, the Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit, was the first company to put the laser to industrial use back in 1965. Hundreds of applications in many industries have followed.

Sometimes, it takes a lot of work and a long time to make a bright idea—like Professor Bell's—a reality. Often, the things we invent, such as the laser, benefit not only Bell System customers, but society in general.

Bell Laboratories 600 Mountain Avenue Murray Hill, N.J. 07974



BED SIDE by Jean C. Howard

My daughter, when you reach while the night is dripping on our backyard elms and find emptiness by the hair, you'll pull it towards you for comfort and feel nothing.

Remember, mommie was there before the moon hid from the outlaws and all the while the jackals scratched at our windows. I tried, yes I did, to wait at the station of your sleep for lonely strangers to stumble from your lips and feel home.

But a man came with a gun barrel black as Reed Lake. He placed its cold mouth in my ear. We listened to the ghosts whimpering and lost in its long canyons. I shifted.

Oh darling, I
left not out of fear
of my own life—
a brown paper bag of
litter left out
by the door,
But from sadness
dressed in dark flannel
and armed by your
crib;
The water of
moons
in his eyes,

an important societal interest is asserted? The prevailing view-by no means unchallenged, to be sure sees the rate of population increase running well ahead of the production of resources necessary to sustain it. Doomsday projections have encouraged open discussion of the so-called lifeboat ethic, in which the world is analogous to an overloaded lifeboat from which a number of passengers must be cast for the rest to survive. The term "triage," once used only in military medicine to describe the selection on the battlefield of whom to treat and whom to abandon. now extends beyond even general hospital practice to embrace a wider social predicament: Where and on what basis will an effort be made to save endangered peoples, and where not?

The highest birth rates, by and large, occur in the parts of the world least able to support them. Yet in such areas programs to promote voluntary methods of birth control have not been popular. Mrs. Gandhi's aggressive promotion of sterilization in India contributed significantly to her political defeat last year. The response of the wealthy nations to mass famine in Bangladesh and in the African Sahel a few years ago was limited at best: perhaps the fact that any response is made at all represents an ethical advance in international responsibility. But one suspects that the pessimism with which wealthy nations view the survival of their impoverished neighbors masks an unarticulated willingness to let these people go over the sides of the lifeboat.

This most profound bioethical question will be with us for a long time: To what extent does a national or international "right" to control available resources supersede individual "rights" to bear children?

Transplants. After Dr. Christiaan Barnard performed the first heart transplant operation in 1967, a macabre satirical vision of eager, knife-bearing surgeons stalking the terminal wards and the emergency rooms gained currency. And, in fact, a black market in kidneys has been reported, and it's a fair guess that the same thing will happen for other essential organs as it becomes possible to transplant them. Selling organs, tissue, and blood to the highest bidder is clearly venal. More ethically ambiguous (according to the increasingly accepted new criterion of

"brain death") is the deliberate mai tenance, as a source of spare parts, the pulsing, breathing bodies of peop deemed "legally" dead. Indeed, Boston physician has premised a thri er, entitled *Coma*, on just this strateg

Dr. Willard Gaylin, in his ironic by provocative article "Harvesting tl Dead" (Harper's, September, 1974) postulated the use of such "boo farms" for the training and testing and experimentation with human bodie to a degree currently beyond the read of medical teaching and research; th "banking" of platelets and white cells the "manufacturing" of blood, ant bodies, and renewable organs. A pow erful humanitarian case for such system can easily be made. Yet, Di Gaylin asks, might they not destro-"those components of humanness that barely sustain us at the limited level of civility and decency that now exist [and] those very qualities that make life worth sustaining?"

Nonmedical priorities. The leading causes of death among young adults in this country are not diseases, but automobile accidents, suicide, and homicide. By what standards, there fore, should funds applied, say, to grade-crossing elimination, automobile safety, and speed-limit enforcement be measured against those allotted to the development of a new vaccine? How do you weigh the dollars spent for better housing, for cleaning the air, for monitoring food and drugs, for easing the stress of unemployment, for mitigating the causes and effects of violent crime, against those spent for promoting preventive medicine and extending the accessibility of therapeutic medicine? That all these matters are part of the same total package of "health" and "welfare" is a truism,



they do not lend themselves to oputerized cost-benefit trade-offs. ial ethics are political; conflicting is and economic interests are inevi-

IOETHICISTS-usually physicians. philosophers. theologians, lawvers, nurses, and public-health activists-are ply engaged in examining these ds of issues. Many of them deplore label for its suggestion that bioics is an established profession, or its implication that anyone can claim ert knowledge of what is right and at is wrong. But bioethics is a disline-however "soft"-and, as the ids of questions cited here should licate, it is being applied ever more delv.

The acknowledged center of activity the Institute of Society, Ethics and Life Sciences, more commonly own as the Hastings Center, in Hasgs-on-Hudson, New York. Organized s than ten years ago by Daniel Calian, a philosopher, and Willard Gay-, the psychiatrist quoted earlier, the nter has extended its activities and fluence to a growing number of the tion's medical and law schools, and maintains several continuing proams of research and education. Its monthly Hastings Center Report is e principal publication in the field. So the bioethicists think, talk, write, udv. and teach-and to what end, if ot to determine the answers to these gestions? I would say that the biohicists' first concern is consciousess-raising (to use the locution chiefly ssociated with the women's moveient): developing a greater awareness f the ethical issues in, for example, nedical practice. At Hastings they call "complexifying" the issues-trying o take every interest and point of view nto account—in order, paradoxically, o clarify them

The bioethicists are increasingly in lemand as consultants: organizing semnars and teaching programs in processional and other schools, helping troups who must decide health policy, drafting legislation, and, on occasion, nelping to set up hospital ethics or review committees. These latter groups (as distinguished from purely professional prognosis committees) have been ooked to by some laypersons as pos-

sible arbitrators of the decisions to begin or discontinue extreme efforts to maintain life. Robert M. Veatch, the Hastings senior associate in charge of its continuing program on death and dying, believes that such authority would be ethically undesirable, even if made legally unambiguous, because it begs the question of where responsibility should lie. Ethics committees, he feels, should be able to provide useful perspective—as a resource for physicians, patients, relatives, and others concerned—but not final judgments.

Even the most simply phrased bioethical question usually requires an inordinate amount of "complexifying" before persuasive alternatives begin to emerge. But a number of broad common denominators are manifest in all the questions posed here. Rights, for one example: of the individual, the family, the professional, the institution. the state, the society. It would be convenient indeed if rights did not so often conflict. (And to what extent is a "right" an ethical imperative rather than a legal or political concept?) Responsibilities, for another: of professional to client, of institution to individual, of citizen to society, of A to

B-and the reverse of each. Who should make which decisions, on what authority, to whom accountable? The value of life: Who can determine it, and by what criteria? How can one life be measured against another? Can there be-or must there be, for purposes of social policy-a dollar value attached to it? Politics and economics: How can existing inequities be substantially mitigated within the current social structure? To what extent are they morally acceptable? Is it possible to have a reasonably "good" society in an economy in which one person usually stands to gain only at the expense of another? Will the continuing biological revolution tend to promote a new, more equitable social contract, or to rationalize the advantages of the already privileged?

Large questions, indeed, for those who have to decide—right now—whether one patient or another is assigned the last bed in the intensive care unit, or if and when to pull the plug, or how to control experiments on some promising new drug. But they—and we—have to start thinking about them. The questions won't get any easier.

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IBM Reports

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DIAGNOSING SOVIET DISSIDENTS

surage becomes madness, and deviance disease.

by Walter Reich, M.D.

N THE DECADE-LONG STRUGGLE to condemn Soviet psychiatry for its suppression of political dissent, Western critics have -painted a monochromatic picture of Soviet otivations, a picture of psychiatrists methodally, blindly, and eagerly obeying orders om above, of a virginal profession raped by nical hacks. They have argued with energy id persistence that the Soviet leadership, havg discovered the magnificent utility of psynatry as a means of social control, has given ie KGB leave to exploit it; that the KGB has stematically referred perfectly healthy disdents to a small cadre of politically reliable sychiatrists with directions, stated or implied, 1at they pronounce the dissidents mentally ill nd recommend them for hospitalization; and nat these psychiatrists, recognizing the unuestionable health of the dissidents referred to hem, have participated in the plot by cynicaly fabricating symptoms and rendering diagoses they have known to be false. This is the icture of simple evil that has alerted Western pinion to Soviet practices and that mobilized he largest Western psychiatric societies to conemn their Soviet colleagues at last summer's Vorld Congress of Psychiatry in Honolulu.

But even if we are convinced—as I am hat abuses have taken place and that dissitents have been misdiagnosed, there are reaons to question the fidelity of that picture o suspect the existence of other colors, other notivations, other circumstances.

For one thing, the charges of psychiatric buse have become so prominent in recent years that any advantages the Soviets may once have gained from the tactic-such as the circumvention of full-scale trials, the discrediting of dissidents and their views, and the internment of troublesome individuals for indefinite lengths of time-have been reduced by the disadvantageous publicity that now results each time the dissident community lets it be known that one of its members has been sent for psychiatric examination. By now, psychiatric hospitalization has become identified in the West as the most despicable weapon the Soviets have for suppressing unorthodox political views. Yet they continue to send dissidents to psychiatrists, despite the availability of an alternative, their very predictable and responsive legal system, through which many dissidents, especially the less prominent ones, can be convicted of serious offenses and sentenced for long terms in out-of-the-way courts with maximum efficiency and minimum noise.

Moreover, in addition to the well-known cases of dissident misdiagnosis, about which a reasonable amount of objective information is available, at least 200 others have been cited, and as many as 700 alleged. One critic, Raymond Aron, has offered a remarkable estimate of from 5,000 to 10,000 dissidents confined to insane asylums. The vast bulk of these other cases are not documented nearly so well, if at all. Most have been diagnosed not by the four or five Moscow psychiatrists made notorious by the Western campaign but by other psychiatrists, often in outlying regions, who are not so well-connected politically. To assume that

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all of these cases are equivalent to the more notorious examples—that the diagnoses have been part of the same strategy of abuse, and that the hospitalizations and medications have been expressions of the same technology of punishment and terror—is to apply arbitrarily the lessons of the known to realms of fact and experience that are really dark and ambiguous.

We are dealing, in these more obscure cases, with a variety of diagnosers, with an even greater variety of diagnoses, and with an unexplored catalogue of unknowns. Many cases do suggest cynical misdiagnosis. But the motivations and circumstances in other cases cannot be judged adequately because information

about them is too sparse.

In some cases the KGB may have had genuine doubts about the dissidents' mental health. One dissident, for example, a troublemaking writer, told me that the authorities sent him for two examinations because they really thought it was very strange, even abnormal, for anyone who could never be published to keep scribbling away. The psychiatrists disagreed and found him sane. Another dissident reported that he, too, was sent for numerous examinations by police officials who persistently interpreted his objectionable acts-his attempt to dash across the border and his one-man public demonstrations-as evidence of mental illness. The psychiatrists, recognizing that he was simply a dissident, declared him sane again and again.

And in a very small number of cases it seems probable that genuine illness did exist and may have contributed to the dissenting behavior that provoked the KGB to action. One man, for example, who has been cited repeatedly in the West as a dissident hospitalized for his views, has displayed so much evidence of illness that almost any psychiatrist anywhere would diagnose paranoid schizophrenia. After emigrating to the United States, he came to believe that he was being poisoned not only by the KGB but also by the CIA and by Henry Kissinger, and that he was, in reality, President Carter's double. A number of fellow emigrés tried to help him-including two former Soviet psychiatrists, who offered treatmentbut he became suspicious of their advances and convinced that several of them were involved in the plot against him. According to several reports, he informed U.S. radio stations and government agencies of the plots and of malicious conspiracies in high office. In this country, such behavior is no crime; in the U.S.S.R., it is routinely interpreted as a violation of the criminal code. The KGB, always on the alert for dissident violations, responds with arrests and investigations. If the person is known to have been mentally ill, if the KGB comes to recognize symptoms dealing with him, a psychiatric examinat is ordered, which leads—in such cases acrately—to a diagnosis of illness and to a fing of legal non-responsibility. And so syntoms that would excite scant notice in the W provoke an extreme reaction in the U.S.S solely because of their political aura. In tend, if we regard such people as dissiden we do an injustice to the courageous minor of Soviet citizens who risk everything by coming truly political in a vengefully antiplitical society, and whose actions and ide are marked by coherence, lucidity, and insign

The fact that there may be a few cases real illness among formerly hospitalized Sovi dissidents, that police or KGB officials magenuinely but mistakenly have suspected metal illness in some others, or that most of the reported cases are incompletely understoodoes not undermine the fundamental charg of Soviet psychiatric abuse. In many case there appear to have been misdiagnoses: sirply stated, dissidents who would have bee considered healthy anywhere else have bee declared ill. And even in the exceptional case in which serious illness has in fact existed hospitalization, particularly in strict-regim "special" hospitals for the criminally insand



Kenneth Granieri

been unnecessary and unjustified. What ges insistently for us, though, is the need ep beyond the simple assessment of pure universal cynicism in order to ask what · factors and motivations may have been ved, even in cases in which indisputably hy dissidents have been misdiagnosed? ere anything inherent in psychiatry itself the way psychiatrists think—that helps count for the Soviet psychiatric response issent? And what, in the end, are the al qualities of Soviet abuse that exempt et psychiatry from an indictment of orry vulnerability and banal misconduct and t, condemned, in the black roster of psyric iniquity?

The Snezhnevsky system

N FACT, THE DISSIDENT DIAGNOSES are consistent with the Soviet approach to mental illness. Soviet psychiatry has undergone a revolution in the past fifteen years with rise to power of the Moscow School, ded and headed by Andrei V. Snezhnevsky he same psychiatrist who has been his ession's chief defender against Western ges of abuse. Snezhnevsky promulgated a cry of schizophrenia that overturned tradi-

tional Soviet concepts, attributing the illness primarily to genetic rather than environmental deficits. And instead of defining schizophrenia narrowly and assigning the diagnosis only to those persons who manifest serious and severe symptoms—a practice that Soviet authorities used to applaud both because it reduced the number of citizens considered unfit to participate in socialist construction and because it exposed fewer people to the social liabilities of the diagnosis itself-Snezhnevsky has defined the condition broadly and advocated its diagnosis in cases displaying few or even no classical symptoms. Snezhnevsky was able to accomplish this major revision of psychiatric theory by attaining control of the most important sectors of the profession; its major academic bases, its central research institute. and its only journal. Having established control, he was in a position to determine the substance and direction of Soviet psychiatric teaching, research, and publication. His strength in the field is, by now, broad and profound. And his schizophrenia classification system has become the standard by which most patients in the Soviet Union-not only dissidents-are diagnosed.

Snezhnevsky divides schizophrenia into three categories, according to the life-course of the illness. One category or course-form, "What, in the end, are the special qualities of Soviet abuse that . . . fix it, condemned, in the black roster of psychiatric iniquity?"



Walter Reich, M.D. DIAGNOSING SOVIET DISSIDENTS which he calls "continuous," is characterized by a lifelong process in which the patient becomes increasingly ill. The second, termed "periodic," features attacks of illness that are followed by remissions, during which the patient is well. The third course-form, the "shiftlike," is described as a cross between the other two: the patient has attacks of illness that are followed by remissions, but as time passes the patient's health deteriorates so that even during remissions he grows progressively worse.

Two features of this scheme have central importance to an assessment of the psychiatric response to Soviet dissidents. The first is that the two course-forms characterized by progression-the "continuous" and the "shiftlike"—are each said to have three subtypes ranging from mild to severe. At the severe end of each of these course-forms are symptoms of delusion, hallucination, and deterioration that nearly all psychiatrists everywhere would agree justify a diagnosis of schizophrenia. At the mild end, however, are symptoms and characteristics that border on normality but that Snezhnevsky includes within the courseform because they resemble, in a very muted way, some of the symptoms and characteristics that are seen in genuine schizophrenics. Most psychiatrists who do not subscribe to Snezhnevsky's theories would consider these characteristics to be, at worst, signs of a personality disorder or a neurosis; many diagnosticians would see them as perfectly consistent with health. Some of these characteristics, such as the ones said to be typical of the mild, "sluggish" subtype of the "continuous" courseform, include repeated difficulties with parental and other authorities and what Snezhnevsky calls "reformerism"—the stubborn penchant

The second feature of the Snezhnevsky system that contributes to the Soviet psychiatric response to dissent is the assumption that each course-form consists of a spectrum of illnesses that are genetically—that is, biologically and hereditarily-linked. Thus, once a person is diagnosed as having a mild subtype of one of the course-forms, he is granted an involuntary passport into the kingdom of schizophrenia as a whole-and, once there, he is destined to remain forever, for genetic reasons, just as if he were diagnosed at the severe end of that course-form. The result is that if a Snezhnevsky-diagnosed schizophrenic is brought before a Snezhnevsky-trained or Snezhnevskyinfluenced psychiatrist even years after his initial diagnosis, then any socially unusual or unwelcome behavior he may have engaged in is likely to be attributed to his genetically caused illness. And if that behavior happens to constitute a crime—political or other—then as a schizophrenic he is almost matically exempted from legal responsible he may be considered incapable of particing in his own defense at a trial and is 1 to be sent not to a prison or a labor camp to a psychiatric hospital for the criminane.

Most of the hospitalized Soviet dissicknown in the West have been examined psychiatrists who belong to the Moscow Sc or who are under its influence. In most of these psychiatrists have diagnosed schizor nia, often specifying one of the Snezhnevsk forms of the illness. Their diagnostic repe both those smuggled out to the West by sidents and those released by the Soviet chiatrists themselves, are full of precisely same phrases and formulations that Sn nevsky and his colleagues routinely cite published descriptions of mild schizophra subtypes. What most people (including r non-Soviet psychiatrists) would call dissic styles have been inducted by the Mos School into its paradigm of schizophre illness. The qualities that make dissent sible-intensity, attention to detail, so maladjustment, and the irrepressible desir change society-have become hallmarks schizophrenia. And the responses that So dissidents appropriately develop as a resultheir rejection by Soviet society-fear, piciousness, depression, ambivalence, gi and internal conflicts—have become bona features of the Snezhnevskyan course-form

HAT DOES IT MEAN that dident styles have been defined as schizophrenic symptor. Have Soviet psychiatrists simulatched onto a theory that provides a evenient scientific imprimatur for political motivated diagnoses? Has the Soviet lead ship encouraged, protected, and subsidis Snezhnevsky just because his system is politically useful?

I think not. Snezhnevsky's theory evolvover a period of decades. The vast bulk his power and influence was gained as a rest circumstances that had nothing to do we the utility of his diagnostic system in dissid cases. Snezhnevsky is a prototypical prod of Stalinist and post-Stalinist Soviet life, was capable of surviving shifts and feints theory and power and of coming out on while others less skilled than he in organitional maneuvering or in sensing the madvantageous political and ideological loyalt—less skilled than he or more principled—less skilled than he or more principled princ

minence or found themselves denounced, rged, or worse. And now his theory is aped throughout the country to ordinary, nontical cases. It is, in fact, not such a strange ory; not so different from some European ories or even some American ones. It is that, in the highly hierarchical system of viet medicine, Snezhnevsky has reached the y top, and the man at the top inversibly able to influence the thinking and practice those below him to a degree unheard of the West, where psychiatry is much more tradistic and much less structured.

After studying Snezhnevsky's development, itings, and career, after interviewing two nerations of his colleagues, students, and lowers (both those who have left for the est and those who are still associated with m in Moscow), and after interviewing ezhnevsky himself last summer at the World ongress of Psychiatry just hours before he d his colleagues were condemned, I have me to feel that, whether or not Snezhnevsky rverted his theory in particular dissident ses—and I suspect that he did—he probably lieves in its basic scientific validity. Many his colleagues and former students appear believe in it as well, including some who we emigrated abroad. One psychiatric rearcher I talked to, for example, still subribes to major parts of the theory even ough he is now working at an American search institute and even though Snezhevsky, his teacher and boss for twenty years, red him from his Moscow Institute for aplying to leave the country. Other Soviet psyniatrists whose training is less adequate and ho work far away from Moscow seem to mbrace the theory with even greater enthuasm. In fact, the further the psychiatrist is com the official fount of learning, and the ower he is on the academic ladder, the more vid his devotion to the great professor's eaching seems to be.

But it is also true that Snezhnevsky's aproach can be a convenient way of diagnosing lissidents as ill in order to spare the governnent embarrassing courtroom testimony and o discredit dissident beliefs. What, then, is ts role in the psychiatric response to dissent?

Cynicism and systemic evil

ERTAINLY, ANYONE who has worked in psychiatry anywhere recognizes that the profession is heir to abuses of many kinds wherever it is practiced—not only politically motivated ones, which are rare in the West, but, much more commonly,

abuses that arise from less spectacular kinds of pressures and needs. People may be misdiagnosed unknowingly because of psychiatric mistakes that grow out of ignorance, out of misconceived or misapplied diagnostic theory, out of an inappropriate reliance on socially defined norms, or out of an irrational or angry response to a patient's words or actions.

These are all distortions of the practice of psychiatry—that is, abuses—because, in the end, patients suffer from them; and even if patients do not suffer, medicine does. Psychiatry's theoretical framework is still so tenuous, its basis for explanation still so narrow, and its capacity for self-justification still so limitless and potentially self-serving that almost any action or decision, any diagnosis or treatment, can be rationalized on some ground or other.

That psychiatry is so capable of mistakes, so hobbled by ignorance and so lacking in insight does not necessarily reduce it to a prescientific, arbitrary, irremediably culturebound and abusive enterprise. It is just that, in addition to psychiatry's capacity for knowing, learning, and healing-a capacity that is expanding rapidly as modern psychiatry breaks the shackles of psychological schools and ideological positions-there are parts of the discipline that are pre-scientific, there are circumstances under which it can be arbitrary, there are sectors within it, particularly the diagnostic one, that are culture-bound, and there are times when it can become abusive despite the psychiatrist's best intentions.

To assume that such everyday, non-political abuse never takes place in the Soviet Union is to grant that country's psychiatric profession a perfection that eludes every other. And if we acknowledge that such abuses must occur there, too, then it is reasonable to consider the possibility that at least some of the abuses of diagnosis and treatment that have taken place in dissident cases (such as finding schizophrenia where there was only neurosis or even health, and increasing the dose of medication when it should have been lowered) may have been the result not only of political considerations, but also, at least in part, of the theoretical and practical vulnerabilities inherent in psychiatry.

Soviet psychiatry obeys some of the same laws that shape the profession everywhere. Psychiatrists are people. Their professional training builds on what they learn and experience as ordinary men and women. Training does not remove their biases. In some ways, in fact, it tends to strengthen them. There are few objective guideposts for recognizing mental illness. There are no blood tests and few

"What seems to have happened in the Soviet Union is that all of psychiatry's inherent vulnerabilities have been pushed to their extremes."

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behavioral signs that by themselves guarantee that a person is ill. Diagnostic decisions are based largely on social context. If a person deviates from generally accepted rules of behavior, then the question of mental illness may arise. If the threshold for deviance in a particular society is low—if the boundaries that define normal behavior are narrowly drawn—then the question of mental illness tends to be provoked by behaviors that in other societies go unnoticed.

Once the question arises, psychiatric theory comes into play. If that theory sets a low threshold for the diagnosis of psychiatric disorder-if the boundaries that define serious mental illness are broadly drawn—then an illness is diagnosed in people whom other psychiatrists, using other theories, would see as only deviants or eccentrics. If, in addition, pressures are applied by some outside source -say, by the family, or by authorities of one kind or another-that lead the psychiatrist to believe that it would be easier all around if a medical solution were found, then the likelihood that a diagnosis of illness will be made is increased. And if, going beyond this, the sensitivity to or fear of outside pressure is strong and the respect for professional integrity or for the primacy of scientific truth is relatively weak, then the probability that a verdict of illness will be reached becomes even greater.

What seems to have happened in the Soviet Union is that all of psychiatry's inherent vulnerabilities have been pushed to their extremes. The boundaries of acceptable behavior, particularly political behavior, are very narrow. Even a quarter-century after Stalin's death, the norm is rigidly defined and deviation from it is unusual. There is too much to risk and too little to gain. Most Soviet citizens believe that. So do most Soviet psychiatrists. Deviance raises the suspicion of mental illness earlier than it would in another society. Many Soviet citizens have made their peace with an oppressive system, have assumed its permanence, and have managed to build a life designed to attain the material rewards that can be achieved within it. Anyone who risks those rewards, as meager as they may be, and, in addition, invites brutal retaliation, is suspect.

Courage is a possible explanation for such strange behavior, but so is illness. And illness is a more welcome explanation: seeing dissent as courage threatens one's own integrity. If to dissent is to be courageous, then in not dissenting one is a coward. But even more fundamentally, if the dissidents are right then the conventional views of conventional Soviet

citizens are wrong. Acceptance of and reliar on the system are called into question. It easier and more comforting to see the c sident as mentally ill, and when that diagno is forthcoming, it is a relief to everyone including the psychiatrists themselves, ware no less conventional than their lay co rades.

Homo sovietica

F A NARROW DEFINITION of normality of tains in the U.S.S.R., so does a widefinition of illness. Snezhnevsky's schizphrenia net is so broad that it catch behaviors that ordinarily fall well outside the nets of other diagnostic systems. With u orthodox political behavior so likely to provide scrutiny and the question of illness, ar with a diagnostic system so inclusive that has a niche for almost any deviant behavior a dissident stands a substantial risk of beir diagnosed schizophrenic whether or not the state interferes.

But pressures are felt. The laws are represive. Dissent is, in effect, illegal. Harsh pur ishments lie in store for those who defy th articles in the criminal code forbidding ant Soviet acts or the dissemination of views crit cal of the state. Dissidents are closely watched They tend to be arrested. Some may be sen for psychiatric examination by KGB author ities because a decision has been reached a the highest levels that hospitalization is a convenient solution; this has probably occurred in the most notorious cases and may still occu from time to time if it appears likely tha publicity can be avoided. More often, I sus pect, the dissident is sent for examination be cause the KGB investigator assigned to the case has a vague suspicion that he is in fac mentally ill. After all, the investigator, too is an ordinary Soviet citizen-more ordinary than most-and knows even better than mos the senselessness, in purely practical terms, o dissenting acts. He is also aware of Article 79 in the Code of Criminal Procedure, which requires him to call for a psychiatric examina tion if he has any doubts at all about the defendant's mental health.

When the psychiatrist is finally confronted with the dissident, he knows he is dealing with someone who stands accused of committing what is considered by authorities to be a serious crime. He is on his toes. He probably doe not know, in most cases, whether a high-leve decision has been made by the KGB to hos pitalize the dissident, or whether the KGI investigator had genuine doubts about the

dent's mental health. The safer course is ssume that the KGB would like the dist to be hospitalized. The psychiatrist self is often in a special group to begin : he is a forensic psychiatrist, usually a ultant to the KGB, and is particularly itive to the expectations of authorities. If sure that the expectation for hospitalizatists, then much less evidence of illness seded to establish a diagnosis. If he does know, then his need to play it safe may ence him to see more symptoms than he narily would—sufficiently more to justify agnosis of illness.

dded to all this is the cynicism that perse Soviet life. Doubts that may prevent a hiatrist in another country from diagnosillness—doubts about the symptoms, bts raised by the fear that the profession being subverted—tend to be suppressed, is dangerous enough without endangering

ore.

sychiatrists, like others schooled in Soviet know how to juggle feelings and words hat they can act basely and still feel good, 1 virtuous. And, finally, when political sure increases, when the KGB's authority xercised, and when avoiding the call for pitalization is no longer possible, corruptakes over the structure of professional tence. How could psychiatry fail to such? In that immensely bureaucratized and mately value-free society, the classical as and verities give way entirely when the nymous muscle of authority is flexed. Extin rare cases, fear and the need to survive rantee this.

O WE ARE DEALING with ambiguous and complex circumstances. The misdiagnoses seem to result from different combinations of determinants. Some misgnoses are influenced primarily by real or umed pressure, some are influenced more a genuine perception of illness, some more the psychiatrist's belief in the Snezhnevsky tem, and some more by a corrupt cynicism. are dealing, in other words, with a prosion vulnerable to the greatest pressures, other ted by the fewest safeguards, and practed by people who belong to a species of best known as Homo sovieticus.

Yet the profession is still psychiatry, and it species is only a variant of humankind. here then is evil? Having acknowledged mplexity, what can we condemn? Do we ademn Soviet psychiatry only for those cases which pure cynicism and outright corruption evail? Or do we also condemn it for those

cases in which cynicism is merely subsidiary? Just dealing with the complexity blunts our response to abuse. If we try too hard to understand it all, we may be left with nothing to say, while the abuse—the misdiagnosis—goes on.

But there is evil. There is systemic evil. It is evil that circumstances should conspire so that some psychiatrists actually do see dissidents as ill-dissidents who would be judged healthy by psychiatrists anywhere else. If the misdiagnoses were simply a matter of the KGB ordering and psychiatrists obeying, then we could condemn only the orderers and the obevers. But it is more frightening that a political culture could arise in which orders do not have to be given because no one has to be told, in which people, psychiatrists included, act to satisfy expectations they are not even sure exist. And it is more damning that such a culture can distort the way people -psychiatrists included—see one another, so that courage is perceived as madness and deviance as disease.

There is personal evil, as well. Even if Soviet life distorts the perception of social behavior so that political dissent is skewed with pathology, and even if the Snezhnevsky system provides a deceptive, scientific rationale for adorning such nonpathology with diagnostic labels, Soviet psychiatrists must recognize that their judgments are distorted by political and social influences and that their professional integrity is thus subverted. They have to understand that, under the raw and compromising circumstances of Soviet life, they have allowed all of psychiatry's natural and ordinary vulnerabilities to be realized, all of its everyday possibilities for error and social control to be harnessed, so that in the end, in a tragic parody of Marx, quantity has become quality, and banality, forced to its limits on every front, has become evil.

If Soviet psychiatrists—and the Soviet leadership-failed to see this before, they should have been helped to see it by all the years of criticism. It may be true, as Spinoza said, that if men do evil it is only because they fall hostage to imperfect reasoning, to external causes, and to confusing passions. People are indeed hobbled by limited vision, caught up in powerful forces, and subject to pressing needs. But that does not make them less responsible for their actions. Responsibility has to be taken. It has to be assigned. Maybe the universe can be absolved from evil, but not man. So long as he has the capacity to see evil in himself, he cannot be allowed to deny it forever. He has to be told it's there. And if he fails to listen, he has to be condemned.

"In that immensely bureaucratized and ultimately value-free society, the classical oaths and verities give way entirely when the anonymous muscle of authority is flexed."

HARPER'S AUGUST 1978

FROM THE JHISTORY OF THE PARTY OF MODERATE PROGRESS WITHIN THE LIMITS OF THE LAW

a short story by Jaroslav Hašek

In 1911, the year of general elections to the Austro-Hungarian parliament, Jaroslav Hašek invented a new way to shock the Prague bourgeoisie—and to satirize the existing political system. Meeting in their favorite tavern in the section of Vinohrady known as Kravin ("Cowtown"), Hašek and his friends founded a new political party and christened it with the imposing title "Party of Moderate Progress Within the Limits of the Law." Hašek was nominated as the party's candidate, chief campaigner, and official historian.

—P.F

As soon as parliament was dissolved, our executive committee located in Kravin decided that we would take an active part in the elections by running our party's candidate. The following manifesto was therefore posted in Kravin:

Jaroslav Hašek, author of the Czech classic The Good Soldier Schweik and hundreds of comic sketches for newspapers and magazines, died in 1923. This story was translated by Peter Kussi, who has translated fiction, nonfiction, and poetry by Czechoslovakian writers, most recently The Farewell Party, by Milan Kunderu.



MANIFEST

To the Czech people!

It was in the year 1492 that Cold bus set sail, determined to discov America. Several centuries ha elapsed since that time, and it evident that the state of progress observe today in the lands discove. ed by Columbus could not have col into being suddenly or violently. the contrary, ever since that hi toric event when the most famous Czechs-Columbus-sailed from Jan vice* and discovered America, pr gress unfolded moderately, with the limits of the law. Certain America could never have reached in present cultural eminence if Colu bus had not discovered it first.

Columbus proceeded methodically guided by the principle of moderar progress within the limits of the law First, he obtained permission from the proper authorities for his voyage, and he was careful to land of the very edge of America so as not the push things to extremes. It was on later that an American discovere the mainland proper, which is why is still called America in his honor

Progress made it necessary to proceed slowly and gradually, to wip out Indians, then to introduce slavery, to move forward step by ste until finally, after several centuries, Edison succeeded in inventin the phonograph. If Columbus had no voyaged to America-if he had neve attempted this little tourist expedition-Indians would still be fighting among themselves, we couldn' listen to phonographs, and our coun

* The Czech word for Genoa is Janov; Janovice is village in Bohemia.

F THE PARTY

rwould be without the major source its income-tobacco taxes; our sim-; rural folk would be reduced to irvation since potatoes would be mown and so would potato dumplings i potato vodka-in short, it would an the end of prosperity. That's r Columbus had ventured forth and scovered America, inspired by that autiful old Czech proverb: "He atured forth and made a wheelbarw."

And thus we, too, O Czech People, ne before you with a new program.
, too, have ventured forth to ornize a new political party, and we convinced that the results will arout the Polish proverb: "Big nflagrations start from tiny arks."

Czech People! Czechs! Fellow Counymen! Columbus had no idea what uit his trip to America would some y bring. He didn't know the conseences that would flow out from his nture-he couldn't have guessed at his undertaking would evenally culminate in events of worldde importance. He had no inkling at his voyage to the unknown Westn shores would eventually result a million-dollar Carnegie endowent to American universities. In ie same way, we who have founded a w political party can have no idea at benefits this party will ultiitely secure for mankind in general id for you in particular, dear Czech

All of you are no doubt curious out the party's platform, about sprogram. But what motto could be tre beautiful than the inspiring

eople!

slogan the party has emblazoned on its shield-Moderate Progress Within the Limits of the Law?

Citizens, Czechs!

Being mindful of the fact that the law protects every person from violence, we have placed our program under the protective wing of the law. And since all our laws go hand in hand with moderate progress by becoming reformed in due course of time, our platform rests on the solid principle of moderate progress. For it is certainly unthinkable that an infant could reach manhood in any sudden, violent manner; this can happen only through natural development, day by day, year by year.

Czech People!

Before you enjoyed the happy rule of the Habsburgs, the Premysl dynasty had to be established, and then the Jagellonians and the Luxembourgs—only after many centuries have passed did progress culminate in the rule of the Habsburgs. In the same way, the Svatopluk Cech bridge wasn't built in a day; Svatopluk Cech first had to be born, write poetry, become famous, die, and only then did the Svatopluk Cech bridge come into existence.

Czechs! In the Czech nation there are many parties which maintain that everything can be accomplished all at once-suddenly! Other parties will tell you that nothing can be done at all! Then whom should you trust? Trust those who bring before you the successful, time-honored formula of moderate progress within the limits of the law.

Prague, April, 1911.

O POLITICAL PARTY put up a more vigorous campaign than we. We organized a steady stream of speeches and meetings up to the very last day —the day when the voters of Vinohrady were to demonstrate their political maturity by voting for the Party of Moderate Progress Within the Limits of the Law. Unfortunately, most of those who pretended to sympathize with the claims of the new party turned coward in the end, deserted our colors, and voted against us. Only thirty-eight brave men in our district refused to be frightened or seduced by the national socialists, social democrats, or conservatives and voted for the candidate of the Party of Moderate Progress Within the Limits of the Law-namely, myself.

I can never fully express the high regard I have for this small band of my supporters; I shall always proclaim that they acted like true men and patriots. Arrayed against these thirty-eight incorruptible warriors stood two thousand nine hundred sixty-two fanatics, belonging to the aforementioned three political camps. And the thirty-eight advanced to the ballotbox proudly and enthusiastically, in order to

express their true convictions.

I declare that these men were pioneers of new ideas, and that they stood tall and proud like so many Apollos. Human history will never learn their names, and yet they certainly deserve a monument; for these heroes fought courageously, knowing quite well that they would fall on the battlefield, side by side with their leader.

Our defeat at the last elections was, in reality, the portent of future victories. As the realists say, we got a drubbing but gained a moral victory. We were thrashed like oats but it was the dawn of a happier future, as the liberals say. Only thirty-eight votes for our candidate, but as the clerical party is fond of saying whenever it gets clobbered—the resurrection is near.

The fact of the matter was that from the very beginning we were surrounded by powerful hostile forces. Across the street from our small headquarters at the Sign of the Bull were the offices of the conservatives, full of gaudy signs: "Vote for Viktor Dyk!" And at our back we could see the grimacing windows of the national socialists, boasting menacingly: "Vote for Vaclay Choe! Vote for the best man in Vinohrady!"

Our position was reminiscent of that of an innocent child standing on the roof of a flooded home, while murky waters swirl all around.

We were like an innocent virgin dragged is a den of shame and surrounded by evil pim We felt like a man in the woods with his pa down, unwittingly squatting on a porcupi

From our beleaguered fortress we streams of political reactionaries who we seduced by the fine Grand-Popovic beer tap at the Choc headquarters, or the good Sr chov brand served by the Dyk organization By an unfortunate circumstance, our part beer was from a small local brewery and o people spent more time in the toilet than in t streets. Another unfortunate circumstance w the fact that the tavern that served as o headquarters was called "At the Sign of t Bull." And now put it all together: the toil the Bull, the Party of Moderate Progre Within the Limits of the Law, the unorthod political program, and you'll see that the sult was inevitable. As the French would s —a debacle.

All our frantic last-minute efforts were us less. In vain did we pour out a barrage signs and posters: "Voters—Protest the Sens less Mexican Earthquake!" "Free Lotter Tickets for Every Citizen—Win Fifteen M lion Gold Francs!" "A Free Pocket Aquariu for Every Voter!" "Voters—We Double A Offers of Our Competitors!"

It was all useless. Large crowds pressed it to our offices, it is true, but instead of givin us an assurance that they would vote our way they only had a beer or two, freely used of

toilets, and left.

Meanwhile, we were getting alarming reports about our rivals, informing us that furious last-minute campaign was being wage against us. We hung the following notice is our window: "Wanted: A young boy of excellent moral character, to help spread scurilous rumors."

At noontime, another large sign appeare in the window of our offices:

TODAY'S MENU, SELECTED EXCLUSIVELY FO OUR DISTINGUISHED VOTERS:

> Soup A la reine, with sherry. Cold salmon, mayonnaise.

Choice of Elephant trunk in aspic
Roasted camel tails, lobster sauce
Fried seahorses with baked seaweed
Stuffed kangaroo pouch, à la Sydney
Shark livers au nature!
White rabbit in blue sauce

Desserts Plum dumplings in chocolate sauce Tatar mare's-milk cheese

Beverages Choice Austrian and Hungarian wine
Beer

Toward one o'clock, one voter came an ordered a cheese sandwich. That was a basign. And by six, we had lost by two thousan nine hundred sixty-two votes.

HARPER'S



New National Smoker Study:



High tar smokers report low tar MERIT delivers flavor of leading high tar brands

Are the toughest "critics" of low tar cigarettes satisfied with the taste of MERIT vs. leading high tar brands?

Read the results from a new nationwide research effort.

Results Confirm Breakthrough

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers rate MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar cigarettes tested! Cigarettes having up to twice the tar.

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT.

And in detailed interviews conducted among current MERIT smokers?

Confirmed: 85% of MERIT smokers say it was an

Kings: 8 mg''tar,'' 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug! 77 100's: 11 mg''tar,'' 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health. "easy switch" from high tar brands.

Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers say their former high tar brands weren't missed!

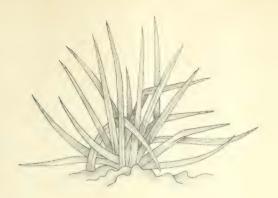
Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers not considering other brands.

First Major Alternative To High Tar Smoking

MERIT has proven conclusively that it not only delivers the flavor of high tar brands—but continues to satisfy!

This ability to satisfy over long periods of time could be the most important evidence to date that MERIT is what it claims to be: The first major alternative for high tar smokers. © Philip Morris Inc. 1978

MERIT Kings & 100's



OF MITES AND MEN

In which scientists and environmentalists argue about the right way to kill insects

by William Tucker

Nothing is easier than to admit in words the truth of the universal struggle for life, or more difficult—at least I found it so—than constantly to bear this conclusion in mind.

-Charles Darwin, The Origin of Species

N THE EARLY 1950s, a small company named Nutrilite Products, Inc., in Buena Park, California, was making a modest income selling a vitamin supplement guaranteed to be made completely from atural" products. The vitamins were extracted from falfa grown on Nutrilite's 1,000-acre farm in the an Jacinto Valley, 100 miles northeast of Los Aneles. The company was using only "organic" humus ritilizers and no chemical pesticides when, in 1953, discovered an infestation of small, green aphids ating their way through the crop.

"Illiam Tucker is a contributing editor of Harper's. For his rticle "Environmentalism and the Leisure Class," (December, 977), he was voted an Honorable Mention in the Annual erald Loeb Awards, and was recently chosen as a winner in the Annual John Hancock Awards. Both awards are for

cellence in business and financial journalism.

Nutrilite felt morally obliged to avoid treating its fields with chemical pesticides, so the late Carl Rehnborg, founder of Nutrilite, consulted agricultural scientists at the University of California at Riverside, who suggested he try spreading an insect-attacking fungal disease among the aphids. "We did it and it worked," Rehnborg wrote later. "It was a great moment in the history of this company."

Two years later, in 1955, when Nutrilite's alfalfa fields were again attacked by the voracious caterpillar larvae of a small, mothlike lepidopterous insect, Nutrilite again turned to the universities. This time Rehnborg was directed to Berkeley, where Dr. Edward A. Steinhaus, often called the "father of insect pathology in the United States," introduced him to an insect-at-tacking bacteria called Bacillus thuringiensis, which had been first isolated in Germany in 1911. "BT," as it came to be called, was known to infest a wide variety of lepidopterous (moth and butterffy) larvae, while being completely harmless to humans, animals, and other insect families. Once again, the product worked.

Rehnborg was impressed and began considering





marketing BT for use against the dozens of lepidopterous insects that variously attack cotton, vegetables, fruit orchards, forest trees-almost every form of vegetation. He hired an entomologist named Dr. Abdul Chauthani, who went to work in Nutrilite's small laboratory, developing various strains of BT and trying to isolate other insect-attacking bacteria and viruses. In 1960, at a cost of \$300,000, Nutrilite was able to register BT with the U.S. Department of Agriculture for use against the cabbage looper. Since the USDA would require similar "efficacy" testing for use of BT against each separate pest on each separate crop, Nutrilite limited its work to cabbages and tried to save enough money to extend registration to other crops. Several larger companies in the pesticide field noted Nutrilite's success and registered BT for other uses. By 1962, when naturalist-author Rachel Carson first publicized the "biological control" of insects as an alternative to toxic chemicals like DDT, she was able to describe Bacillus thuringiensis as one of the most promising "alternate" methods, already used successfully against alfalfa pests in California, gypsy moths in Canada and Vermont, and banana-eating insects in Panama.

For the next ten years, the pace of research accelerated at Nutrilite, and by 1970 Dr. Chauthani and other researchers had isolated a wide range of bacteria and viruses that could selectively attack a variety of insects. The company had obtained two "experimentaluse" permits from the USDA and had about ten other promising products waiting to go into registration procedures, when it ran into an unusual and unexpected opponent—the environmental movement and the newly formed Environmental Protection Agency (EPA).

In 1972, the EPA, formed after nearly a decade of public agitation about environmental problems, began enforcing the brand-new Federal Environmental Pesticide Control Act, passed that year. The bill had been adopted in response to widespread public fears about DDT and other chemical pesticides, first raised by Carson's Silent Spring, published in 1962. Responding to the Congressionally mandated task of reviewing registration of all 30,000 existing pesticides, in addition to enforcing tighter registration requirements against new pesticides, the EPA revoked Nutrilite's two-year-old experimental permits and asked for two more years of data proving that insect bacteria and viruses could be used safely in the environment. Nutrilite would be forced to spend about \$200,000 on testing before it could begin experimenting with the bacteria again. In addition, there would eventually have teria would not have unintended effects on small mammals, fish, birds, marine life, or farm animals, nor would it leave residues that might produce cancer, mutations, or birth defects in humans. What was worse, the EPA itself seemed unsure about how the strict environmental standards should be applied to such "biological" controls. "The EPA changed its mind so many times, we gave up trying to figure out what they wanted," said Dr. Chauthani when I interviewed him by telephone this spring.

After several years of frustration Nutrilite retrence its efforts to register new products, and tried to tinue making money with BT. By 1971, however, bott Laboratories had developed another strain of that worked more effectively. Nutrilite would havet switch to the new strain to remain competitive, company officials soon realized that the EPA was be ing to require complete re-registration of the strain even though it was genetically only slightly ferent from the old one. In desperation, Nutrilite in posed combining its old BT strain with the newly be veloped pyrethroids, a synthetic version of the prothrin chemicals derived from the chrysanthemum fla er and used against insects for centuries. The EPA formed Nutrilite that it would still have to go thro the \$500,000 registration procedure for each separt insect on each separate crop because the new synthic pyrethrins had not been proved to be safe, even thou they are almost the same chemical compounds as to natural pyrethrins that are known to be safe.

With nowhere to go, Nutrilite withdrew its own strain from the market in 1975, and has since abdoned all further research on insect bacteria and ruses. The company has decided to continue some search in breeding parasitic insects simply becauthis form of biological control has not yet been equired to go through registration procedures by EPA. The company was financially weakened by unsuccessful venture into biological controls, and 1975 most of its stock was bought by the Amway Cporation, a Michigan firm that sells shoe polish a cleaning products door-to-door through a franchis system. Amway officials say they intend to continue spending some money for insect-control research, I are mainly interested in marketing Nutrilite's vitam

supplement.

"We're very bitter," said Dr. James Cupello, mager of insect-control research at Nutrilite, when talked to him on the phone in March. "But this copany is not going to spend another penny trying develop biological controls as long as we have to through the EPA. The risks are too great that we spend a million dollars on research and four yeal later we'd find out that the EPA wouldn't let us re ister the product. We've had the reputation of beit the leading marketing company for biological control in this country, but nobody is going to be able to anything in this field as long as they have to contenuit the EPA. We're going back to making vitam supplements and trying to stay as far away as possif from the Environmental Protection Agency."

FIRST BECAME INTERESTED in finding out what ha pened to Rachel Carson's "other road" of biological insect-controls after reading several newspaps stories on the subject in the past two years. Ear of these accounts told of the wonders that had becoming out of the laboratories over the past decadeninsect chemical mating signals, or "sex pheromones, had been molecularly decoded and synthesized so the



Id be broadcast on infested fields where they would the insects' mating attempts into a three-ring cir; "juvenile" and "anti-juvenile" hormones had a discovered that could either keep insects forever ng and sexually immature or make them try to amorphose prematurely into adults before they had a had time to grow their larval whiskers; strange terial and viral diseases had been isolated that atced only certain insects and left other species unmed. Checking back into Silent Spring, I found the early research on all these methods of bioical control had been the main substance of Rachel son's "other road" of biological controls that would us away from toxic chemicals like DDT.

But there was a curious footnote in all these stories tusually didn't occur until about the last three paraphs. For some incomprehensible reason, the Enonmental Protection Agency was not allowing any these new "third generation" pesticides to be regred without demanding the enormously expensive ing procedures originally designed to keep chem-Is like DDT and the other "bad" pesticides off the rket. As a result, most of these new methods were I languishing in the laboratories. The situation was rays treated as some odd mistake, some bureaucratic il-up that would be straightened out as soon as the 'A could settle down, stop "reorganizing," and unestand the facts clearly. No one seemed willing to usider that the generals at the EPA might still be hting the last war, and that the broad snare of regtion designed to capture DDT and other "old-fashned" pesticides had now entangled the new generan of pesticides as well. It appears, however, that that

what has happened. The biological controls that Rachel Carson offered the other road to pest control have indeed come age after a decade of brilliant research by Amerin chemists and entomologists. Scientists have disvered all anybody would ever want in an insecticide carefully isolated chemicals that attack only the "tart" pests, leave beneficial insects unharmed, and seem leave no long-term residues that could harm other ganisms in the environment. But while these serious search specialists were seeking the answers to envinmental problems in the laboratories, another army enthusiasts was traveling its own other road, which d straight to Washington. This was the environmen-I movement, a concatenation of glorious amateurs, troused" citizens with a knack for talking about hat they really didn't understand, vocationless ariscrats defending the imagined glories of the past, ousewives with a flare for writing publicity releases, wyers with a talent for histrionics, and "militant" cientists and academics with a willingness to shade ie truth just a bit in pursuit of a "good cause." This rmy arrived in the Capital in the early 1970s, quickly outed DDT and its allied devils, occupied offices close Capitol Hill, and have roamed the halls of Congress ver since. Its major accomplishment has been to uild a wall of regulation so solid and insurmountable nat almost no pesticides should ever be able to scale it again. When the serious scientists, who had attempted a positive approach to the problem, arrived in Washington with the results of their research, they ran up against the brick wall of the Environmental Protection Agency. They have been fruitlessly beating their heads against it ever since.

Wonders in the lab

A truly extraordinary variety of alternatives to chemical control of insects is available. Some are already in use and have achieved brilliant success. Others are . . . little more than ideas in the minds of imaginative scientists, waiting for the opportunity to put them to the test. All have this in common: they are biological solutions, based on understanding of the living organisms they seek to control, and of the whole fabric of life to which these organisms belong.

-Rachel Carson, Silent Spring

N 1934, DR. VINCENT WIGGLESWORTH, of Cambridge University, announced the discovery of a gland in the insect brain that seemed to control its development through the various wormlike stages of "juvenile" growth prior to metamorphosis. Dr. Wigglesworth noted that the gland seemed to become active as the juvenile caterpillar shed each successive layer of larval skin, then became completely inactive when it metamorphosed into a sexually active, winged adult.

The discovery received wide attention, but remained a laboratory curiosity until 1956, when Dr. Carroll Williams, a Harvard entomologist, reported that he had isolated the hormone that the gland produced. Dr. Williams called his discovery a "juvenile hormone," and speculated that it could make a "perfect insecticide." He noted that if larvae were exposed to sufficient quantities, they would keep growing into larger and larger larvae, failing to reach sexual maturity and produce another generation. Insects could hardly develop resistance, he reasoned, because it was their own hormone. Dr. Wigglesworth expressed some skepticism that the hormone would be "resistance-proof" (as it turned out, he was right), but the discovery prompted dozens of biochemists to try to determine the molecular structure of the hormone so that it might be synthesized in large quantities.

The analysis' eventually was accomplished at the Cornell University/New York State Agricultural Experiment Station at Geneva in 1965, but before that a remarkable event occurred. In 1964, Dr. Williams was investigating the larval development of European linden borers brought here by a Czech student, when suddenly the larvae began growing into gigantic, non-reproducing, "extra" larval stages until they failed to metamorphose and died. It was exactly the "juvenile-hormone" effect Dr. Williams had predicted, yet no one could tell where the excess juvenile hormone was originating.

An exhaustive series of tests finally determined that the abnormal growth occurred only when the linden



borers were raised on a certain kind of filter paper made from the North American balsam fir. Apparently the tree itself had evolved a juvenile-hormone "analogue" (a similar chemical) as a means of protecting itself against insect attack. Since the balsam fir is pollinated by the wind rather than by insects, and since it evolved about 300 million years ago, when insects with two-foot wingspans abounded, it seemed entirely plausible that the tree had developed its own "juvenilehormone mimic" to protect itself from the attack of some ancestral insects. Trees themselves, it appeared, had been experimenting with insecticides hundreds of millions of years before human beings ever walked on the planet.

A burst of excitement followed in the field of hormone research. In 1965, Dr. William Bowers, of Cornell, announced that he had isolated the "active" portion of the juvenile hormone for the silkworm, and had synthesized a chemical that produced the same effects in the laboratory. In 1967, Herbert Roller, of Texas A & M University, identified the complete structure of the silkworm hormone, and a hormone analogue was soon being used in Japan to prolong the silkmaking stage of the larval worm. Within a short time, a whole series of new hormone identifications were emanating from the research labs.

There was a problem with juvenile hormones in insect control, however. Although disease-carrying insects that do their damage in the winged, adult stage could be effectively controlled, an agricultural pest is usually a larval caterpillar that attacks the crop before metamorphosing into an adult. Prolonging the juvenile stage would only make things worse, and the benefits would only show up the following year after the insects failed to reproduce. One early experiment proved this when a field of Colorado potato beetles were revved up on juvenile hormone and, instead of doing their usual limited damage, ate through the entire crop. Obviously, the problem could not be solved unless some kind of "anti-juvenile" hormone could be found that could perhaps shorten the larval stage and put the insect into a premature metamorphosis.

The idea seemed a bit fantastic, but as frequently happens in science, defining the problem brought it closer to a solution. In 1975, Dr. Bowers startled the annual convention of the American Entomological Society by announcing the isolation of the first "anti-juvenile" chemical, again-incredibly-from a natural source. This time it was a small, flowering ageratum plant that had also apparently evolved the chemical as protection against ancestral insects, "We just hypothesized that these things were out there and went looking for them," Dr. Bowers said in a telephone interview this spring. "A lot of people thought we were crazy, but we found what we wanted." As a result of the imaginative approach by Dr. Bowers and other scientists, the search for new insecticides has now turned largely to chemicals that plants and trees may have evolved over the course of geological history for resisting insect attack.

All these developments followed Dr. Williams's initial discoveries. By 1968, however, he had decided to try to bring some of the new insecticidal products the public. He began consulting with the Syntex Co poration, in Palo Alto, California, where he join Dr. Carl Djerassi of Stanford, one of the country foremost organic chemists, who in 1977 received t \$100,000 Wolf Prize in Chemistry for his synthesis the early 1960s of the first human birth-control he mone. Syntex had been producing Dr. Djerassi's birt control hormones, but with Dr. Williams's help soc spun off the Zoecon Corporation, devoted completely what Dr. Djerassi called "bio-rational" insect contro "We had found that hormones were the key to huma birth control," Dr. Djerassi said when I spoke wi him in March. "What we were really trying to was set up a birth-control program for insects." The attracted a team of outstanding scientists to Zoeco which, after 1968, became the focal point for deve opment of biological controls in the United States.

"I helped set up Syntex's insect program with n own lily-white hands," Dr. Williams said this sprin with a glimmer of irony, obviously aware of the soci risks involved when a professor becomes a busines man. "We raised \$15 million for that corporation the twinkling of an eye. There was enormous enthus asm for this idea among scientists and investors at the time. We never in our wildest dreams expected that would be the government that was going to be o posing us in this field. I'm afraid anybody who eve bought stock in Zoecon lost a lot of money. What v failed to realize was how difficult it was going to to get these products through all these new govern

ment regulations."

The EPA's hoop

IOLOGICAL CONTROLS FACED a unique combina tion of economic barriers. Whereas broad toxic pesticides like DDT and the organphosphorous insecticides (malathion and para thion) that have replaced DDT can kill almost an insect (parathion can and does kill humans as well) the sophisticated juvenile and anti-juvenile hormone are targeted only against particular insects an have limited potential markets. Since each individua hormone has to be separately put through EPA reg istration procedures-now estimated to cost close t \$1 million—it is far more economical to develop broadly toxic pesticide like DDT than to develop series of highly specific individual hormones that wor against only one or two pests. Scientists and busines analysts have repeatedly pointed out to the EPA that it is actually encouraging further developments of broadly toxic chemicals, and discouraging biologica controls, but with no success.

Terry Burkoth, a thirty-seven-year-old organic chem ist with a Ph.D. from Stanford, has handled registra tion efforts at Zoecon since 1974. "Although thes products were originally based on environmental con cerns, our experience has been that it is actually harde to get them registered than it is with toxic chemicals,



said when I spoke to him in April. "At the USDA you la fairly clearcut situation where you could walk m desk to desk and knew who you were supposed see. At the EPA you go round in circles. They're ecting to see data that says you can kill ten insects contact; they're used to things that persist in the ironment; they don't seem to understand the prinle of hormones. We've tried putting scientists on job rather than lawyers, but it just doesn't work. zy've made us jump through more hoops than if we re coming in with some deadly chemical.

At the same time, the requirements keep changing, the time you generate the data, they decide they not something else. We were trying to register a with hormone for a fly that infects cattle, so they d us we had to do a year-long feeding study with teer. We did the whole thing at a cost of \$60,000. en, one year after we submitted the data, they came is and said they'd like to see the same test done h a cow as well. They wanted to see if any residues wed up in the milk. It's really been comical in some

these situations."

Dan Lazare has been vice-president of operations d has handled most of the business details at Zoecon ice its founding in 1968: "If you want to invest nev in this field, all you can be sure of is that you're ing to lose it," he said in a telephone interview. he EPA got started about the same time we did. d it's been a moving-target situation ever since. Evv time we satisfy one of their regulations, they come with something else. We're not bitter, we're proud the work we've done. Any company that developed o new chemicals in this field in ten years would be ing great, and we've developed dozens. We've spent er \$20 million at high risk, and most of it is gone w. We tried to make progress in this field, but when u're in a situation where you want to spray some rmone on an orange tree just to see if it can kill ites, and you've got all kinds of laws against it and enty people standing around waiting to put you in il if you do, then there's not much you can do."

Dr. Djerassi is a protean scientist whose influence is extended far beyond his immediate work. For exnple, in 1968, in an article in the Bulletin of Atomic ientists, he suggested that agricultural stations in key nird World countries could serve as clearinghouses investigate the chemical properties of plants that ere known by native peoples to have insect-repelling insect-killing properties. At his suggestion, a team research scientists headed by Dr. Jerrold Meinwald Cornell and Dr. Koji Nakanishi of Columbia Uniersity set up just such a laboratory in Kenya. They cently reported in Science that they have isolated weral "anti-feedant" compounds that appear to dull n insect's taste nerves so that it stops eating and dies. uch research breakthroughs have been coming from ozens of sources over the past decade, although none f the chemicals will be developed under current EPA

Surprisingly, Dr. Djerassi said he does not feel the PA is entirely at fault: "The Environmental Protection Agency is just reflecting what the press and the legislators are telling people," he said this spring. "Only the negative side. Right now people are more concerned with safety than with novelty. If people want new things they are going to have to be willing to take some risks.

"The problem is that the EPA is now policing research as well as marketing. You have to have permission from the EPA before you can even try anything in this field. Very few companies are willing to invest anymore under those conditions. Exxon and Monsanto have gotten completely out of insecticides [Monsanto still markets one herbicide], and no one is coming in to replace them. We've been trying something new here, and you don't expect a bureaucracy to be able to respond to that very well. If you deal with something that is slightly different from that which is known, the regulators don't know what to do with it. Right now the EPA is simply acting as a policeman, and you don't expect a policeman to be an innovator."

After ten years, Zoecon has been able to register only one insect growth regulator—"methoprene"—a juvenile hormone that works against several groups of flies and mosquitoes. The hormone is being used in the South to control disease-bearing mosquitoes, and it is being fed to cattle, who excrete it in their feces where it kills flies that breed in manure. Zoecon spent three years and \$500,000 in registering the product.

"The EPA is still trying to change the label to say that it can't be sprayed where it could get into shrimp beds," Lazare said. "It's not that they say it does harm shrimp, it's just that we haven't been able to generate the data yet to show it can't. Methoprene has a half-life of one day and breaks down entirely after seven days, yet they still required 900 pages of data to show how it might affect non-target organisms. The whole thing was enormously expensive and completely unnecessary. As far as we're concerned, these environmental concerns have become completely counterproductive."

HAT DOES THE EPA have to say about all this? An understanding of the answer requires an excursion into the time warp that can exist only in bureaucracies. Nutrilite, remember, has been working in the field for more than twenty years, has already experienced severe money problems, and has given up most of its research. Zoecon fired most of its consulting scientists in 1975 because of financial difficulties, and was bought by the Occidental Petroleum Corporation, which renewed some of the research. Yet the top EPA executives who handle pesticides are blissfully unaware of all these developments, and are proud of the rapid pace at which they believe they are bringing along biological controls.

"We're very pleased with the way things are going," said Steven Jellinek, deputy administrator at the EPA, when I talked to him on the phone in May. "I think



we've got about six biologicals registered already. [The figure is correct.] We're not aware that the companies are having any problems with our registration requirements. We've been getting them through pretty quickly, in less than two years in some cases. If there have been any complaints, we haven't heard about them.' Jellinek then referred me to Edward Johnson, the deputy assistant administrator for pesticides, for further

"We registered about seven pesticides last year, and I think three of them were biologicals," Johnson said. "If there's been a burst of achievement in the research over the past few years, it just hasn't been reflected in our registration applications. We're aware that some of our testing procedures are not completely relevant to biologicals, and I think we'll be moving toward changing that very soon. You have to remember we're moving into an unknown area here. Nobody is sure what's going to happen when you put these things into the environment, and you have to be careful. I think we know enough about biologicals right now to try to write some new guidelines. We're more geared right now to the thing we know best, which is toxic chemicals, but I think that will be changing very shortly. We're seeing a beginning, and the EPA is going to be getting itself ready very soon for more activity in this area than we've seen in the past." Neither Jellinek nor Johnson said that he had any idea that any of the companies working in biological controls had experienced financial difficulties, or that more than 125 biological chemicals have already been discovered that will never be submitted to the EPA because of the excessive costs of registration.

N 1975, AFTER SEVEN discouraging years, Dr. Williams discontinued his work at Zoecon. "The EPA has become just a bunch of lawyers," he said when I talked to him. "They don't know how to deal with a new idea. You mention the word 'hormone' to them and they practically jump out of their skin because they think all creatures have the same hormones. It's not science that's going on at the EPA now, it's just a bunch of bureaucrats trying to make everything fit into the laws they already have on the books."

However, Dr. Williams soon found he had not heard the last from the Environmental Protection Agency. "At Harvard, I discovered we had an infestation of African Pharaoh ants in the biology labs," he said. "They're very hard to kill, and we certainly couldn't spray in the labs because we'd kill everything, so I suggested we try some of this new methoprene to see if it would work. We took some and baited it with peanut butter, and sure enough, it killed the ants, got rid of almost every one.

"But the next thing you know, we had the Envi-ronmental Protection Agency up here telling us we couldn't use methoprene against ants-it was only registered for use against flies and mosquitoes. It would have cost us another half-a-million dollars to go through the registration process again. Finally we de-

cided to solve the problem by telling the EPA we wer leaving it around to control any mosquito outbreak Sure enough, we haven't had one mosquito since then he says. "And fortunately, we haven't had any ant

Further research and refusa

OECON'S INABILITY to make any headwa against government regulations was not con fined to juvenile hormones. A second, possibl even more exciting line of research, one that has also met with frustration, has been in pheromone or sex attractants, used by insects as mating signal during reproduction. It has been known for more that a century that insects are able to locate each other during mating periods by chemical signals that ar usually emitted by the waiting female and traced b the wandering male. Although the female produce these chemicals in micrograms, the male can track th scent to a waiting female from more than a mile away Pheromone chemistry remained a mystery until 1959 when Dr. Adolph Butenandt, a German biochemis completed a twenty-year effort and identified the pher omone of the silkworm. The research was not finished in time for mention in Silent Spring, but Rachel Car son devoted much attention to work being done b the USDA in trying to develop a pheromone analogu for the gypsy moth, which annually denudes million of trees in the Northeast. By 1966, Robert S. Berger of Auburn University, had isolated and synthesized th pheromone for the cabbage looper, a significant agri cultural pest. More and more pheromone discoverie

The most productive research has been done by Dr Wendell Roelofs, a thirty-nine-year-old chemist a Cornell's College of Agriculture and Life Sciences, who received the \$10,000 Alexander Von Humboldt Award in 1977 for contributions in agricultural research Borrowing a method developed by German scientists Dr. Roelofs started identifying pheromone chemical by measuring the electrical response they produced in the male insect's antennae. He reduced the process of isolating a pheromone from a matter of years to few days, and since 1964 has identified the phero mones for several dozen major insect pests, while pay ing the way for the discovery of nearly 100 more.

From the moment of the first discoveries, there was strong optimism in both the universities and industry that pheromones could lead to effective insect control Synthesized pheromone, sprayed over a field at a rate of only a few grams per acre, could so confuse the insects' mating practices that they would be unable to find each other in order to reproduce. The pheromone would affect only the pest insect, and would appear extremely unlikely to leave dangerous residues in the environment. And so, in 1970, Dr. Roelofs began work as a consultant to Zoecon, trying to help develop a line of pheromone "birth control" agents for insects.

We ran into the same problems that all the bio



al controls have had," Dr. Roelofs said in an inew last March. "We suddenly found that we would required to produce enormous amounts of data it toxicity to non-target organisms and about poal mutagenic and carcinogenic effects for a prodthat would only work against one or two insects had a very limited market. The assumption was these things were killing insects, instead of only using them, and that they would persist in the ronment for years, when our big problem was getthem to last for more than a few hours. We had hange the chemistry a bit just to keep them from ading before they could become effective. I think people at the EPA took a hard stance because there so much pressure on them because of the other icides. It was much safer for them to do nothing: t way, at least, nobody could blame them if they something get through that turned out to be dan-

a nearly eight years of effort, Zoecon has not a able to register a single pheromone for use inst agricultural insects, even though it has isolated synthesized chemicals that could work against a of pests that prey on apple orchards, cotton, corn, etables, and forest trees. In 1974, in an article in ence, Dr. Djerassi stated: "We make the categoric diction that if [the regulatory climate is not imved] promptly, most current public pronounceits on the likelihood of fundamentally novel ... ect population control agents will represent grossly imistic exaggerations." The article received wide ention in scientific circles, but was ignored by the spapers, Congressmen, and environmentalists. Ofals at the EPA said they had never heard of it. n 1977, Dr. Roelofs left his consulting job with con to head up a special committee of the American titute of Biological Sciences, which had contacted EPA and asked if it could submit a report suggestchanges that would make it easier to register bioical controls. An EPA official commissioned the ort, and nine committee members worked throughthe summer of 1977 drawing up the document. when the committee finally attempted to submit report in November, it found that the EPA had dergone one of its periodic reorganizations and ir contact no longer had the same position. 'That EPA is the most amorphous organization I've

er seen," Dr. Roelofs said. "Our contact told us he ildn't accept the report because he had a new job e, so he sent us back to see his former supervisor. was a while before he responded, and then he told his job had also changed and we'd have to see neone else. We're still trying to get hold of that rson, and haven't been able to get a response as t. Everyone on the committee is hopping mad beuse they spent all last summer writing the report d now the EPA won't even accept it. We've been 'ring to hand it in since last November, and we can't en find anyone to take it." By early June, Dr. Roelofs II hadn't found anyone at the EPA willing to accept

report.

HE PHEROMONE DIDN'T DIE at Zoecon. The company did produce some pheromone traps" that could be spread around fields for monitoring insect populations. The EPA allowed their use because the traps were being used only to count insects, rather than to control them. Many scientists openly wondered if EPA regulations couldn't be skirted by simply leaving enough traps around so that the entire insect population could be "counted." The idea was tried with some success, but generally proved to be too cumbersome and expensive.

A breakthrough occurred, however, when the Albany International Corporation, a plastics manufacturer, became interested in using a line of thin plastic fibers as receptacles that could act as decoy female insects. The tiny hollow fibers were originally supposed to be part of a self-mending space suit, and although they never made it to the moon, they seemed ideal for acting as receptacles that could slowly release the pheromone. Albany International set up a subsidiary corporation called Conrel (for "controlled release") that began the tortuous effort of registering a single pheromone with the EPA. Conrel chose the pheromone for the pink bollworm, a cotton pest in California and Arizona that is the target of about 25 percent of all insecticidal spraying in the United States.

After two years of testing and close to \$1 million in expenses, Correl was finally able to register the pheromone last March. It is being used on cotton fields in California, and may have arrived just in time, since the pink bollworm has been rapidly developing resistance to the organophosphate chemicals that replaced DDT in the late 1960s. Among the few fields that suffered no insect damage in California last summer were 20,000 acres on which Conrel was completing its second year of experiments. The pheromone will be used over a much wider area now that it is registered, but it will probably be many years before the company can increase its production to meet the potential demand over the entire .5 million acres that are now infested.

"The EPA made us do extensive tests on potential residues in cottonseed oil; even though we told them that our big problem was getting the pheromone to stay in the environment for more than a few hours," said Drew Horn, product manager at Conrel. "We told them that if it didn't degrade so quickly, there never would have been any need for the controlled release, but that didn't seem to make any impression. Basically, it wasn't logical to assume it was a hazard in the first place."

Although Conrel has achieved success with the pink bollworm pheromone, Horn sees only a slim hope that many other pheromones will be developed. "None of them offers the kind of market we can get with the pink bollworm, and the costs of registration are almost prohibitive," he said. "With the pheromones of most minor pests, you'd never make back the money you spent on getting EPA approval. Hardly anybody is willing to spend money in this field right now." Dr.

Roelofs made a similar comment. "Various people have now isolated the pheromones for nearly every major agricultural insect pest in the country, and every year about four or five companies come around saying they'd be interested in developing these chemicals. But when they hear what they have to go through in registration requirements, they always back off. The research is still going on in this area [the EPA itself sponsors part of Dr. Roelofs's research] but in another few years it might be different. If nobody is going to be able to make any money on these products, the necessary funds for research are eventually going to dry up.'

A belief in conspiracies

We could actually extend our regulations to the introduction of parasites and predator insects, although we haven't chosen to do so. Our statutory authority over pesticides is very broad, at least as our lawyers are interpreting it.

-Edward Johnson, EPA deputy assistant administrator for

pesticides

HE ENVIRONMENTAL MOVEMENT is not completely unaware that its efforts have now come full circle and are actually blocking the introduction of biological controls. Environmentalists would like to see a replacement for toxic chemicals, and spend much of their time acting as cheerleaders for a theory called "integrated pest management," which actually says nothing more than that farmers should try to use the safest possible pesticides in the smallest possible amounts. It's hard to use relatively safe chemicals when they are all illegal, but the environmentalists don't want to see their lovely wall of regulation disassembled, even to allow a few of the "good" pesticides in. The dilemma is acute and might cause some people to have second thoughts about their actions, but environmentalists have had no trouble constructing a "conspiracy" theory that says that the whole pesticide fiasco has been masterminded by malignant "business interests" that are trying to keep biological controls off the market.

Business has infiltrated both the EPA and the USDA for some time now," said Erik Jansson, a scion of wealth from Maryland's horse country who serves as the "research associate" on pesticides at Friends of the Earth in Washington, D.C. "The major chemical companies don't want biological controls because it threatens their own business of selling toxic chemicals. The large chemical companies have a stake in red tape, and have encouraged it to close off biological controls. You cannot blame us for red tape!"

This conspiracy theory was repeated to me in substantially the same form by Maureen Hinckle, the fulltime pesticide researcher at the Environmental Defense

there are other forces at work. "It's been known some time that the USDA and the chemical compan work hand-in-hand," she said. "I don't want to anything specific, but mysterious things have happen Several research projects on biological controls ha recently had their funds cut by the USDA." Hinc is apparently unaware that most of the pioneering forts in biological controls described by Rachel C son in Silent Spring had been researched and carr out by the USDA, that the USDA recently underto the task of registering the gypsy moth pheromone cause no private company could afford it, and the since 1974 the USDA has had a national policy of troducing biological controls wherever possible.

And so, the environmental movement, which sper more than 95 percent of its funds on legislation a lawsuits, and less than 5 percent on scientific resear has decided that excessive government regulation pesticides is a conspiracy between the chemical co panies and their minions in government. Fortunate the scientists who have done the actual research biological controls have a firmer grasp of the situation They believe, almost without exception, that the vironmental movement and its insatiable appetite

government regulation is the problem.

N THE OTHER MAJOR FIELD of biological contra insect bacterial and viral diseases—the situation is much the same. In 1962, Rachel Carson mo tioned Bacillus thuringiensis and the "milky spo disease" used against Japanese beetles as the mo promising bacterial diseases then in use. Today th are still the only bacterial diseases registered for u even though more than a dozen others have been veloped in the laboratories. Carson also described "o er perhaps less spectacular work [that] is concern with viruses. Here and there in California fields young alfalfa are being sprayed with a substance deadly as any insecticide for the destructive alfalfa c erpillar-a solution containing a virus obtained from the bodies of caterpillars that have died because of fection with this exceedingly virulent disease. The bol ies of only five diseased caterpillars provide enough virus to treat an acre of alfalfa." The disease was polyhedrosis virus, and in the late 1960s the USI became so enthusiastic about it that agricultural si tions in California were printing up instructions to ing farmers how to make their own home brews dead caterpillars. The practice lasted until 1972, whi the EPA stepped in and asked the USDA to stop. T virus, of course, wasn't registered. The EPA undou edly would have prohibited the farmers from prepare ing their own viral solutions as well, but found-



ce—that it didn't have jurisdiction. "We always night that was one of the weak parts of the statute," is Edward Johnson, of the EPA. The virus was not ally registered for commercial use until 1975. "The A practically had to twist the arm of the compainvolved to get them to register it," said one USDA earch scientist. "The EPA wanted to have at least thing registered that wasn't as toxic as all the othpesticides. Companies just aren't interested in this id because you spend more in registration than you are make back by selling the product."

In 1974, the EPA and the USDA sponsored a joint nference of virologists and asked them to draw up proposal for easing registration requirements for vises. Dr. Max Summers, profesor of entomology at xas A & M University, headed the committee. "We d already had a U.N. conference in Geneva in 1972 ere we drew up a proposal which we thought ancred their questions," Dr. Summers said when I ked to him on the phone in April. "We told them could just give them the U.N. report, but they id to draw up a new one. We submitted it in 1974, t nothing ever happened. They gave us a formal acptance, but we never heard anything more about it. e would have felt better if they had at least said they dn't like it, but we never heard anything. A lot of

worked pretty hard on that report.'

But then, in 1977, the EPA called for still another nference, this one entitled "Viral Pesticides: Present nowledge and Potential Effects on Public and Enronmental Health." Once again, Dr. Summers was ked to chair a committee that would submit another port to the EPA. "We're telling them the same thing said in 1972 and again in 1974, that we think vises are essentially safe, but that the EPA should odify its testing standards to make them more pernent," Dr. Summers said. "I don't blame them for at taking too much interest. They've got their hands Il with the chemical pesticides situation, and I image the biological side is pretty insignificant to them ght now. We're working pretty hard on this report, ad I hope we get some response this time. I've found dividual people I can talk to and communicate with the EPA. It's not that they're not interested in what e're doing. It's just that nothing ever happens."

Edward Johnson is well aware of the situation: "We ad a symposium a few years back and another semara at Myrtle Beach last year, and I think we're movg closer to a solution," he said when I spoke with m in May. "You can never predict what's going to appen when you start working with something new ke this. The insect virologists are satisfied that they're tie, but the human virologists say they're still not entely sure. One of our big problems is that we don't



have enough staff to handle all these new things. As a bureaucrat I can always say we need more money to handle just what the Congress puts on our dinner plate now, and I've said that publicly many times. For example, we should have a few more virologists on our staff right now."

The safety of doing nothing

T IS CUSTOMARY IN STORIES such as this that the writer should lead the reader to some individual or group worthy of public scorn. In this case, we have an obvious candidate in the Environmental Protection Agency. Yet I find that I must be the bearer of the unsatisfying news that the EPA cannot take all of the blame for the current fiasco in pesticides.

There are several reasons for this. First, the EPA is only mirroring and enforcing the enormous public demand for safety and precaution that is embodied in most environmental legislation. In truth, we are probably getting exactly the sort of Environmental Protection Agency we deserve. For example, the 1972 Federal Environmental Pesticide Control Act required that the EPA review the toxicological and residue testing on all 30,000 pesticides then in use. Six years later, the EPA has not yet begun the job, even though it has spent thousands of working hours in the attempt. It took the EPA four years just to sort out the existing pesticide data that were shipped over in cartons by the USDA. (The USDA, of course, was unhappy about losing jurisdiction over pesticides, and made no effort to cooperate. EPA officials say the data were "a shambles.") Then when the re-registration effort was finally begun, it ran into heavy sniping from Sen. Edward Kennedy's Subcommittee on Administration Practices and Procedures, which pulled a publicity-gathering "raid" on the EPA files and exposed deficiencies in some of the testing data. "They ended up with more mice than they started with in some of the experiments," said Jansson, of Friends of the Earth. The EPA withdrew its efforts to work with the old data and decided to start from scratch on all 30,000 pesticides, in addition to continuing its efforts to try to review the data on new pesticides. The retesting has not yet begun. At various times over the past several years, the General Accounting Office, Senators and Congressmen, environmentalists, and just about everybody else in Washington have managed to attract publicity by attacking the EPA's "laxity" in testing pesticides. On top of all this, Congress has just passed the 1976 Toxic Substances Control Act, which charges the EPA with monitoring all 70,000 existing industrial chemicals, plus the more than 1,000 new chemicals that are introduced each year, for potential toxicity and cancer-causing effects. Scientists are questioning whether there are going to be enough trained toxicologists in the country to handle all the testing.

At the same time, there is much truth in Dr. Roelofs's observation that the EPA is much safer doing absolutely nothing, rather than allowing a chemical to



slip through the regulations and subsequently cause trouble. Even deputy administrator Johnson is willing to admit this. The only time an EPA official ever draws attention is when he lets something by that later turns out to be dangerous," he said in our phone conversation. "If you're sitting there under that kind of pressure, it doesn't take too much insight to see how a person is going to react. If there's any uncertainty in your mind whatsoever, you're going to ask for more data." A survey of newspaper reports on pesticides confirms the view that, if anything, the EPA is not being careful enough with pesticides. Anyone reading the Washington Post, for example, would be convinced that the EPA's major failing has been its extraordinary indifference in protecting the public from toxins and carcinogens. In the past year or so, the Post has published dozens of stories under such headlines as tential Pesticide Residues Still a Food Hazard," "Reservation Residents Say BIA Exposed Them to Herbicide," and "The Pesticides Plague." One front-page story chronicled how the Kennedy subcomittee's raid had turned up evidence that a laboratory in Illinois apparently submitted faulty data in a series of pesticide tests in the early 1970s. Another story dealt with a New Jersey Congressman's charges that the EPA registered pesticides without setting tolerance levels for residues in food. Yet in the past ten years, the Post has never made a single reference to Zoecon or Nutrilite and their difficulties in registering biological insecticides. The New York Times mentioned it only once at the end of a lengthy magazine story. It seems perfeetly obvious that the EPA is exactly right in what it is doing, and that the country's entire biological controls industry could collapse without the major newspapers batting an eye, while if some laboratory in Salt Lake City miscounts its mice the chances are that the story will end up on the front page. Is it any wonder that the EPA has gone into a catatonic fit and simply said no to new ideas?

There is one more explanation for the EPA's actions, however, and this one is far more important. It is, simply, that, except for a few obvious cases of bureaucratic malaise, the EPA is absolutely right in what it is doing. It may seem that the agency is being absurdly rigid and uncompromising in its testing requirements, but in fact it is not. Even the scientists who have developed biological controls admit that there is no way of being absolutely sure that any of these new chemicals will not damage non-target organisms, persist in the environment, or leave food residues that will eventually cause cancer in humans, without doing

exhaustive testing.

Take the example of the shrimp beds. It may seem arbitrary to think that an insect-growth regulator could affect shrimp, but in fact there is good reason for believing it might. Insects and shrimp are both arthropods, animals with external skeletons and jointed legs, and are closely related on the evolutionary tree. In fact, many smaller shrimp look remarkably like large insects as they crawl along the ocean bottom. Shrimp certainly do not metamorphose into winged adults,

but they do go through various juvenile "nymph stages, and it is entirely possible that an insect juve nile hormone might have some effect on their metal olism. And while methoprene appears to break dow quickly on land, it could possibly last longer in water Under these circumstances, it is possible that sprayin for mosquitoes in a tidal area might affect large nun bers of shrimp in some unforeseen manner. There simply no way of knowing except by undertaking th extensive testing now being required by the EPA. From the beginning, environmentalism has put an over whelming emphasis on extreme caution in making an changes in the environment. What it has never bee willing to acknowledge is that safety and caution als have a price, and that they too will generate their ow "environmental effects."

Myths of environmentalism

HERE ARE THREE fundamental problems the have caused the current dilemma of environ mentalism. First, there is the myth, whice environmentalists have fashioned, of an idea preindustrial, prepesticide past, when crops were good living was easy, and insects were few. This is a complete fantasy. Second, there is the false distinction be tween "natural" and "unnatural" chemicals, and the implicit assumption that chemicals like pesticide never occur in nature. Third, there is the myth that these "unnatural" chemicals are causing an equall mythical "epidemic" increase in cancer. Unfortunately the genesis of all three of these ideas can be traced directly to Silent Spring.

Silent Spring is a great book, and for the most par has stood the test of time. No one would argue that it was not enormously successful in alerting the public to the dangers of pesticide use and to some of the worst abuses that were then prevalent. It is hard to believe, for example, that whole towns were one sprayed with highly toxic chemicals in an effort twipe out a single pest species lurking somewher among the leaves. It also brought to public attention the persistence of some pesticides, and their magnification through the food chain. For this we owe Rache Carson an enormous debt.

But Silent Spring is also a terrible book, and the future excesses of environmentalism appear in embry onic form on every page. In discussing what she call the system, of "deliberately poisoning our food" with pesticides, Carson says:

But if, as is now the presumable goal, it is possible to use chemicals in such a way that they leave a residue of only 7 parts per million (the tolerance of DDT), or 1 part per million (the tolerance for parathion), or even of only 0.1 part per million as is required for dieldrin on a great variety of fruits and vegetables, then why is it not possible, with only a little more care, to prevent the occurrences of any residues at all.

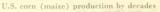


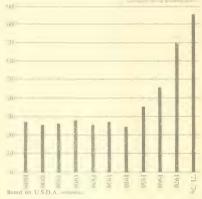
constant insistence on "zero pollution levels" has red to be the most costly and unenforceable aspect much environmental legislation. More important, ever, is the argument that DDT and other pestis were causing what Carson called "an alarming ease in malignant disease" (cancer), the proof of ch is entirely contained in the following sentence: e monthly report of the Office of Vital Statistics July, 1959, states that malignant growths, including e of the lymphatic and blood-forming tissues, acnted for 15 percent of the deaths in 1958 compared only 4 percent in 1900." A high school student ld probably blush at the distortion. In 1900, the rage American lived to be forty-five and had a good ace of dving of influenza. In 1962, the same citizen ld expect to live to seventy and was therefore six s more likely to contract cancer, which is predomtly a disease of old age. The only reason the perage of cancer deaths has increased is because intrial civilization has allowed people to live longer, bacterial diseases have essentially been eliminated. he myth of the pest-free past was not explicit in hel Carson's book, but was implied by her failure a to mention the problems of controlling insects in iculture. This omission caused one writer, environ-Italist LaMont Cole, in reviewing the book for Scific American, to remark: "She does not convey appreciation of the really great difficulties of the blem [of insect control].... But what I interpret vias and oversimplification may be just what it takes vrite a best-seller." Rather than heeding such warns, however, the environmental movement has woven elaborate vision of a mythical, pest-free past against ch the problems of current pest-control methods be contrasted. This fallacy was recently reiterated the Washington Post's front-page Sunday editorial ion, in an article entitled "The Pesticide Plague" arch 5, 1978):

Before synthetic pesticides hit the market in 1946, corn belt farmers didn't have many insect problems. They grew a rich diversity of crops, rotating them from one field to the next. That way the pests attracted to any single crop could not sweep the farm like a plague. But with the birth of the Green Revolution, small, diverse farms were wiped out and massive monocultures, vast tracts of a single crop planted year after year, spread across the corn belt. . . . What have [the farmers] got to show for it? Since pesticides came to the farms, pest damage to corn has not decreased. The latest USDA estimates indicate corn losses from pests have in fact more than tripled ...; [meanwhile] the major pesticide producers—petrochemical giants such as Dow. du Pont, Monsanto, American Cyanamid, Standard Oil of California (Chevron), Shell-just celebrated a record year, with \$3 billion in sales.

nineteenth-century America, insect problems were much a part of life that whole towns were someies asked to pray for deliverance. Even the pests mselves have not changed to any great degree. Dete the "rith diversity of crops," the Colorado potato beetle easily spread across the Midwest in the 1860s and eventually made it to Europe, where it became a major pest. After the first gypsy moths escaped from a silkworm experiment in Boston in 1869, the streets of New England were so infested that caterpillars were crawling up the sides of houses and into people's beds. The standard method of protecting crops was to spray them with lead arsenate, a practice that produced its own Silent Spring, a book called 100,000,000 Guinea Pigs, which caused a sensation in the 1930s. The introduction of less toxic DDT in 1946 was regarded as a major advance at the time.

Of course, there is some truth to the statement that "monocultures" of corn have replaced the old diversity, although growing a rich variety of crops in the old days often meant simply having a rich variety of pests. But what farmers in the corn belt also have to show for their efforts, despite the misleading "increase" in pest damage, is contained in the following graph:





According to the USDA figures, there was never any increase in corn productivity in the United States until synthetic pesticides, chemical fertilizers, and new hybrid varieties were introduced after 1945 (pesticides probably account for only 20 percent of the increase, but have ensured the success of other improvements). To produce the same amount of corn under the old methods would mean that an additional area equivalent to Colorado and Wyoming would have to be planted. Nor have farmers and chemical manufacturers been the only beneficiaries. As John Stuart Mill said: "When commerce is spoken of as a source of national wealth, the imagination fixes itself upon the large fortunes acquired by merchants, rather than upon the savings of price to consumers." Most of the corn is used to raise beef cattle, and as a result Americans now consume twice as much beef as they did in 1940, even though they spend a one-third smaller portion of their income on food.



That which the palmerworm hath left hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left hath the cankerworm eaten; and that which the cankerworm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten.

-The Book of Joel

HE SECOND AND MORE DIFFICULT problem of environmentalism is the widely held belief it has fostered that there is an important dis-tinction between "natural" and "man-made" chemicals, and that it is the "synthetic" chemicals manufactured by industrial society that are the cause of all our problems. Rachel Carson played heavily on this distinction in Silent Spring. An infinite number of potential chemicals can be made through nature's system of stringing long carbon chains together in various forms to form the "organic hydrocarbons." Only a fraction of the potential number are actually synthesized in nature, but then objects such as shovels, axes, plows, and most of the other implements of our daily lives do not occur in nature either. There is nothing inherently "evil" (Rachel Carson's word) about changing nature by synthesizing new chemicals, and the distinction that "natural" chemicals are "good" and synthetics are "dangerous" is completely meaningless. There are hundreds of highly dangerous "natural" chemicals, just as there are thousands of perfectly harmless "synthetics." Yet environmentalism has managed to establish the doctrine that everything in nature is "good," while things that are made in the laboratory hold the potential for destruction.

The key sentence that expresses this in Silent Spring

reads as follows:

The chemicals to which life is asked to make its adjustment are no longer merely the calcium and stilica and copper and all the rest of the minerals washed out of the rocks and carried in rivers to the sea; they are the synthetic creations of man's inventive mind, brewed in his laboratories, and having no counterparts in nature.

This statement is so filled with absurdities and errors that it is hard to know where to begin. In the first place, calcium, copper, and other minerals form only the tiniest fraction of the diet of living organisms. Except for certain one-celled creatures, all living things derive all their energy and most of their substance by taking apart large organic molecules (plants make their own carbohydrates using the sun's energy, and then break them down themselves, a-process called "autotrophism," or self-nourishment). The point that Carson was probably trying to make was that plants and animals never had to deal with special kinds of organic molecules like the "chlorinated hydrocarbons," but if so, she was completely wrong.

Practically every schoolchild knows the story of Dr. Alexander Fleming, the British scientist who in 1928 accidentally dropped some cheese in a bacteria culture and later noticed that a few small. sterilized zones had been created. A variety of Penicillium mold was growing on the cheese, and Fleming discovered that the mold excepted sample amounts of a substance that

killed bacteria. It was soon realized that a wide vi ety of soil fungi and other organisms produce at bacterial molds that they use in competing for sp with other organisms. Penicillin was the result. since that time our major effort against bacterial eases has been a process of imitating these soil or nisms. What is not generally known, however, is t many of the chemicals in these antibacterial molds chlorinated hydrocarbons. One of the biggest prod ers of chlorinated hydrocarbons are the long " fungi" (actually bacteria) that illustrate one of opening chapters of Silent Spring, and that Carson scribes as "growing in long threadlike filaments" a rate of more than 1,000 pounds per acre! None these organisms actually make DDT or other comm pesticides, but they do use chemicals that are remaably similar. One Penicillium fungus excretes a che ical that is only one molecule different from a co monly used fungicide "Dowcide 2S," manufactured Dow Chemical. In fact, it seems quite possible that presence of these large amounts of chlorinated hyd carbons in nature may offer an explanation for enormously large quantities of "pesticide residue that environmentalists have always been able to fir (In 1970, Frank Graham, Jr., reported without iro in Since Silent Spring that "the amount of DDT Swedish soils exceeds the total quantities ever us in that country.") To be sure, scientists who dev oped the pesticides and herbicides from chlorinat hydrocarbons may not have been aware that they we copying nature so closely, but there was a brillia kind of inductiveness in that we arrived at the sar kinds of chemicals that are used for almost the sar purposes in nature.

In one of the most beautiful passages in Sile Spring, Rachel Carson writes: "Most of us walk u seeing through the world, unaware alike of its bea ties, its wonders, and the strange and sometimes to rible intensity of the lives that are being lived abo us." She was talking of the insects and their ever-pre ent predators. But what Carson was only peripheral aware of, and what has emerged clearly only in the past decade of research, is that plants themselves a also intensely involved in this struggle for existence and that their form of "warfare" is largely chemic warfare. Simple organisms like fungi and bacteria e crete substances that kill competing organisms in the immediate environment. More complex plants often of the same thing. Certain cacti give off herbicidal cher icals that make it impossible for other plants to ge minate in their immediate vicinity. In addition, plan are constantly growing thorns, needles, and tough coa ings, and synthesizing chemicals to make themselve bitter, inedible, and even poisonous to animals an insects. In a way it seems foolish for us never to hav realized it before, but except in instances where the consumption of fruits and nectars leads to seed ger eration, plants do not like to be eaten. There is n evolutionary advantage for a plant in being eaten, juas there would be no evolutionary advantage for



e evolved a vast array of chemicals, from chlorinated Irocarbons to iuvenile-hormone mimics, in trying protect themselves from becoming dinner for other anisms. The simple proof of the matter is that alst everything we eat-wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, n, carrots, peas, beans, bananas, oranges, lettuce, totoes, the list is endless-is a human invention that s not exist in nature. They are completely "unnat-I" organisms that we have invented for our own poses through a process of chemical and genetic nipulation that is in no way different from syntheng a new organic compound in the laboratory. ere is no fundamental difference between changing ew atoms in an organic compound and calling it a sticide," and manipulating a few genes on a couple wild plants and calling the result a "carrot." The lliant realization of the past decade of research in ect control has been that plants, too, are involved in process of synthesizing chemicals to protect themves from insect attack, and that the most fruitful h of research may lie in following the trail they ve blazed over the last few hundred million years.

Of all the chemicals in the whole history of the world that have done the most good for humanity, in terms of limiting disease, in terms of providing food, in terms of relieving suffering, the one that has done the most good would have to be DDT.

—Dr. William Bowers

HE LONG FIGHT for a complete ban on DDT, and the excesses that were practiced in its pursuit, are what is now haunting the environmental movement in its attempt to replace chlorinated hydrocarbons and other toxic chemls with "biological" chemicals. The problem is that ere is no basic distinction between the two.

There is no question that there were enormous uses of DDT and other pesticide chemicals when chel Carson wrote Silent Spring in 1962. Pesticides re being used with a "shotgun" approach that was ving a tremendous impact on wildlife. Carson was firm ground in voicing these concerns, in part beuse the same worries had been expressed by scitists for more than fifteen years. Writing a prophetic ay entitled "DDT and the Balance of Nature," pubhed in Atlantic magazine in 1945, the same Dr. Wigsworth who had already identified the juvenile-horone gland in 1934 wrote:

DDT is like a blunderbuss, discharging shot in a manner so haphazard that friend and foe alike are killed ... Without careful study it is impossible to guess what the ultimate results of this process may be....Some fish... are reported to have been killed when they fed on poisoned insects.... DDT sprayed on peach trees with the object of killing the caterpillars of the Oriental fruit moth is even more effective in killing the parasite that is controlling this pest.... It is obvious enough that DDT is a twoedged sword.... Chemicals which upset the balance of nature have been known before. DDT is merely the latest and one of the most violent.... We need to know far more about [the insects'] ecology-that is, about their natural history studied scientifically. When the ecology of an insect pest is fully known, it is often possible to modify the conditions in such a way that its world no longer suits it ... But when all these so-called cultural or naturalistic methods of control have been developed, there remains a large residue of pests for which insecticides must be used.

Although she essentially ignored the warning in the last sentence, Rachel Carson added two more concerns to this list-the unforeseen development that long-lasting pesticide residues would be "magnified" through the food chain, building up in predators and higher organisms, and the concern that insects eventually would develop resistance to pesticides and that everincreasing doses would have to be used.

This was all well and good, but neither Carson nor the environmentalists were ever willing to admit that it was precisely DDT's long persistence that had in many ways made it a superior pesticide, and that any pesticide would eventually face the same problem of growing insect resistance. The pyrethrins are a classic example. Derived from the chrysanthemum flower. the pyrethrins are a group of natural chemicals whose origins were once held a secret by the Persians until they were ferreted out by the English, who started growing large quantities of chrysanthemums in Kenya in the 1880s. Natural pyrethrins presented two problems, however-the laborious method of production could not supply the world market, and the pyrethrins themselves broke down quickly in sunlight. In the 1950s the problems were finally transferred to the laboratories, where scientists soon synthesized the molecule. In 1962, Rachel Carson could write:

The ultimate answer [to highly toxic pesticides] is to use less toxic chemicals so that the public hazard from their misuse is greatly reduced. Such chemicals already exist: the pyrethrins, rotenone, ryania, and others derived from plant substances. Synthetic substitutes for the pyrethrins have re-cently been developed so that an otherwise critical shortage can be averted.

But the problem was that, although they were not very toxic to mammals, the pyrethrins were still fairly dangerous to fish. In addition, there was still no adequate solution to the chemicals' short life. A variety of carriers were tried, but finally it became simpler to change the molecule to create a chemical that would last long enough to be effective. Now the pyrethrins were a useful insecticide—but suddenly they were an environmental problem as well. Because of their new persistence, they posed a danger to fish. In addition, now that they were being used more widely, insects were beginning to develop more resistance. Thus, when the USDA began introducing the synthetic pyrethrins into cotton farms in recent years, the Environmental Defense Fund told the EPA it was opposed to their use, even though these synthetic chemicals had



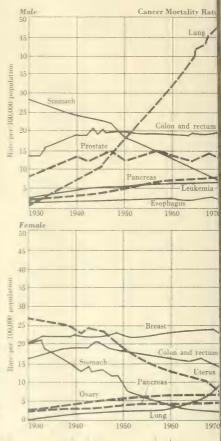
been specifically approved by Rachel Carson in "Silent Spring." What Carson failed to realize, and what the environmental movement has since ignored, is that insects are eventually going to build up resistance to any chemical, natural or unnatural, just as bacterial diseases have eventually evolved strains that are resistant to antibiotics. There is already evidence that insects are going to be able to develop resistance to juvenile-growth hormones, pheromones, and other "bio-rational" controls as well. In short, the battle with the insects is never going to be over, just as the battle against bacterial infection will never really be over.

ACHEL CARSON's speculation that residues of ing cancer has mushroomed into a widespread public certainty that it is the products of industrial society that are causing an "epidemic" increase in cancer. In the next column, the graphs of cancer mortality for an age-adjusted population in the United States indicate that there is no "epidemic" increase in cancer in this country. The only instance of a clear increase in cancer rates is lung cancer among men. Ironically, this is the only instance where people are known to have a personal choice in avoiding the carcinogenic material (the National Cancer Institute estimates that 80 percent of lung cancer incidents are the result of smoking). Among the twenty-four leading industrial nations, the United States is sixteenth in cancer mortalities for an age-adjusted population.

What is perhaps most notable in the graph is the steady decrease in the rate of stomach cancer over the past forty years. Stomach cancer is rife in underdeveloped countries in Asia and Africa, and the suspected carcinogen is a completely natural substance called "aflatoxin," the excretion of a mold that grows in stored peanuts and grains. Cancers of the digestive system occur in underdeveloped countries at rates up to 200 times their incidence in the United States because of aflatoxins, which are among the most potent carcinogens known. The rate of liver cancer from simply eating in East Africa is double the rate of liver cancer found among 25,000 industrial workers exposed to one of the most famous industrial carcinogens, vinyl chloride. Moreover, the aflatoxin mold is known to establish itself best in peanuts and grains that have been damaged by insects! The highest quantity of aflatoxin ever found in the U.S. by the Food and Drug Administration was in a jar of "natural" peanut butter. It would be entirely possible to argue that, rather than causing an increase in cancer, pesticides and fungicides have been partly responsible for the notable decrease in cancers of the digestive system in indus-

Most of the notions on which Rachel Carson based her claim that DDT might be causing cancer were highly speculative at the time, and are now a part of medical history. She suggested that DDT acted on all cells by affecting their ability to use oxygen, causing them to mutate back to a more primitive process of "fermentation" in order to break down carbohy@rate
The assumption was that this process would affect the
nerve cells of insects, causing nerve dysfunctioning, be
would produce cancer in the other human and anim
cells as well. This was based on another speculation
of the time, that cancer cells were also formed by m
tations back to this same primitive fermentation pr
cess. All these theories have since been abandoned.

It was generally accepted at the time, and has sin been proved, that DDT acts as a "nerve poison" by f ting into certain highly specialized receptacles at the end of all nerve cells. Insects are extremely vulnerab since they have no fat tissues in which to store DDT Humans and other vertebrate animals avoid the nerve poisoning by storing DDT in fat cells, but they are



zo on building up stored quantities indefinitely. erous tests have shown that a peak level is reached, all new material is immediately excreted, so there danger of "slow poisoning" from DDT. In a sinlose, DDT has about the same toxicity as aspirin. he other hand, parathion, which replaced DDT any uses, is so highly toxic that a single drop in we can kill a person. It is interesting to note that ugh Rachel Carson said as many bad things about thion as DDT in Silent Spring, the environmental ement chose to concentrate its efforts against DDT use of the "slow poisoning" concerns. The result been that, while the hysteria has been relieved in rban living rooms, hundreds and hundreds of workers and farm children have been poisoned use of the increased use of parathion, and about ty-five people die each year.

A philosophical game

HILE Silent Spring's theory for the action of DDT has not held up, neither has its model for the development of cancer. The assumption widely held in , and since increased in stature, is that both a dision of the genetic material and the intrusion of ncer virus are involved in the beginning of a can-"incident." The genetic material temporarily can lisrupted by a "carcinogenic" substance (which is pably the same thing as a "mutagenic" substance), before the genes can be repaired, a virus (which eally nothing more than a set of "naked genes") me permanently linked into the long genetic mole. One current theory, widely accepted, is that such zerous "incidents" occur in the body every day, most are destroyed by the body's immune system. e in a great while, however, an invaded cell escapes ction and is able to survive, eventually multiplying a cancerous growth. The participation of the imne system suggests that the body's general health play a large part in preventing cancer, and there many studies linking general malnutrition with the high rates of cancer among some South African hmen and other Third World peoples. This sugs that one way to reduce cancer might be to feed ple better, but this is an avenue environmentalism chosen not to take.

lecause of the mutation/virus-intrusion assumply, the hunt for industrial carcinogens has settled on substances that cause mutations among laborators organisms. The most recently developed method is "Ames test," invented by Berkeley biologist Bruce test, which uses a highly specialized strain of baca that is very susceptible to mutations to measure tagenic effect DDT and other chlorinated hydrobons have been subjected to the Ames test, and the ults show that they do not cause mutations. The y exception is toxaphene, which—ironically—is the y chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticide still in use terestingly enough, Ames, who is a staunch environ-

mentalist, disputes the results of his own test and says DDT is "one of the 10 percent of all carcinogens that our test doesn't catch," although it is hard to know how he has decided this. There is one other study, performed at the Epley Institute in Omaha, that showed that DDT causes a slight increase in liver tumors in mice, although not in rats or hamsters. The results of that test are still disputed, because the tumors disappear when DDT dosages are stopped, but Dr. David Clayton, who performed the test, says he is satisfied DDT is a "mild carcinogen.")

In addition, there is one more indication, known for many years, that DDT was not causing any noticeable increase in cancer. This is simply that, among the thousands and thousands of factory hands, pesticide sprayers, farm workers, and people in malaria-prone underdeveloped countries who have been heavily exposed over the course of thirty-five years, there has never been any indication of an increase in cancer, even among workers who suffered accidental exposure great enough to put them in the hospital. In the 1950s, volunteers ate large quantities of DDT in a series of

tests and never suffered any adverse effects.

Most of these facts were known during the late 1960s when environmentalists were determined to show that DDT was a public health menace. To solve their problem, environmentalists invented a kind of philosophical game which stated that, although there was no evidence to show that DDT did cause cancer, it was philosophically impossible for anyone to show that it couldn't cause cancer. In part, this argument relied on the fact that many caricers take from thirty to forty years to show up after exposure to carcinogenic substances. But even where the evidence was weakest, the environmentalists maintained that their position was unassailable. William Butler, chief counsel for the Environmental Defense Fund, which led the attack on DDT between 1966 and 1972, repeats the argument today: "You can't prove a negative," he said when I called him in April. "You can't say something doesn't cause there's always a chance that it does exist but nobody has seen it. Therefore you can't say something doesn't cause cancer because there's always the chance that it does cause cancer but it hasn't showed up yet. You can't prove a negative statement." Does that mean you can't prove that dragons don't exist? I asked him. "That's right, you can't say dragons don't exist."

UTLER is absolutely right, of course, in strict logical terms. The problem is that the same argument applies to any other synthetic chemical that is introduced into the environment, including the "biological controls." Like DDT, the blunderbuss of environmental regulation has turned out to be a killer of friend and foe alike. But environmentalism has by no means learned its lesson from the experience. In fact, it is already looking around for new worlds to conquer. Armed with the assurance that only industrial chemicals are causing cancer, the en-





vironmental movement and the federal government are now preparing to do for the rest of American industry what they have already done for pesticides by trying to remove all carcinogens from the environment. Speaking like a Puritan schoolmaster calling the class to order, Gus Speth, member of the President's Council on Environmental Quality, recently announced on the New York Times op-ed page: "The recent controversy on the proposed Food and Drug Administration ban on saccharin treated us to a dangerous amount of hilarity about the high dosage levels used in animal tests, and demonstrated the prevalence of misunderstanding in this area." The truth is, he announced, that 1) there is "no safe level" of a carcinogen, and 2) laboratory-animals tests are a sure indication of whether a substance causes cancer in humans. "With one or possibly two exceptions, every chemical known to cause cancer in humans also causes it in animals," he concluded. The question, of course, is whether it works the other way around.

The National Academy of Sciences has made an effort to bring some rationality to the notion that we will be able to purge our world of every last trace of carcinogenic material. In 1973, it published a book entitled Toxicants Occurring Naturally in Foods, which noted that trace amounts of cancer-inducing chemicals occur naturally in many foods. Another survey of the literature by Dr. Russell S. Adams, Jr., of Penn State University, found that such common foods as rutabagas, tea, cabbage, turnips, peas, strawberries, and milk all contain traces of chemicals that either cause cancer or are closely related to chemicals known to cause cancer. Dr. Julius M. Coon, one of the authors of Toxicants Occurring Naturally in Foods, and retired chairman of the Department of Pharmacology at Thomas Jefferson University, Philadelphia, had this to say about the "no safe dose of carcinogens" doctrine when I called him in April:

"When people say there is no safe dose of a carcinogen, what they are saying is that we can't find a safe level so we have to assume that there is no safe level. But the statement that there is no safe dose of a carcinogen is not a valid scientific statement in any sense of the word. We are constantly surrounded by chemicals that may cause cancer, most of them perfectly natural. I think it's reaching for the stars to say we're going to eliminate all carcinogens from our environment. I think the inflation we've seen so far will be a drop in the bucket compared with what we'd see if they try to enforce this new law [the 1976 Toxic Substances Control Act]. We may not have enough welltrained toxicologists to perform the tests.

Yet there seems to be no limit to what the federal government is willing to do to indulge the fanatical concerns about what we eat, drink, and breathe. Not to be outdone by the EPA, the Food and Drug Administration has started enforcing new regulations that apply the same elaborate toxicological standards to all new hybrid varieties of crops that are developed in the genetic laboratories. The FDA is no less aware that these human inventions are "synthetics" and that they

offer the same dire possibilities that we may at last poisoning ourselves. This means that the entire ceri ries-old effort of improving breeds for greater yield and better disease resistance could easily drown in same sea of red tape that has already suffocated pesticide industry. The National Academy of Science 1975 report on pest controls voiced considerable ala about the FDA effort. Yet, fueled by the fanatical co cerns about pesticide residues and other toxicant trace the FDA is moving ahead, and even now the result seem predictable. The hubris of the people who tell we can wipe the last traces of toxic and carcinoger materials from our environment is the same hubris the people who once told us we were going to be a to rid the world of insects by spraying ever-increasi amounts of DDT.

Nature herself has met many of the problems that now beset us, and she has usually solved them in her own successful way. Where man has been intelligent enough to observe and to emulate Nature he, too, is often rewarded with success.

-Rachel Carson, Silent Spring

HE MORE I EXAMINE the environmental mov ment, the more it seems like a kind of se ular religion, with a decidedly Puritan strai Like all religious movements, it draws strength from what we don't know. It tries to hide the cracks of our understanding, instilling us with t fear of what we haven't yet been able to learn fro nature. Public anxiety about scientific experimentation is nothing new. Louis Pasteur's neighbors in Paris b sieged the authorities to put an end to his work. Pra tically every major medical advance, from autopsi and dissections to vaccination and surgery, has m with suspicion-and sometimes violent oppositionfrom a large portion of the population. Such misgiving have always existed, and are not always ill-founded. By it is only when some deeply conservative organization such as the Church or environmentalism has orche trated such fears that these anxieties become inst tutionalized and all scientific advance comes under suspicion. Only then do ordinary human fears about newness and invention start to play a decisive role i history.

I am not foolish enough to think that there will no be a solution to the problem of biological insect cor trols. The newspapers will discover the situation an soon a new "crisis" will be upon us. But what keep nagging in the back of my mind in this great Age of Environmentalism is what we are going to look like a few years from now. Somehow it seems we are go ing to appear as a generation that was so obsesse with misgivings, so afraid of what we didn't-an couldn't-know, so anxious to point hysterical accuing fingers at one another, that we neglected to pic up and use the simple tools we had at hand. I have no doubt that someone will eventually use these tool I only wonder if we will ever calm down enough t do it ourselves.



SOMEHOW, SCOTCH BOTTLED ELSEWHERE SN'T QUITE THE SAME.

Contrary to popular belief, many more brands of Scotch bottled in America than in Scotland. They are bulk-ipped and bottled here, often using municipal water.

The makers of Culty Sark, however, Remain adamant

the subject of Scottish Scotch.

To this day, Cutty Sark is distilled, blended, and tiled in Scotland, using the water of Loch Katrine. is results in a Scots Whisky of uncommon smoothness sich is worth every penny you pay for it.

To recognise genuine Scots Whisky, you need look further than the very top of the label on a bottle of

atty Sark.

It spells out exactly what you're getting right there black and yellow.



HOW WEIGHT AFFECTS GAS MILEAGE

THE SAVINGS CAN BE DOUBLED IF WEIGHT IS REMOVED IN THE DESIGN STAGE.

A designer can reduce the exterior dimensions of a car by a few inches and turn it into a major improvement in gas mileage. That's because smaller is usually lighter, and a lighter car doesn't need as much gasoline to go a given distance as a heavier one.

It's really a process of multiplication, and it works like this: once the exterior dimensions are trimmed, the bumpers won't have to be quité as big, the frame won't have to be quite as long, and so on. This saves weight, and the savings begin to multiply. Wheels, axles, as well as other components, can often be smaller.

We used the multiplier effect when we designed our current 1978 midsize cars. To illustrate how this works: if you were to take 100 pounds of golf clubs out of your trunk, you might, depending on the car, save about five gallons of gas in 10,000 miles.

But if you take the same 100 pounds out of a car in the design stage, you won't need as large an engine, transmission, and other components to get good performance. So you can make components smaller and more than double the gas savings. That's what we try to do.

In redesigning our cars to take advantage of this effect, we made extended use of lighter, highly durable materials such as aluminum and plastic, adding up to an average weight-saving of 685 pounds. As a rule of thumb, this could save on the average about 75 gallons of gas in an ordinary year of driving (10,000 miles).

But weight isn't the only thing that affects mileage. Tire inflation pressures are important, so are lubricants. And an engine has to be properly maintained: one defective spark plug can knock down mileage by as much as ten percent. And remember, keep a light foot on the gas pedal; the way you drive may still be the most important thing of all.

So far, in our new resized cars, we've been able to reduce weight while still meeting all the safety standards. In these new cars more

corrosion-resistant materials are used. Routine maintenance schedules have been stretched out, and the need for certain kinds of maintenance has been eliminated entirely. We've done this, in our opinion, with no sacrifice in passenger comfort or useable space in the trunk.

Most important is the simple fact that saving weight saves gasoline.

Our goal is to build cars that are more and more efficient, to design them to meet our customers' needs, and to sell them at prices the average American can afford. That's the only way we can succeed in our competitive business.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

WALHING

Without giving up anything on the plane of justice, yield nothing on the plane of freedom.

—Albert Camus

WAKE UP. Susie's standing by the closet, fully dressed, folding and shelving our clothes.

I shut my eyes and try to remember a dream. It had to do with our arrival yesterday, that much I know. Genosse Lehmann was one of the characters. It was a story that I was hearing and seeing enacted at the same time. Part of it took place in the customs building. That's where the story came in—Genosse Lehmann found it in one of the bags.

e started reading it out loud with a sarcastic me of voice. It described a little boy standig on top of a wall with shards of bottle glass mbedded in it. On either side of the wall was view of a city: buildings, streets, and walls, o people. Two cities, actually, indistinguishbly barren and stony, but clearly separate, ne on either side of the wall. Looking ahead long the narrow and slightly curving path rovided by the top of the wall, I saw a charmng house, with huge cabbage leaves in place f balconies, surrounded by lush, broad oaks. started walking toward it. The glass shards vere no obstacle. A large gray tomcat aproached from the opposite direction, treadng cautiously. The tip of its tail was nicked ff. Scars on its face, too, signs of old battles. But it was purring. Genosse Lehmann became ery alarmed at this point and hurried to a ay phone that stood to the right of the wall. picked up the cat and turned it around, so hat now we were walking in the same direcion, the cat a few steps before me, toward the ouse with the cabbage leaves and the trees. I ad to laugh, because all this was part of the tory Genosse Lehmann was reading-includng his own frantic dialing of the telephone.

What do you know, a political dream. You've barely set foot in this place and it starts getting to you. The two cities are obviously East and West. But the wall isn't the Berlin Wall, it's the old brick wall that surrounded our garden in Cuernavaca when I was six.

But there was more in that dream; something to do with music and poetry. Damn, now it's gone.

s gone.

I open my eyes again, and look up at Susie. "What time is it?"

She looks at her watch. "One-thirty." P.M., I presume. Feels like midnight.

My eyes meet with a large sticker pasted onto the valise she's unpacking, the one we borrowed before leaving New York. It says:

CBS NEWS URGENT

HOLD AT AIRPORT

I point it out to her.

"How strange," she says. "I never noticed that." Neither did I, neither did anyone at the customs office. It's almost unbelievable. She peels off the sign and throws the pieces in the wastebasket, and I'm wondering whether we shouldn't dispose of them more thoroughly. Burn them? Then I'm reminded of the day the FBI (who probably thought it wise to keep an eye on someone who had grown up and no doubt been indoctrinated in East Germany) questioned me about some papers I had burned months previously over a gas stove in my apartment in New York on West Eighty-sixth Street. That must have been in 1962. They didn't believe that these had been journals, poems, drafts for a novel. "Why would you burn them and not throw them in a trashcan?" "Because I didn't want anyone to read them." "Why wouldn't you just keep them locked away?" "Because I wanted to get rid of them." "Why? Why would you throw away your private journals?" "It was a substitute for suicide. A kind of ritual. It made me feel clean."

... wherein
the author wakes
up in an East
Berlin hotel and,
prompted by a
dream, reviews
the previous
day's events
in search of
a story

by Joel Agee

Joel Agee is at work on a reminiscence of his boyhood in East Germany. Joel Agee
WALKING ON
THE WALL

"You must have burned a lot of papers—your landlady said the whole building was full of smoke." "Yes, I was rather clumsy about it." They didn't believe me. Now, why should their East German counterparts be any more credulous or rational? All signs point to the contrary.

"What shall we do today—visit Helga?" Susie asks.

"Yes, let's."

If she's home. Strange that I couldn't reach anyone on the phone last night-and the constant clicking on the line. The operator couldn't help me either. But a radio near her informed me of something interesting: listening to rock 'n' roll is no longer regarded as collaboration with the enemy; nor is chewing gum (assuming that I interpreted correctly the repetitive smatching sound in my ear while the woman searched the pages of the telephone book). Later, lying awake in the dark, after Susie had fallen asleep, I heard the telephone whispering a faint tinkling sound-just the shadow of an outright ring-and the receiver vibrated, reminding me of my dogs in New York, who dream vividly and audibly, and reminding me also of the possibility that we were under surveillance. (Just a routine check, sir, we like to keep tabs on our guests.)



HAT DREAM... maybe it was saying there's a story in what happened yesterday. Otherwise why was it read from a book? Our weird reception by Genosse Lehmann, especially, would make a good scene, if not a story. Just as it was. Christiania, too. Maybe the cabbage house had something to do with Christiania. The way it stood midway and

beyond and a little above the two cities right and left . . . I like that.

"Susie, are you anxious to get moving?"
"Not especially—I'd like to write a letter."

"Not especially—I'd like to write a letter."

"Oh, good. There's something I want to think about."

Christiania. That was on the plane, on the way to Copenhagen, some twelve hours before we got to Berlin. I was looking at a picture on the front page of the New York Times: Fidel and Raul Castro presiding over the dedication of a military academy in Havana. Raul, whom I'd seen playing baseball with boyish enthusiasm in 1964, looked as if he'd been swallowed alive by his persona: the uniform, cap, moustache, epaulettes, cornery

elbows, and stiff stance all added up to an imistakable cliché: military boss of Caribben banana republic. Maybe it was just the phograph. Fidel, as always, seemed unpreoccupinth his appearance; in fact, rather abserted touchingly human. He looked worried.

There was a headline on the lower left sie of the page: DETROIT CLASS BEARS SCARS TEACHER'S SLAYING. I put away the paper al looked out the window. The clouds look like erotic figures molded out of snow. The Susie handed me Skanorama, the airline ma azine. "Did you see this?" I hadn't. She wa showing me an article titled "Christiania: O penhagen's and the World's Only Free City There were color photographs of women, ch. dren, animals, brilliantly painted walls. If was to believe the article, this was indeed free city, sprung up in the heart of unfree C penhagen, a city without laws, without police without criminals, without a mayor, without bosses, and without "communal" tyranny ether. "A ragbag army," the article said, " political activists, artists, and youths on the dole" had occupied an abandoned army ba racks, some 150 buildings in all, situated of "more than 50 acres of prime real estate," ar converted it into an autonomous economic ar social unit "where the imagination rules." Or thousand people, nine goats, two cows, tw hundred twenty dogs, some swans . . . I sue denly felt elated. I always knew Haight-Asl bury would resurrect somewhere-and th place had lasted longer than just a summer it was several years old. And we'd be able t visit there the next day, since we'd have a six hour waiting period in Copenhagen!

Somehow Susie seemed less thirsty for th Arcadian springs than I was, "I bet it's no all so free and loving there," she said. I said "We'll see."

Who is Genosse Lehmann



Y THE TIME we got to Copenhagen, Susie's indiffeence to the idea of a vis to Christiania had become luctance, and eventual toughened into a stauur crefusal: a veto, no less. Stell too exhausted to rusthere, look around brieff and rush back, which what we would have had do. We took a bus to the center of town. There, in

chrome-and-plastic self-service cafe, far from Christiania, drinking Coke and eating col ts drenched in mayonnaise on soggy slices white bread, we were feeling displaced and ff-conscious, but in an unaccountably famil; way. We searched for the source of this miliarity, and after a while discovered it: it is that we were so tired we were not aware our surroundings except for a blur of unds and colors; and this, added to the fact at Susie's brand-new permanent was proveg to be a disaster, produced a sensation of ving stayed up all night for no very enjoyde reason and finally finding ourselves ashed up somewhere on Long Island at five the morning.

As soon as we looked more closely, of surse, the difference was evident: everyone ere, except for three whispering Indonesian ouths in patent-leather jackets, was marked by at ubiquitous Danish "look" Susie observed hen we were walking in the street: small in straight noses, fair hair, pink cheeks, blue es, and a frank, unhurried but businesslike ir, straightforward without being aggressive, ot cold, nor particularly friendly. A group of onstruction workers gravely chomping on indwiches they'd brought along in tin continers, washing the food down with Cokes; wo giggling high-school girls with flaxen raids and lips so red they looked painted; a oung man with pragmatic features framed y a pageboy haircut—I imagined people like aem thirty-five years ago, all wearing yellow tars, to protect the Jews from the Germans. 'he king, too, wore a vellow star, Hans Chrisian Andersen could have imagined it.

I looked out the window: the wind was whirling snow in all directions, but it melted

in the ground.

I had an image of Christiania, partly my own invention, partly derived from that article n Skanorama. On a nasty day like this, the streets would be empty, and whoever wasn't at nome or working would go to a large brightly painted room to talk, to make music, play chess, drink hot cider, paint, read, sit silently gazing into an open fireplace. We'd come in, people would smile and move up to make room for us to sit and ask us about ourselves. "New York? East Berlin? Why on earth would you want to take a trip like that? From hell to purgatory, or is it the other way around? Come and live with us. Your dogs? Why, bring them too; you must. We only have two nundred and twenty."

We walked to the bus stop, with our collars turned up. I felt hollowed out by lack of sleep. Among banks and stores and elegant restaurants, a large advertisement for a movie showed a young woman masturbating and

smiling at the street.



'M ALMOST CERTAIN now that the house with the cabbage-leaf balconies had to do with Christiania. I think some of the dream took place in that house. Strange, what a pull it has even now—almost a longing...

Now, where does Genosse Lehmann come into the story?

Somehow I have the feeling Christiania plus Genosse Lehmann won't add up to much more than a juxtaposition...a shaky one at

that, since Christiania's almost weightless and Genosse Lehmann's mostly metal and stone.

I wonder what that cat was about.

"Joel?"

"Yes?"

"What did that American at the airport say he was here for?"

"Business. That's all he said."

"Oh."

"You're writing home about him?"

"Uh-huh. I thought he was funny."

He was standing in line before us, a bearded, gray-faced man with an American passport in his hand. Hearing us speak English, he looked at us with a pained and worried expression and shook his head.

"Imagine if the plane had been full," he said. "We'd be standing here for hours."

"There's a second booth," I replied. "They'd probably be checking people out there, too."

"They wouldn't. Believe me, they're not concerned about the inconvenience to us. They save manpower this way."

"Have you been here before?"
"No, but I've been in Russia."

A quarrel broke out at the head of the line. One of the travelers, a German, started making angry, slightly petulant sounds. A document he was being asked to present should have been delivered to the airport by some government agency or other; it wasn't his responsibility. The voice coming from inside the booth kept echoing back to him an unvarying echo of refusal, redundant as surf, immutable as a mountain cliff, dispassionate, animated only by the constancy of paragraphs. Finally a compromise was reached. The voice inside the booth was talking into a phone. The inaudible voice on the other end judged in the traveler's favor. He received a stamp in his passport and moved on to the baggage check. The queue inched forward.

"It's not as bad a place as you might think," I said to the American. Suspicion gleamed in

"How do you know?"

"I used to live here."

"'Why on earth would you want to take a trip like that? From hell to purgatory, or is it the other way around?'" Joel Agee
WALKING ON
THE WALL

"But you're American, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"So what are you . . . tourists?"

"Well, visitors. We're visiting friends."

He nodded, and pondered for a moment. Then he leaned toward me. "If you had a choice," he said, tapping my chest with his passport, "where would you rather live, here or in the free world?"

"Frankly, I don't like the alternatives."

The line moved forward.

"Doesn't it break your heart, visiting friends here?"

"No. Why should it?"

"This whole country's a prison."

"Well . . . it's better run than most, I'd say."

"What do you mean?"

"They don't have any crime to speak of ... no slums ... full employment ..."

"If you want to call forced labor employment."

Hent.

"Most labor's forced labor, isn't it?"

"Not in a free country it isn't."

Oh, come on now, I thought to myself. But it wasn't a point worth arguing, certainly not at that time and place. I shrugged.

"You do prefer freedom to slavery, don't you?" he asked, tapping me with his passport.

"Of course."

"Well, there you have it."

"I see."

He chuckled.

"Tell me," I said. "Why are you here?"

"I'm here on business."

Another argument broke out before the booth, this time in English. A woman whom I remembered seeing in the waiting room at JFK Airport was asking to spend a night in East Berlin. "You don't have a voucher," said the voice inside the booth. "You must go to West Berlin."

"I would like to go there tomorrow. I'm exhausted. I would like just to go to the nearest hotel and get some sleep."

"You cannot stay without a voucher. You

must go to West Berlin."

The woman was stubborn. The voice called for help. "Genosse Lehmann, would you please

take care of this woman?"

Genosse Lehmann was a guard with a disagreeably private smile and the kind of squat broad figure that seems made to block entrances. It was he who had ordered us all, one by one—not asked but ordered, with a kind of rude dispatch, like a farmer corralling a herd of nervous and clumsy cattle—to fill out a detailed questionnaire in duplicate and line up, single file, before the booth marked "Passport Control." Now he lumbered up to the woman and pointed at a row of chairs.

"Sit down over there. You are holding when line."

The woman complied.

Segment by segment, that worm composited of patient human beings crept toward through the door marked "Bagga Check." There was another door, I notice with a sign saying "Sanitary Inspection."

"What's a voucher?" Susie asked.

"I have no idea. I hope we don't need on whatever it is."

"The travel agent would have known, don you think?"

"I guess so."

"I hope so."

Finally our turn came.

The voice inside the booth, it turned ou had been issuing from a young man with du eyes, thinning brown hair, and high Slavi cheekbones.

"Passports," he said, in English.

Passports, hand him the passports.

"Voucher."

"What?"
"Your voucher."

"Could you say that in German?" I as' him, in German,

"Voucher, voucher!"

"Show him the photocopy of the telegran confirming the visas. Maybe that's what h means."

Fingers flying, Susie shuffles through our papers, and produces the telegram.

He takes a glance at it and hands it back.
"Your voucher," he says. "Don't you have
a voucher?"

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean,' I say again in German.

"Genosse Lehmann . . . "

Then it dawned on me: "You mean the reservation? For a hotel?"

"Yes, the voucher, the voucher!"

Genosse Lehmann stepped into the booth Together the two men inspected the voucher and looked satisfied. Then the seated mar handed it back to me and put a small blue stamp in each of our passports.

"You must now pay thirteen dollars," he

"For what?"

"For your visas."

"Oh."

I pulled out my wallet and counted out seven dollars.

"Do you have any dollar bills on you Susie?"

"No, you have all the money."

"I'll give you a ten-dollar traveler's check and three dollar bills," I said. "Is that all right?" enosse Lehmann brusquely shook his head. No traveler's checks, only dollars."

But, sir, I have only seven dollars. The of my money is in traveler's checks." You must pay in dollars.'

Vhat to do? I looked at Susie, Susie looked

What about the Danish money?" she said. That's right-we have some Danish mon-

do you accept that?" Yes, of course, krone, dollar, West-mark,

take it." counted out my Danish kroner. The seated a computed them on a calculator.

'Do you take coins?" I asked.

Both men shook their heads. 'It's not enough," said the seated man. "We

d another three dollars."

'Well, since I don't have these three dolit seems to me you will have to accept raveler's check."

This made Genosse Lehmann angry. "We i't have to do anything. You have to pay rteen dollars."

'Susie, are you sure you don't have three

lars on you?"

She shook her head. She seemed to be on verge of tears.

I turned back to Genosse Lehmann and ugged. He shrugged, too, mocking my gese. He looked amused.

"What shall we do?" I asked.

"What we shall do," he said, "is, you will te the next flight back to New York. Or Conhagen, if you prefer."

No German words came to me; I exploded o English. "Are you kidding? You're gog to send us back for three dollars?"

I could hear Susie gasping next to me. "It won't cost you three dollars, it will cost

u nothing. You already paid for your rern flight, no?"

In a flash I imagined this being the upshot our vacation: no visits to the piny haunts my school-cutting days, to black-haired Urla, my childhood flame, to Guenther, master ief and lyrical hoodlum, to Peter Vogel, Auist, Helga, all the people I'd told Susie about. nd a thousand dollars down the drain. We ould go to Christiania, of course. Susie's eyes ere filled with tears, and also with indignaon, and she was about to vent all of it on enosse Lehmann and his colleagues. At this ucial moment, an inspiration, a gift from the use of bureaucracy, welled up like a silver abble from the depths of my mind—a clear nd infallible stratagem.

"The letter, Susie, the notarized thing."

"You've got it."

"Where?"

"In your hand, with the other papers."

There it was, our precious onionskin trump card, a series of legalistic locutions followed by signatures, stamps, and a paper flag from the county clerk of Manhattan. Its contents established my right to make use of moneys accrued to my mother as royalties from the novels of Bodo Uhse-her deceased husband. my stepfather, and Genosse Lehmann's superior, thanks to the socialist custom of making national heroes of famous (and preferably dead) writers.

"Please read this," I said, slapping the paper down on the counter, "and take note of this name"—and I tapped the name of Bodo Uhse three times with my index finger, in exactly the same manner, I noticed, with which Bodo used to draw my attention to a faulty chess move, or to a mistake in my homework.

Genosse Lehmann read, and as he read, his carriage collapsed slightly; and then his hand went up to scratch behind his ear; and then he took a deep breath, held the air, and let it blow out of his nose with a hissing sound.

"Moment mal," he said, lifted up the receiver, dialed, turned his back on me, and mumbled into the phone. Then he hung up, scratched behind his ear again, and said: "Maybe something can be done. We will see."

He stepped out of the booth and said, with some of his authority regained, and in English: "Mister, you come with me. Mrs., you

stav here."

I followed him through the swinging door. Our gray-faced American friend was just packing up his bags beneath the gaze of a man and a woman in blue uniforms. He still had a pained look on his face. We greeted one another in passing. Genosse Lehmann led me through another swinging door into a large hall. My heart made a little leap of delighted recognition—not of the place itself, which I'd never seen before, but of the textures of brown brick lit up by malfunctioning neon, the portraits of politicians in slim wooden frames, staring down from above the windows of ticket counters, the unmistakable sound of workingclass Berlin in an offhand comment tossed out by one porter passing another on an electrical lorry laden with baggage. We stepped up to a window beneath a sign that read: "Cambio-Geldwechsel-Change-OEMEH HEHET."

"Could you change some traveler's checks for this man?" asked Genosse Lehmann.

"Of course," the woman behind the ticket counter said, and gave me a friendly smile.

I signed a twenty-dollar check and handed it to her.

"In what currency do you want it?" she asked.

"Susie's eves were filled with tears, and also with indignation, and she was about to vent all of it on Genosse Lehmann and his colleagues."

Joel Agee WALKING ON THE WALL "Dollars," said Genosse Lehmann.

"Make that thirteen dollars," I said, "the rest in marks."

She filled out a receipt form with various data including my passport number, and stamped and signed it, and handed it to me. "You mustn't lose it," she said,

Then she counted out thirteen dollars and several East German bills and some coins, and pushed the money toward me with a smile.

"Where there's a will there's a way," said Genosse Lehmann.

On the way back, Genosse Lehmann said: "You speak quite good German."

"Thank you. It's really no wonder, I lived here for twelve years."

"Is that so? When did you leave? If I may

"Seventeen years ago, almost to the day." "Ach so."

I couldn't help imagining his thoughts as he walked next to me, clomping the floor with his boots: Just in the nick of time he gets out, the Wall went up in August ... Bodo Uhse, good connections, probably left by arrangement with the government . . . now he comes back an American . . . son of a bitch . . .

"Since you know both sides now," he said, and stopped before the swinging door leading to the baggage inspection, "may I ask you a question? Just between the two of us."

"Certainly."

"Which is better? In your opinion. The East or the West?"

"I can only talk about two countries," I said. "But this is the way I see it: The GDR is more just than the USA, and the USA is more free than the GDR." Not free enough, I thought. Not just enough either.

"So each has its advantages," he said. That's one way to put it, I thought-but what I said was, "Yes." It occurred to me that maybe freedom and justice can't function adequately in divorcement from one another. It didn't seem advisable to say that out loud either. I think, by the way, that Genosse Lehmann knew I was hedging, because for a moment his look of almost humble politeness gave way to a sly flicker of amusement. Just for a moment, though. Then he nodded, as though he were giving deep thought to my reply, and pushed open the door for me. The officials of the baggage inspection eyed me curiously as we walked past. Genosse Lehmann pushed and held open the second door. There was Susie, sitting on a bench, looking tired and worried. "It's all right," I said. "Thank God," she said. Genosse Lehmann stepped back into the booth. I handed him the thirteen dollars, he counted them and put them into a drawer.

"Since you've lived here for twelve year he said then, "I'm sure you understand way things are done here."

"Of course," I said. Bastard.

He nodded, satisfied. "Passports, plea The seated man thumped a large stamp an ink pad and carefully impressed it in e passport. It took up an entire page.

"Such pretty passports," said Genosse II mann. "It's a pity our stamps are so big."

I shrugged and half smiled, expressing dain and pretending amusement at the sa time. The seated man wrote something our passports and handed them back.

"That's it?"

"Luggage inspection is next," said Gend Lehmann, with just a trace of sarcasm in

Clues among the cro



T DOESN'T REALLY MAKE a story doesn't hang together: Christian on one side, Genosse Lehmann the other. Christiania just dispears. The American doesn't real help connect the two.

Well, time to get up.

I sit up and stretch. Susie's s ting at the table writing. Jesus, I still sleepy. Someone's practici bugle calls on a trumpet outside. notice Skanorama lying on my nig table. That reminds me . . . Chris ania did pop up again, at the baggage contro

"Open your bags, please." We did. "Do yo have anything to declare?" "I don't think so "Any weapons?" We laughed, but they didn "Any printed matter?" Before I'd answere the man had picked up Pablo Neruda's aut biography, and was leafing through it though fully. Of course I didn't say it, but I imagine saying to him: "It's an unimpeachably ne Stalinist work." The woman picked up Thom Merton's Secular Journal, examined the tit and began a slow study of its pages. My hea thumped as I remembered a brief anti-Cor munist passage in the preface. The man p down Neruda and examined the cover of Ha nah Arendt's On Violence, moving his lips he spelled the title out to himself. Then ti woman discovered Skanorama, and the sig of it drew the man's attention away from Ha nah Arendt. A corpus delicti? They held the heads together as she slowly leafed through the magazine. She shook her head and look at Susie and then at me, uncertain which us to hold responsible, and then addressed the magazine: "We don't let magazines throug

rmally," she said. I found her earnestness nost touching. "That's all right," I said. "I s interested in one of the articles in there, t it's not important." She turned a page and s looking at the article now; I could see e of the photographs upside down, of a wall th flowers painted on it and a child's dieveled blond head, and part of the -title: . World's Only Free City." The man had put de On Violence and, carefully searching in e of our bags, discovered another copy of anorama, "Oh," Susie said, "I'm sorry. I in't know . . . I didn't realize my husband ok one, too," and for a moment I noticed my-If making a face and a gesture like Charlie paplin when the stolen silverware comes slidg out of his trousers, "You can keep them," said. "We really don't need them." The man ade a God-forbid gesture with his free hand id said, "We don't want them." He closed s copy of the magazine, placed it on top of e three books, and put his palm on top of e magazine. "Is this all for your own use?" · asked. "Yes, certainly." The woman, diving the judgment her colleague was about to ake, was already transporting the second ppy of Skanorama through the air toward e pile beneath his hand, and she was doing with such evident moral self-scrutiny that felt an automatic reflex of guilt and gratude, as if she were letting me get away with mething essentially culpable. The man raised is hand to make room for the magazine, then ut his palm back on the pile and directed his tern gaze into my eyes: "You may keep all f these," he said. "But you must take them ack out of the country with you."

"I will." It came out like a vow.

The woman appeared satisfied and gave me look of sober approval. We packed up, tryng not to arouse the inspectors' suspicion by howing too-obvious signs of relief.

T STILL DOESN'T close properly.

Maybe if I included the poster I saw in the shop window on the way over here: a photograph of a huge public square on a sunlit summer day, flags flying, hundreds of people swarming about; underneath was a quotation from Faust's dying words, his vision of the consummate moment for whose sake he would abdicate his striving and embrace eternity:

Solch ein Gewimmel möcht ich sehn, Auf freiem Grund mit freiem Volke stehn! [At such a throng I would fain stare, With free men on free ground their freedom share!]

It made me so angry. I asked myself if I would care this much if I'd never lived in this country. I imagined a similar picture of people milling about in Times Square, and seeing it displayed in Grand Central Station, with an inscription by Walt Whitman, say, instead of an advertisement for Kodak. And the words would have to celebrate our unlimited enjoyment of justice, of equal opportunity, of equality under the law . . I'd probably be just as angry.

It gets stuck in politics, that's what's wrong

with it. It gets wrapped up in flags.

If there were some way of walking on the Wall (which feels different from sitting on the fence, come to think of it)—West and East on either side and below me...

I wonder what that cat was about ...
I'm running dry ... time to get up.

I go into the bathroom to wash. Something's wrong with my beard. Bent in the middle, like a greeting card. I try plastering it down with water. It doesn't help.

"I look like Hammurabi," I say,

"What do you mean?"

I step out to show her, and she laughs.

"I'm sorry, I'll try not to laugh," she says, and bursts out laughing again.

"Look at me," she says then. "I don't look any better."

Yes, I've already noticed. Her permanent what was intended to be a Versailles-like beauty-bush of fine curls clipped to geometric perfection is starting to look like a badly potted and lovelessly watered bunch of weeds, all hopeful stems and drooping peduncles.

"I've got the permanent," I say.

I'm getting dressed while she finishes writing her letter. Then she goes into the bathroom to wet and dry her hair; it'll perk it up, she says; and I turn on the radio to a ballad -sung robustly by a man who makes his r's roll like ball bearings happily rotating in grease -about a fellow who had his legs replaced by prostheses with springy knee joints that prove irresistibly attractive to women. The dial band would have one believe that Western Europe emits no radio waves. But I know this can't be Radio Bucharest. It must be RIAS, the West Berlin station. I turn the dial. Just a half of a megahertz away, some Saxonian's being interviewed; there's talk of percentages, plan fulfillment, the meeting of objectives, friendly competition, peaceful construction work; and the only question remaining (the answer to which I can't imagine anyone wanting to know) is what section of "... for a moment I noticed myself making a face and a gesture like Charlie Chaplin when the stolen silverware comes sliding out of his trousers." Joel Agee
WALKING ON
THE WALL

industry is under discussion. I turn the dial to the next station: some children are singing a pleasantly polyphonic Russian song in German, about a group of people-loosely designated as "we"-walking against the wind toward a red dawn that promises a beautiful day. Next: an American disc jockey nattering away in disc jockey language, almost incomprehensible, and serving up some bad rock 'n' roll-this must be the American Forces Network in Frankfurt, Immediately to the left of that, the news is being read by a woman, all of whose resources seem to be harnessed to the task of impeccable enunciation: "The chairman of the Politburo of the Communist Party of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Leonid I. Brezhnev, declared yesterday at a meeting with leading representatives of the Komsomol, the Soviet youth organization, that the continuing struggle...." And next to that: the concluding flourish of a lecture for students of political science, something about great achievements and the importance of maintaining a clear understanding of the theoretical foundations and the historical evolution of Socialism-as-it-exists-today-in-our-first-German-workers-and-peasants-

Susie comes out of the bathroom. Her hair looks much better.

"Thank you, Professor Finger," says a young woman's voice, "for the light you have shed on the history of the workers' movement."

"It looks good," I say.

Susie makes a face. "I want to have it redone as soon as possible," she says.

"May I ask you a few questions that may serve to further elucidate certain problems for our listeners?"

"Of course."

"What is, in essence, the Marxist critique of the Utopian Socialists?"

"Shall we go?" Susie asks.

"Wait, I want to hear what he says."

"The Utopian Socialists," Professor Finger explains, "saw the working class primarily as the suffering class, the miserable, unfortunate, exploited, and downtrodden masses, whose lot could be improved only by the philanthropic effort of an enlightened bourgeoisie. They could not see in the workers a revolutionary class, the repository, in fact, of an invincible power and a forcing logic, namely the power and the logic of historical transformation. Furthermore, the idea of building Communist islands in a capitalist sea, as Marx put it, is inherently utopian and unrealistic. But perhaps the best argument against these well-intentioned, sometimes noble and beautiful experi-

ments is provided by their invariable failuto survive the test of practical reality."

I switch off the radio. "Let's go," I sa We step out and lock the room. A woman vacuuming the rug in the hallway; she smil at us as we pass, and Susie tries her first Geman phrase, "Guten Tag." We stop before the elevator, press the button, and wait. Tw doughty Russian-speaking women join us.

"What was that program about?" Sus

asks.

"It was about how you can't build Communists islands in a capitalist sea," I say, fee ing self-conscious before the Russian women who stand stiffened by suppressed curiosit at the sound of our speech.

"Like Christiania?" Susie says, smiling.

"I guess so," I say, suddenly feeling irritat ed-with the women for being nosy, with Su sie for not noticing it and for expecting me to smile about Christiania, with myself for no wanting to smile, and with Professor Finger for expounding so cogently on the impracti cability of Utopia. Susie looks hurt by my sud den coldness. The elevator door opens, we all step in and descend. Susie exchanges a smile with one of the women. The door opens, we step out into the lobby and wend our way through a crowd of smartly dressed people who are milling back and forth between the elevators and a lounge, consisting of a bar and several tables, couches and armchairs, where people sit smoking, talking, and drinking. Some of these people, as soon as they notice me (or is it Susie?), stop what they are doing and saying, and stare incredulously; then their companions look, too, heads and torsos pivoting to catch sight of the mirage before it fades. I turn away, embarrassed, and hear laughter. We're standing in line before the reception desk, watching two women in starched white blouses attend to their clients and several ledgers, until our turn comes. I hand over the key and ask for our passports. The woman bends down to search on a shelf beneath the counter, and comes up again with the passports and a sheet of paper, which she is reading. She frowns. Then she opens the passports, inspects them, and shakes her head.

"What's wrong?" I ask.

"The police say they can't give you a residence permit because your voucher expires tonight."

"But we already got a visa, it won't expire

till March 10."

"No, you need a residence permit in addition to your visa."

"Well, the reason we've only paid up through tonight is because we're planning to stay with a friend. Unfortunately, we haven't able to reach her yet; her phone's out rder."

[see. Perhaps it's best if you go to the el bureau and settle it with them. They early on Saturday-you'd better hurry. you know how to get there?"

No." Turn right when you get out of this buildkeep going till you reach Alexanderplatz 's not far. It'll be on your right side. re's a big sign: Reisebüro."

Thank you."

You're welcome, Good luck."

Come," I say, turning Susie by her elbow. e've got to go fix something on our pass-

What? Where?"

Oh, some goddamned stamp."

Ve jostle our way through to the exit. I 't believe the number of people in this lob-And everyone dressed to kill. And the s we're getting! I haven't been the object his sort of astonished, half-amused, halfolted fascination since the mid-Sixties, en beards and long hair were widely reded as flags of anarchy. Or is it Susie r're looking at? No, she looks good with Afro-like curls and large earrings, even nionable, I'd say. Is it the bend in my rd? Is it that I have my hair tied back in ony tail? If I let it hang loose, would they I it less weird? I doubt it. We pass by the trait of a smiling, bespectacled man with v brown hair and shrewd, humorous blue s. Must be their current head of state.

We're out on the street.

'Where are we going?" Susie asks.

'To the travel bureau."

'Will you please tell me what's going on?" 'I told you, we're going to the travel buu to fix up some nonsense so we can get a idence permit from the police."

'You didn't tell me that.

"Well, I'm telling you now."

"What do we have to fix? Come on, I don't

nt to just tag along like a fool!"

She's stopped walking, and so have a young aple about fifteen feet away, and several ople across the street have turned their ads in our direction, too.

"Susie, will you please stop yelling. Now st keep walking and we can discuss it."

She starts walking again, but her voice is ll raised to an angry pitch: "Are you going

tell me, or what?"

"Susie, listen—I'll tell you everything. I ln't want to go into it because I didn't think mattered to you, since I'm going to be the e who deals with it anyway. But I underand why you're upset, I really do. Just please don't make a scene here in the middle of the "I haven't been street, I'm self-conscious enough as it is."

It's that there's almost no traffic, I realize: you could hear a pin drop across the street.

"Frankly," she says (more quietly now), "I don't give a damn what people think about us. I'd rather have things out in the open than walk around with a stiff upper lip. Or a phony smile."

A smile flashes back and forth between us.

"People are staring," she says then.

"Not just when we were fighting," I say.

"I know."

"How do you feel about it?"

"I can't stand it."

"Oh. Then we're in agreement after all."

"Except you haven't told me what's happening.

"I haven't?"

I get a little punch in the ribs. "Not every-

As we walk on, I fill in missing details.

"Thanks," she says. "I needed to know

I expel a long breath of relief.

Now we're free to see what's around us. Susie's eve is livelier than mine, unclouded by memory-or prejudice. She points out the sights to me. She likes the looks of Karl-Marx-Allee's Moscow-style architecture, for one, and I agree it's really more attractive than Lefrak City, to which I compared it before we left New York: more generously laid out, not cramped by someone's greed for maximum occupancy. And the people here exude an air of comfortable, contented prosperity. No one is rushing, everyone's wearing handsome, casually stylish clothes: midi-length skirts and dresses, sleek leather boots, trimly tailored slacks and suits: plenty of denim, too, but neatly pressed, not just washed and worn as our jeans are. And we're continuing to draw those incredulous stares.

"I think we look like bums to these people," I say.

"What do you think they do for a living?" she asks.

"I imagine they're bureaucrats, or workers high up in the party hierarchy. Unless everyone's dressed up like this on a Saturday afternoon. Look, there's a three-piece suit, watch chain and all. White poodles! High heels! Are you sure we're not still in New York? Upper East Side somewhere?"

"I'm sure," she says. "Nobody's this re-

laxed in New York."

We stop before a shop window. Among men's and women's shoes, a poster shows a man and a woman in work clothes, facing the camera and smiling. The caption reads: Wir the object of this sort of astonished. half-amused. half-revolted fascination since the mid-Sixties, when beards and long hair were widely regarded as flags of anarchy."

Joel Agee
WALKING ON
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über uns. The same poster is displayed in the next store. For a moment I'm nonplussed by the ambiguity of the word über: We over us? We above us. No, it's "We about ourselves." What does it mean? Who is this, "we"? Just the old unipersonal everybody (or everynobody it should be called), or is it a more specific group of people? Whoever "we" is, they must already be informed of the meaning of Wir über uns, since the poster gives no information.

"What do you think it is?" Susie asks.

"My guess is, employees of people-owned stores are having some kind of national reunion."

"That sounds as if it could be nice."

"Sounds boring to me."

"But if they're really getting together to

talk about themselves . . . "

"But they're not. They're being drummed together by their bosses, and the bosses are being goaded by the Party, and there'll be speeches about the production, the great achievements, the problems remaining to be solved, some people will get medals, and people's real hopes and discontents won't be discussed, not for a moment, and if anyone insists on discussing them, he'll be accused of being 'provocative.' Unless there's been some quiet revolution we haven't heard of." (Why do I care this much? I sound bitter.)

"Still, it might be nice just to get together. I'm sure the people get to meet unofficially and talk."

"Maybe . . . maybe there'll be cultural programs, dances . . ."

"A picnic?"

"Maybe. Must be an awful lot of people. Hell, we don't even know if that's what it is."

"What's *she* all about?" Susie's pointing at a poster of a young woman holding her head high with an expression of passionately stalwart defiance.

"She's announcing the International Women's Day on March 8," I say, after reading the caption underneath.

"She looks tense."

And here's a supermarket—another innovation. Through the window, Susie takes stock. It doesn't compare with American supermarkets—hardly any canned or packaged foods, and just less of everything. But I notice heaps of oranges, grapefruit, and bananas, and remember how precious and rare they used to be—Südfrüchte. Jochen, our chauffeur, used to buy Südfrüchte for us in the West, smuggling them across the border under the front seat of the car. Bodo, who was an exemplary citizen in most respects, valued his children's health above the law.



ARL-MARX-ALLEE ends hand so does the Musco flavor of the architect That vast asphalt circle our left with the needle tower pointing up from middle of it must be A anderplatz. I have onl cartographic memory o and there's nothing in surrounding, glister plate-glass facades to re what it used to be. P

ably ruins, at least when I first came here.
"Isn't that the sign?" Susie says.

There it is: Reisebüro. I take out our pers, prepared to show them to a sentry watchman, but no one asks us to identify a selves. Twenty years ago, you couldn't enter public building without being asked for y papers. That may be one way the Wall p off. Maybe prosperity as well.

This time I take care to clue Susie in the signs by which I orient myself: the grou floor, I explain, is a People's Police Registion Place (Volkspolizeianmeldestelle)—have to walk up to the top floor, which Reisebüro shares with the People's Pol Passport and Visa Office and a money-

change booth.

We have to wait. Behind the Reisebür counter, a slow-moving young woman w curly brown hair and a pleasant smile is s tling the affairs of a middle-aged West Germ couple. She walks back and forth between counter and a telephone in an adjoining roo What does it feel like, I wonder, being hostess to people from countries she hers is not allowed to visit? We sit down on a bla leather couch and shuffle through the mu lingual brochures on the table before "Vicious attack on the GDR mission in Bonn "GDR deputies talk about the capitalist s tem"; "Guide to the museums of the cit -that one's certainly worth holding on There's a picture of that marvelous Egypti cat in the Bode Museum. I know it well used to go there often when I cut classes. . ways alone, though; in company, I'd usua end up in a movie in West Berlin, or at zoo. If I'd had my wits about me the day was put on trial for staying away from schso much, I might have told them about museums, instead of saying I'd spent my ti "walking around corners." That was stupibelligerent. Conceivably, further questions would have established an extenuating p

for knowledge, an autodidactive motive staying away from school. The teachers ld have asked themselves: Have we per-; failed to provide this young man with nourishment his mind and spirit required? ht we perhaps to change the curriculum? paps he should be commended for such dfast and independent research. Such stian striving. Let us present him with the al for Good Knowledge-the gold medal ourse-in front of the next school assem-It should, in fact, be possible to prevail Walter Ulbricht to pin it onto his lapel. ooking at the Egyptian cat again, I'm reded of the cat in my dream, and now I gnize it: it was a cat we used to own in ss-Glienicke, a gray Persian cat named tor. It was blind. But it didn't have scars the one in the dream, and its tail wasn't aged. Suddenly another veil is lifted: I reaber the last lines of a poem I read and ad the night before we left New Yorkts's sonnet "To Mrs. Reynolds's Cat":

... and for all 'hy tail's tip is nicked off, and though the fists

If many a maid have given thee many a maul.

itill is that fur as soft as when the lists n youth thou enteredst on glass-bottled wall.

feel an extraordinary pleasure reciting se words to myself and observing their corondence to the dream, and I look at Susie have to laugh because there's no way I explain this sudden joy to her or to my-. Not that that's necessary, for her face its up and I reach out and squeeze her hand. The West German couple walk past us,

'Come on, it's our turn," I say.

ling.

The young woman of the Reisebüro is puzl by the fact that we were given visas for ee weeks when our voucher expires after ee days. "Well, it's in your favor," she says, ugging one shoulder and handing back our sports, "so why question it?"

Something happens as I translate these rds and Susie responds with a warm smile; rather: more gets translated than the meanof the words. What is being conveyed, if received, and acknowledged, is a delicate, yfully conspiratorial gesture of human coloration across the broad counter of the iseburo, across the battlements of duty and cialdom: the woman knows it, and we know and we all know it's known and underod, and there's a friendly feeling between as we continue with the business at hand.

It seems we have no choice but to extend our voucher at least through the weekend. There's no way to foresee when we'll be able to get in touch with Helga, and whether she'll be able to put us up. The young woman suggests that we pay up for a week; if we can make other arrangements before then, there'll be no problem getting our money back. We agree to do that.

"Let us see your voucher," she says. "How much are you paying?"

I hand over the voucher.

"Only twenty-four dollars a night? That's astonishing. That's very very cheap."

"Cheap?" I say. "Believe me, it's quite expensive for us. If this is cheap, what's the

usual price?"

"A double room . . . thirty-five dollars, maybe more." (She says that seriously, with sincerity, and with the kind of pensive pout which, I now remember, is used in Berlin, and as far as I know only here, to lend an air of credulity and innocence to a dubious or possibly outrageous statement.)

"Thirty-five dollars!" I exclaim. "That's al-

most a hundred marks!"

"Eighty-five."

"And GDR citizens can afford this?"

"Oh, no," she says. "We pay half the amount. The fees are doubled for foreigners."

I translate for Susie.

"So who pays double," Susie asks, "Westerners, or all foreigners?"

I translate.

"Westliche," she says.

With that cat out of the bag, Susie and I laugh, and the woman smiles.

"Anyway," I say, "is the half-price reason-

able for GDR citizens?"

"Oh, yes. Everyone here can afford to stay at a good hotel. Perhaps not for long, but for a week or two in a year, yes." "That's good," I say. "It's not that way for

"That's good," I say. "It's not that way for everyone in America. As a matter of fact, we can't really afford this hotel room you say is so

cheap."

"You should change your citizenship," she says. She takes a printed form from one of several stacks of paper on the counter and poises a pen over it.

"How many days do you want to stay at the Berolina?" (For a moment I thought she was offering me a form to apply for my repatriation.)

"Let's say eight days," I suggest. "How

much will that be-in dollars?"

"One hundred ninety-two, including breakfast. But you can't pay us in dollars. You have to change them into marks. Go left to the second window—not the first, that's the police."

"I feel an extraordinary pleasure reciting these words to myself and observing their correspondence to the dream . . ."

Joel Agee WALKING ON THE WALL



FTER TWENTY minutes we return to the Reisebüro (there was a line before the cashier's window). The young woman's busy on the telephone in the back room. My hands are full of passports and stamped and signed sheets of paper, and money. The money's still as I

last saw it, the same featherweight coins (tin? aluminum?), and poor Goethe's still got that bilious complexion and unfocused look—no human face should be tinted green. And this woman with the firm jaw-I don't think I ever read the name beneath the face before: Clara Zetkin, the Socialist theoretician, So that's what she looked like. I still remember the day the money changed, it must have been in '56 or '57. Trucks went through the streets with loudspeakers blaring the news, all the radio stations announced it: Twenty-four hours (or was it twelve?) to turn in all one's money in exchange for the new currency. Latecomers would suffer the consequences. A lot of people were cursing: couldn't they have given us earlier notice, and what's the big idea anyway. cash is cash-all this for a new set of faces on the bills? But the predominant mood was of almost carnival-like exhilaration. Wheeee! In a few hours all our money's worthlesscash it in quick before the gates shut down! Next day, the newspapers and commentators explained: we all, all of us together, every citizen of the GDR had helped strike a blow against the profiteers in the money market in West Berlin. West Germans had been exchanging West-marks for East-marks at a rate of one to four, and coming to the East to clean up the shops, draining the country of its productive output. I don't think many East Germans felt they could honestly take credit for this clever coup on the part of their government. But I think most people enjoyed the excitement. Except perhaps that old woman on Schönhauser Allee, living off her pension, always wearing the same black dress, who was seen by all her neighbors hobbling to the bank with a suitcase full of money she'd kept hidden beneath the floorboards; or that regional Party boss Bodo heard about, who ignored the decree because he believed it simply had to be the handiwork of saboteurs and wreckers.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting," says the young woman cheerfully, returning from the phone. "I've arranged for you to keep your room. It was booked, but . . . it's settled."

"Oh-thank you very much . . ."

"Actually you should thank the Kollegi spoke to at the Berolina—eine einzige See a rare soul, she is."

We conclude our transaction: she gets money, we get a receipt ("Don't lose it," says. "You may have to show it when leave the country"), a new voucher, and money: an incomprehensibly generous brefast allowance, about a third of the bill.

"That's in case you don't want to eat brefast at the hotel," she explains.

"Oh, that's very thoughtful," I say. "That you."

"Now you can get your residence permi

"And what happens if we move into of friend's house?"

"For that you have to have a special p mit, and I think it takes a while to go throug And then you have to register with the poli at the precinct where she lives. And you hat to register in the housebook, too."

"Complicated," I say.

"Unnecessarily," she replies, without ire bitterness. "Life could be made simpler a more enjoyable, just by getting rid of unnecesary regulations. But then, there are absuraties built into your society, too."

"There certainly are," I say. Not that the excuses anything, I think to myself. Then

translate for Susie.

"Oh, one more thing," I say. "Do you ha a map of the city?"

"Yes, here's a map with a guide to the sights and cultural centers. It's about a yeald, some street names have changed sing then. But otherwise it's accurate."

I pay her and take the map. I start puttir away the money, the voucher, the passport our various receipts. It's good we have twe wallets to keep all this carefully sorted.

"Let's throw away everything we donneed," Susie suggests. Good idea. Here a old American bills and receipts, gum wrapper a crumpled map of Copenhagen with a peciled circle around Christiania. I look aroun for a wastebasket, but there is none. I not some people on the black couch behind us.

"Where can I get rid of this?" I ask. I us the word wegschmeissen, which is much to forceful—my German's rusty after all.

"Give it to me," says the woman, laughin "I'll fling it away for you." I hand her the stuff, and then she notices the map. "Whathis? Oh. Copenhagen." She unfolds it allooks at it for a long quiet moment. Then she smoothes it out on the counter and folds carefully. "I think I'll keep this," she say "Maybe someday I can go to Copenhagen."

HARPER'S AUGUST 1978

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe



"Marvelous, isn't he? I hear he's going to be our new bishop."
"I'm not surprised. A sadomasochistic pederast who talks in tongues and does faith healing and cocaine—how can he miss?"

INFORMATION CRISIS.

If you pick up a newspaper these days, it's easy to walk away with the impression that there's a world-wide shortage of everything.

There is an energy crisis and a food crisis and any number of other crises, all caused by vanishing resources.

But there is one that involves not a shortage, but an excess. A crisis where the resource isn't dwindling, but growing almost uncontrollably.

That resource is information.

Consider: Seventy-five percent of all the information available to mankind has been developed within the last two decades. Millions of pieces of information are created daily. And the total amount is doubling every ten years.

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EGYPT'S GRAND ILLUSION

by T. D. Allman

Search of Identity: An Autography, by Anwar el-Sadat. 360 s. Harper & Row, \$12.95.

ut what of the outcome? Did my plan come off? I had reckoned," writes President Sadat toward the end of his mem-"that my Jerusalem trip would the vicious cycle within which and been caught for years."

onsidering that he is a politician, a politician still in power ruling oubled nation in a most troubled of the world, Sadat's autobiograis often revealing; but in order to e any higher purpose, a politician must serve himself.

My calculations proved accurate ugh," Sadat claims, defending his rney last year, like Mohammed to mountain, to Menachem Begin in Isalem. Explaining his philosophy statecraft, Sadat earlier observes to "some people define politics as art of the possible, which I find atisfactory." He then stands this wentional wisdom on its head, just—in his October 1973 war and wember 1977 peace offensive—he empted to stand the military and lomatic reality of a thirty-year ab-Israeli war on its head.

'Politics may be defined, rather, as

D. Allman is a contributing editor of per's, a director of the Third Century erica Project, and an editor for Pacific us Service. the art of the impossible," Sadat proposes.

o RETURN TO the Mideast for the twelfth time since Black September, 1970, as I recently did, is to return to a region still tortured by the politics of the impossible. Nine months after former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, with his habitual clairvoyance, predicted that President Sadat had made peace inevitable, the vicious cycle has not been broken. Today the Sadat proposals, like so many songs of Solomon, still are sung to the visit



ing envoys of the international press. But a better measure of the peace process is to be found in the collapse of Israeli-Egyptian negotiations, and in the cluster-bombed villages of south

"I returned from Israel," Sadat reports, "having agreed on two basic points: first, that the October war would be our last war; and second, that we should discuss around the negotiating table the question of security both for them and for us." The Cairo-Jerusalem negotiations ended almost before they began. Then, four months after Sadat told the Knesset that "amidst the ruins . . . there emerges neither victor nor vanquished," Israeli firepower created 200,000 refugees in south Lebanon in seven days. The axiom of Sadat's peace initiative was that the conflict's "root cause was none other than that very psychological barrier . . . that huge wall of suspicion, fear, hate, and misunderstanding that for so long existed between Israel and the Arabs." The corollary was that a stunning psychological gesture could bring sudden peace.

Since then, the corollary, if not the axiom, has been disproved. The suspicions, fears, hate, and misunderstandings all remain. With his peace initiative, Sadat in fact created a new alliance. He united hard-line Arabs rejecting any recognition of Israeli rights and hard-line Israelis rejecting any recognition of Palestinian rights.

Since last November each set of Rejectionists, in its efforts to destroy the peace process, has not hesitated to set in motion events that helped the other. Thus Menachem Begin and his policy of resisting self-determination for the Occupied Territories were the real beneficiaries of the Palestinians' bungled, brutal excursion down the highway to Tel Aviv. Those who gained most from the Israeli invasion of Lebanon were Yasir Arafat and the PLO.

"We held off the might of Israel for seven days," runs a Palestinian slogan. now heard throughout the Arab world. In 1967, Israel defeated the combined forces of Egypt, Syria, and Jordan in six days. This year, even American intelligence sources agree, Palestinian guerrillas delayed whole Israeli battalions for a week. Yet the novelties of the fighting in south Lebanon were less significant than what the fighting failed to change. Today the Israeli raids continue, like the arms shipments to their Maronite clients, but the Palestinian raids continue, too. While the U.N. command talks tough at press conferences, the guerrillas reinfiltrate the border regions. Like all previous Mideast conflicts, this one settled nothing and made a settlement more difficult. Its chief result-both welcomed and intended by the hard-liners on each side-was to restore a status quo of implacable hostility only temporarily threatened by President Sadat's visit to Jerusalem.

"Dwarfs" was the way Sadat originally described opponents of his peace plan. But in a region where the grandest gestures of statesmanship seem always to become ensnared in a web of intransigence, the President of Egypt now increasingly resembles Gulliver in Lilliput. While the opponents of compromise increasingly dominate events in the Mideast. Sadat himself more and more seems dwarfed by a situation he has failed to transform.

In his memoirs Sadat exalts himself, but he takes even greater pains to diminish his predecessor, Gamal Abdel Nasser. Nasser, he says, was riddled with "intractable inner 'conflicts'." "We," Sadat emphasizes, "are no longer motivated by 'complexes'." "Nasser died without ever experiencing joie de vivre," Sadat asserts. He portrays himself as "by nature inclined to do good." Nasser bequeathed "a legacy of suspicion." Sadat describes his own presi-

dency as proof that "love triumphed in the end."

President Sadat thus personalizes the politics of Egypt the way he personatized the entire Mideast crisis with his trip to Jerusalem. But in truth the "politics of the impossible" that Sadat presents as his own invention is nothing new. It seems Egypt's fate to have rulers who walk like giants across the world stage, while accomplishing agonizingly little for their own people. A quarter-century ago, it seemed as impossible that Nasser could nationalize the Suez Canal, force the British, Israelis, and French to withdraw, and build the Aswan High Dam as it later seemed Sadat could take the offensive against the Israelis in 1973, reopen the canal in 1975, and go to Jerusalem in 1977. It was only after the politics of the grand gesture manifestly had failed either to solve Egypt's problems or to resolve the Arab-Israeli conflict-after Nasser discovered that expelling colonialists was not the same thing as building a modern nation; that confronting Israel was not the same thing as defeating Israel: that constructing twentieth-century pyramids was not the same thing as transforming Egyptian society-that Nasser himself was transformed into the embittered dictator Sadat describes.

In its foreign editions, Sadat's autobiography, like his acts of statesmanship, has been widely interpreted as an international event, an effort to win further support abroad for Sadat's peace initiative. But the book is probably more significant for its Arab edition, part of Sadat's effort to ensure his survival in power through a constant campaign of de-Nasserization. Since Nasser first tried to summon forth Arab unity with radio broadcasts and summit conferences, with his version of the statesmanship of gesture that Sadat later adopted, Egypt almost always has been misinterpreted as a country whose foreign policy dictates its domestic agenda.

The reverse much more often has been true, which is a major reason Egyptian foreign policy so often is misunderstood. Eden, Dulles, and the Russians all grossly overestimated the international significance of the Nasserite revolution. Thirty years of external dramatics engendered by Egypt's internal weaknesses have created the belief—abroad, but even more so in

Egypt itself—that Egypt is a greation. The truth is that Egypt's lac natural resources condemns it to ternational dependency. Its popular in spite of an unchecked birth raismaller than that of the Philipp yet Egyptian leaders live overshade by the pyramids. In formal speet they must use the classical rher of great Arab conquests that elemently a thousand years ago. In a tion where the discrepancy bett past greatness and future prospects of enormous, a leader never can fill his people's expectations.

But he can excite their imagination Sadat's expulsion of the Soviets 1972 was interpreted as a geopolii event but was dictated by internal litical necessity. By ousting the l sians, Sadat convinced the Egyp middle class, the land-owning peasa the country's mercantile oligarch all Sadat's most important suppor -that the days of Nasser's failed cialism were over. More important. encouraged his supporters to imag that with Soviet-style austerity at end, American-style affluence lay ahead. Similarly, the 1973 war, by punging the dishonor of the 1967 feat, diverted the Egyptian Army (ments of which already had mutin against Sadat) from political intrigu and bound it personally to Sadat. hope cannot stave off hunger forev In January last year, rising food pri led to the worst disturbances in Eg since anti-British rioters burned do Shepheard's Hotel, and much of the r of European Cairo, in 1952. The ar restored order: the middle classes i lied to the status quo. But what co Sadat next offer the average Egypti in the absence of material progres Ten months later. Sadat returned fr Jerusalem and rode through the stre of Cairo in an open car. Where so cently his portrait had been stoned, was applauded as a conquering he For many Egyptians the hopes Pro dent Sadat aroused were economic a political, not diplomatic. With per at hand, could political freedom a economic prosperity be far behind?

N THE EARLY DAYS of his presid cy, Sadat correctly concluded the confrontation with Israel did work, that reliance on the Sov Union did not work, that socialism

work. It now seems increasingly v that-as with his Jerusalem trip adat nonetheless was too quick to ve the wrong corollaries from the t axioms. He convinced himself conciliation with Israel would k, that reliance on the United s would work, that economic libization would work. The truthlasser, Eden, Dulles, Brezhnev, and inger all discovered-is that nothseems to work in the Mideast. So he absence of effectiveness, one is with gesture: Anglo-French parapers storming the Suez Canal; U.S. ines landing on Beirut beaches bebikinied sunbathers; Kissinger in shuttle diplomacy convincing the vision cameras, but not the Israelis the Palestinians, that peace is at d. It is the nature of a fireworks play to attract attention to itself, le neither altering nor illuminating scene around it. So many months r Anwar el-Sadat replaced Kissinas the superstar of Mideast dimacy, the Israelis still occupy the ai; the Palestinians still have a veto r peace. But these considerations y be secondary to the fact that, for average Egyptian, life is harder v under Sadat than it was under sser. To return to Egypt always is reenter a society in which entropy the upper hand. But this timeblem of both President Sadat's ievements and his failures-I found thing dramatically changed.

formerly, Cairo airport was an oril worse than a Golan tank battle the visiting journalist, a gauntlet imperious bureaucrats, bickering ters, surly chauffeurs. Today the iving journalist is received with the ne deference with which Sadat beck-Barbara Walters into the presential salon of his jet. A courteous icial brushes away the red tape, enes that one's baggage is not inected, conveys one to a waiting Merles-Benz. President Sadat has revttionized the world's perception of ypt, but he has not changed Egypt elf. It no longer matters in Cairo if e has a telephone; if the one in your om does happen to work, the teleone of the person one is calling does t. Under Sadat's economic liberalition program, Cairo has become a y of Levantine traffic jams. The mber of private automobiles is soarg, while the number of buses in working order declines. Millions of urban youths, even those with advanced degrees, can find no work. In the countryside the number of landless peasants never ceases to grow.

Many suggest that if President Sadat cannot come up with a major diplomatic triumph-Israeli retrocession of the Sinai at the minimum, with a paper commitment to eventual Palestinian self-determination-by the first anniversary of his Jerusalem trip, he will be back where he was January a year ago, with mobs in the Cairo streets. For that reason alone, between now and November one can expect much old wine to be decanted into new diplomatic bottles. But this prognosis, like so many interpretations of Egypt, accords foreign policy too determinant an influence. The Egyptian people have been suffering, mostly in silence, for 5,000 years. They tend to rally to leaders in defeat. No politician in power today possesses Sadat's gift for sur-

The general preoccupation with what will happen to Anwar el-Sadat distracts attention from the real question in the Mideast today: What has happened to the principles he represents? Nasserism died in 1967, even though Nasser lived until 1971. "Have I been able to realize the image of myself and my country that has been with me since early boyhood?" Sadat asks, in a passage reflecting the euphoria of his Jerusalem trip. "All I can say-and all I know-is this: In every decision I made, in every action I took, I have been directed by my firm belief in friendship, in love, in work that helped those around me to live a better life [and] see my ideals and those of my country being realized. I have never sought power; for early in my life I discovered that my strength lies within me-in my absolute devotion to what is right, just and beautiful. So far, the search has not ended. . . . There is a long way for me and my people to go before we achieve a life where love, peace and the integrity of man prevail. May God guide our steps and those of our fellow men everywhere."

Love, peace, the integrity of man. The dream thrilled the world. But in Cairo six months after Sadat wrote those lines, it was apparent that it was as difficult to make those principles prevail in domestic Egyptian politics as in the search for international peace.

It already was apparent that freedom meant the ability of the opposition to point out that the peace process had failed to retrieve a single inch of ground from the Israelis; that economic liberalization amounted to a license for Sadat's personal entourage to become millionaires; that the mutual affection, effectively indistinguishable from love, pertaining between the President of Egypt and the international press had not prevented Egypt's imports from exceeding its exports by 400 percent, or inflation from running at 30 percent.

While the world again looked for the international significance, Sadat took an initiative bred of Egyptian domestic circumstances. He purged his opponents, both Right and Left, from participation in the country's political life. A rubber-stamp plebiscite approved Sadat's new repression by the 99 percent majority habitual in Nasser's day. "I will make their blood flow in the streets," he threatened, if opponents dared challenge his leadership. Sadat may never have sought power, but one tends to conserve it when it is the one sure thing left.

HE MOST AFFECTING passages in Sadat's memoirs express his exasperation at British arrogance and Russian perfidy and avow his almost simple faith that somehow the virtues of the "true Egyptian: good-humored, decent and tolerant," can be made to prevail. Again and again Sadat contrasts the corruption of war with the childhood virtues he knew, or at least now remembersfull of honest toil, simple pleasures, contentment at the Egyptian identity -in his home village of Mit Abul-Kum, to which he had deeded the royalties from his book.

The British and their "traditional colonialist mentality" still anger Sadat, a generation later. In one of the few passages flattering to Nasser, Sadat has him exclaim, "'Anwar! The Soviet Union is a hopeless case.' "Explaining the title of his book, Sadat writes that his life has been "mainly the story of a search for identity—my own and that of Egypt." Having taken so much tuition in so many past disasters, Sadat believes the search at last has found success, that he can redeem the past with an Egyptian policy that has

become, "perhaps for the first time ever, objective and realistic rather than emotional and irrational."

But have the lessons really been learned? Is the new faith Sadat now places in the United States and a putative new American-guaranteed order linking the OPEC oil producers, the consumers, and the multinationals any less "emotional and irrational" than the unfounded expectations Nasser once lavished on that putative new world order allying the Soviet Union with the revolutionary aspirations of the Third World? In light of his comments about such figures as Anthony Eden and Alexei Kosvgin, to say nothing of his stern judgment on Nasser's romantic expectations, it is instructive to consider Sadat's character analysis of the current President of the United States.

"President Carter," Sadat is convinced, "is true to himself and true to others. It is because he is so honest with himself that he can be honest with others.... I find that I am dealing with a man . . . impelled by the power of religious faith and lofty values-a farmer, like me." Sadat concludes: "I am very optimistic, and feel confident that he will shoulder his responsibility as the President of the greatest country in the world." Then Sadat appeals for a transcendent act of American statesmanship, or what the Israelis denounce as an "imposed peace." He urges the United States to fulfill its "big responsibility, not only as a superpower that should promote the establishment of peace in this region, but also [her responsibility] toward herself and her interests in this important part of the world." And why should America do this, whatever the merits in it for others? "The common notion that Israel 'guards' U.S. interests in our region is fallacious,' the President of Egypt argues. "We safeguard her interests."

Thus Anwar Sadat's journey to Jerusalem ends where it began, while Egypt's search for identity comes full circle, too: not with Israeli-Arab reconciliation, but—in face of the Mideast's perpetual inability to heal itself—in the search for an outside medicine man; not in Egypt at long last mastering its own destiny, but in Egypt offering to serve U.S. interests.

Like Kissinger, Sadat has worked from a blueprint. But the structure he

has built is not the edifice of peace he intended. Shuttle diplomacy did not help the Israelis and Palestinians, only Kissinger's own reputation and the American grand design. Sadat, too, has magnified himself, but like Kissinger his accomplishment is essentially negative. Kissinger destroyed a Soviet Mideast policy, nurtured over two decades at enormous expense. Sadat has gained little for Egypt, but he has compromised, quite possibly terminated, Israel's special relationship with the United States.

Not even a man of Sadat's finesse, of course, could enact such a feat singlehandedly. Menachem Begin has been his constant accomplice. One grates, the other ingratiates, but together they have played on, in contrapuntal harmony, toward a single finale. Not long ago the conviction that Israeli intransigence was the major problem in the Mideast was limited to the right- and left-wing fringes of American politics. Today Jerry Ford and Jimmy Carter, corporate executives and campus activists, Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski, all agree with the publicopinion polls: to use Sadat's formulation, "The common notion that Israel 'guards' U.S. interests . . . is fallacious." The OPEC cartel, which less than five years ago it was U.S. policy to destabilize, now is considered an essential pillar of vital American interests.

The consequences for Israel of such a profound change not just in U.S. policy (which began evolving, with the Rogers Plan, toward evenhandedness even before Nasser died), but of the American national attitude (which has shifted much more suddenly), by now is obvious to everyone with the apparent exception of the prime minister of Israel. But what of the presumed benefits of this historic change for Sadat and the Egyptian people? Yet again, a false corollary may have been drawn from a valid axiom, in this case that no nation, not even the United States, can permit its foreign policy to be dictated by another nation, not even Israel.

ADAT SET OUT to find an American solution: America has wound up with an Egyptian problem. What is so alarmingly clear to the Israelis must by now be all too plain, in his private counsels, to

President Sadat himself. The Unstates has not so much disental itself from Israel as accepted a entanglement in Egypt. There is new Pax Americana, only a less equitable armaments-supply policiboth sides in future wars in Middle East.

The founding document of the age was not Sadat's speech to the raelis about peace and love, but package deal to sell weapons of destruction to Israeli and Arabatike Farouk with the British and ser with the Russians, Sadat with Americans has become the latest Etian ruler whose national utility principally in his position as an terlocutor with the prevailing Gower. And what does Sadat gair eturn?

If there are no food riots in E_l next year, it is because America year shipped Egypt 1.5 million ton wheat and flour. If there are no sriots, it is because the U.S. aid gram assures the supply of tall America's immense military and nomic commitment to Israel has been rationalized; but now the statics are alarming in Cairo, too. Sidiplomatic relations were restored November, 1973, the staff of the I embassy has grown from six to I American aid to Egypt has risen fizero to \$1 billion a year.

"My major target," Sadat expla "is to put an end to the crisis in Middle East by solving the Palestin problem and effecting a withdra from the Arab lands occupied 1967." Unlike Kissinger before h Sadat has dared to aim for real per but like him he has hit only a les target. He finds himself with a utation for statesmanship, while achievements of statesmanship el him; he has sought an American co mitment to peace, but won only American commitment to the surv of his own regime. The crisis is ended; the Palestinian problem is solved; the Israelis have not w drawn. Anwar Sadat may survive, cored by the Americans in the ru of his grand design. The Israelis r cling to the conquered lands, at the of forfeiting much more. But am the ruins, as Sadat told the Knes there may emerge no victor; v quished, in the Mideast, there alw are.

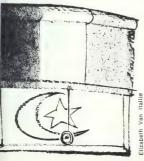
BARAKA AND BLOODSHED

by Timothy Foote

vage War of Peace: Algeria .1962, by Alistair Horne. Illus; 604 pages. Viking, \$19.95.

THE CITY OF Algiers in the sumer of 1957 I thought of buying a ulletproof vest. It hung invitingly n a dummy torso in the window sonnet, a fashionable store on the lichelet, and at the time there was reason for considering its pur-. The Battle of Algiers, between ombers of the Front de Libération nale (FLN) and General Jacques a's paratroop teams, had just I, but we didn't know it then. roopers and vellow jeeps still lled the streets. Customers, espe-Muslims, were regularly frisked r in or out of large stores. From to 6:00 P.M. the town was still ving what had come to be known The Hour of the Bombs."

an attempt to terrorize Algiers bring its work to a standstill the had since January exploded fortyombs in the city, usually just aftork, when the cafes were crowded.
y-seven civilians had been killed,
ten and a few children among
to More than 250 people were badjured. The last device, placed by
teen-year-old Muslim busboy, went
in early June among the dancers
he seaside Casino de la Corniche,
why Foote is a senior editor of Time



leaving nine dead and eighty-six wounded, including the dance band's girl singer, who had both her legs blown off at the knees. Yet when I arrived, a few weeks later, at the Hour of the Bombs the brightly painted chairs and gaudy parasols spilling out over the trottoirs outside the cafes were jammed with aperitif drinkers. The streets were filled with pretty girls, sun-bronzed, indolent, and discreetly underdressed, and fatmas, homeward bound from their day's work as housemaids to the French, faces halfshrouded in handkerchiefs drawn tight across the bridge of the nose, bodies lost in the folds of gray jellabas. Through the crowds stalked four-man paratroop search teams. Totally silent. No one looked at them, and they caught no one's eve. But once, when I carried a paper-wrapped package of shaving cream out into the street, I was aware that they were watching me.

In those innocent days, the Hour of the Bombs, like much else that occurred in Algeria, stirred a peculiar blend of fear and disbelief in an American reporter. Americans back home, if they noticed the Algerian war at all, tended to look upon it as some kind of outlandish mess that only the French could have got themselves into. Perhaps it was a kindred feeling of skepticism that kept me from actually buying the bulletproof vest. I remember asking the price. It was 43,000 francs (about \$130), an amount that could certainly have gone on the expense account. But suddenly I found that in some peculiar way I couldn't believe in the whole project. Vestless, but vastly relieved, and a bit smug, I went out into the Mediterranean sunlight.

We knew so little then. Even in Algeria. The FLN in particular was a persistent mystery. How many fighting men did it have? Was it run from Cairo and mainly equipped by the Communist bloc countries, as the French, and Cold Warriors generally, seemed to think? Was there a chance that France could actually implement

expensive and extensive social and political reforms, hold the FLN in check, and negotiate a new deal for Muslims in an Algeria that might remain French? Frenchmen insisted that it could be done. There was talk of the war being in "le dernier quart d'heure." Everyone else doubted it. The American view, I recall, was quite patronizing and simplistic. The natives were hostile, ran the line of thought. Their nationalist cause was just. Separation was inevitable. Why didn't the crazy French just get on with it?

OW THE FRENCH did try to get on with it, and why it took them so long, is the exhaustively treated subject of Alistair Horne's new book. An English historian who specializes in French disasters-Verdun, the Paris Commune, the defeat of 1940-Horne has painstakingly, fairly, skillfully pieced together the whole anguishing chronicle of the Algerian war. From the first attack by a handful of FLN terrorists in the Aurès mountains in 1954, to the climax in 1962, when French soldiers, restrained from interfering under terms of the new treaty with France, often had to stand by and watch as hundreds of Algerian Muslims who had fought beside them to keep order in Algeria were butchered.

The war cost France \$15 billion. It lasted seven years. It killed from 500,000 to a million Muslim Algerians and some 80,000 French soldiers and civilians. Delusions about the influence of Cairo upon the war helped edge France into joining Israel and Britain in the Suez debacle of 1956. It sent 800,000 pieds noirs (French settlers in Algeria), finally obliged to choose "the suitcase or the coffin." back to France as homeless refugees. It all but ruined the French army, and led to the disgrace and disbandment of the Foreign Legion. (After dynamiting its base at Zéralda, the legion garrison drove off singing Edith Piaf's "Je ne regrette rien" as weeping crowds watched them go.) The Algerian war helped force the fall of seven French governments, and three times brought France (in 1958, 1960, and 1961) to the brink of civil war. When it began it was hardly noticed, even in Paris. Before it ended, it was stirring hot international debate in the history.

Having, in the interim, lived through the Vietnam war, Americans are now better equipped to forgive-and find unforgettable-the French agony in Algeria. Certain somber resonances are striking. Indeed, if American leaders had understood Algeria better at the time, everyone might have been spared the whole deadly and delusive charade that was Vietnam. It is as hard for anyone who reads Horne attentively today (as it is difficult for anyone who followed the Algerian war in detail when it was going on) not to conclude that the Vietnam war was a crime (free-fire zones and foreign intervention aside) simply because it was a war that could never have been won. At the tactical level, Horne makes clear, the campaign against the FLN proved once and for all that not even a modern army can destroy or long neutralize a native guerrilla terrorist force if that force has a protected border to hide behind and regroup in.

Painful parallels extend further. By 1960 the French government had rebuilt roads, set up schools (to replace those burnt by the FLN), reorganized rural areas into small, workable administrative units with Muslims running them, made a start on land reform, and helped with agriculture. In short, twenty years too late, it was transforming the countryside for the better. Such reforms were supposed to take the wind out of any revolutionary sales pitch by the FLN and so "win the hearts and minds of the people." The work was well done (as I know from having watched it), with plenty of cash and courage and cleverness, by special volunteer SAS (Section Administrative Spécialisée) officers, who were all Algerian experts and spoke the language of the villagers they were helping. If the SAS programs did not win the war, what hope could there have been for similar U.S. plans, started in Vietnam a decade later, even had they been something more than window dressing, mainly conducted for propaganda purposes by monolingual Americans who knew almost nothing about Vietnam and were working 10,000 miles from home?

OR THOSE already reasonably familiar with the Algerian war, Horne's most notable contribution is the detail he offers about the FLN, its leadership and policies, its silence, cunning, and frequent exile (into Tunisia or Morocco), above all its single-minded revolutionary ferocity. As a liberal and a historian trying to see things in perspective, Horne is amazed at, and admiring of, the FLN leadership, which managed to keep the rebellion alive on not much more than terror and tenacity. (Until well after Suez, it got little from Cairo except radio bombast. As late as the fall of 1956, Horne writes, the FLN had only twenty mortars and ten machine guns.)

Politically and administratively Algeria was a part of France. But seeds of rebellion had been deeply sown by French repression and neglect, the product of the myopic greed of the pieds noirs, who steadily blocked all necessary practical reform, while Paris was pursuing its mission civilizatrice in education and asking Algerian Muslims to fight in France's foreign wars. No matter what the French did, however, after World War II self-determination was inevitable. For one thing, Algerian Muslims outnumbered the pieds noirs by eleven to one and were breeding ten times as fast.

Through thick and thin the FLN kept to its single purpose. No cease-fire. No accommodation. No partition of Algeria. No dual citizenship permitted to the pieds noirs after independence. The FLN wanted—and ended by getting—an Algerian nation, delivered exclusively into FLN hands.

To achieve that required atrocities against pieds noirs in order to stir reprisals, counterreprisals, until all possibility of rapprochement between Muslims and Frenchmen was put in jeopardy. Horne's laconic descriptions make one shudder, and then shudder again, at the realization of how easily the world, especially the liberal world, has come to accept terrorism as an inevitable part of political life—even to excuse it, through a peculiar double standard, when it is practiced by citizens of the Third World.

FLN policy did not merely in le grand sourire, the French idior fi describing the Algerian penchan throat-cutting. It ran to such thin the dismembering of murdered on en and placing the bodies of murd children, not just babies, as if in the womb. Under the directic a tough revolutionary ideologue na Ramdan Abane, the FLN also by systematically murdering Muslims resisted them at all, as well as pieds noirs or Muslims who shoe moderation and so might one serve as a political bridge, as i locuteurs valables between France the majority of the population. H describes how two Algerian Mu boys, aged thirteen and fourteen, i dered a thirteen-year-old Europ friend who had always treated ther friends and brothers. "But why you pick him?" they were asked. cause," they said earnestly, trying explain their idea of revolutionary rorism in a nutshell, "Because played with us."

As it became clear that Fra would vield, the FLN leadership g frantic that some surviving splinte: other nationalist groups might co forward demanding a share of pov Pretending to speak "for the whole p ple of Algeria," they bitterly oppo all proposals for a referendum sur vised by the U.N. No shadow of "I choice," Horne writes, was to threa FLN mastery. The whole control what is geographically the eleve largest country in the world, not mention the wealth of the Sahara and natural gas deposits discover during the rebellion, was about to theirs alone. Partly in consequer their proceedings, even against one other, came to resemble a Chic gang war, though the St. Valentin Day massacre seems brisk and hum by comparison.

Challenge and response? Perhibut it is nearly as hard to warm to these people as fathers of the country, as it is impossible to sympathy for the lunatic fringe of pieds noirs whom Horne and hist have made the villains of the pi More surprising and pleasing in book is the author's handling of Ceral de Gaulle, to whom few An Saxons—and no American that I knot—has yet done justice. If Fra owes the FLN a debt, it is because it is to the surprising and pleasing in book is the author's handling of Ceral de Gaulle, to whom few An Saxons—and no American that I knot—has yet done justice. If Fra owes the FLN a debt, it is because it is to the surprising and the surprise in the surprise i

gha (Arab guerrilla) intransigence an end to the febrile Fourth Relic and brought de Gaulle to power. wo scenes stick in the mind. In the tall, gray-faced, khaki-clad figraises its stiff, teddy-bear arms on balcony of the Government Genbuilding in Algiers, and before ,000 cheering people emits those ohic words, "Je vous ai compris." vas, in the peculiar circumstance, only thing to say. Totally right. ally politic. Totally true. Yet totally piguous. How truly the old general understood them all. The army, ch thought he had come to power to heir man. The pieds noirs, who exed him to destroy French democso they might cling to their holdin Algeria. The Algerian Muslims, intuitively felt that here was a 1 big enough to end the war and nt independence. How methodically Gaulle proceeded to save France

n them all-and from herself! he other image recalls the grainv ige presented the world during two of televised messages to his counnen and to the army when crises Algiers again threatened civil war. lined and ursine face, with its se-set eyes and enormous nose. The rt, direct sentences of command l explanation so entirely free of the tured posturing that would attend on's pronouncements about Vietn, and untainted, as well, by the e simplicity that Lyndon Johnmade a mockery of as he quavered about "slow and steady, stays the irse." Horne records that the speech rught tears even to the eyes of peowho hated de Gaulle, "including rical foreign journalists," watching TV show in a Paris bistro, "Eh bien, n cher et vieux pays, nous voici re ensemble, encore une fois ..." Well, my dear country, my old intry, here we are together, once ain facing a harsh test.")

E GAULLE'S performance in coming to power—and afterward—was near perfection in timing and political perption. Like a Lear grown wise intact of foolish in self-imposed exile, ring those years in Colombey lessux Eglises he learned exactly how cope with the politicians whom he d proved so ill-skilled at handling

after World War II. As the 1958 crisis that brought him to power grew, he waited and waited until France had reduced itself to such a state of helplessness that even left-wing French politicians were willing to accept him, and his price for returning-a new and workable constitution. "Is it credible," he reassured them, "that I am going to begin a career as a dictator at the age of sixty-seven?" Once he got to Algeria he saw, as he remarked to an aide, that "Africa is gone to hell, and Algeria with it." Then, with extraordinary skill-and some duplicitykeeping that knowledge to himself, he did his best to save the army from folly, and to work out some arrangement with the FLN. But he was really waiting until France understood, as he had, that truly "L'Afrique est foutue, et l'Algérie avec."

"By waiting," Horne writes, "de Gaulle had come back vested, first of all, in an acceptable degree of legitimacy; and secondly he had not come as the army's man. If it were not for these two factors, it can be doubted whether the Algerian war could have ended without civil war in France." Yet just before his return, 500,000 leftists marched in protest in Paris. Simone de Beauvoir, whom Horne sometimes quotes with apparently unwitting irony, had "Freudian nightmares about a python dropping on her from the sky."

The old general had now saved France for a second time. If that second time required even more skill and courage than the first, it was partly because, in 1940, he had set a dangerous precedent for any soldier-the invocation of a higher duty to disobey, for the good of the country and the satisfaction of national honor. The generals who led the 1961 Algiers putsch that de Gaulle faced down drew on that precedent. Many had baser motives. Resentment. Simple ambition. The desire to win at least one war after so many losses-in 1940, at Dien Bien Phu, at Suez. Delusions that the FLN was a spearhead of international Communism. But some of the rebellious officers, especially General Maurice Challe, did what they did for reasons that seem close to pure conscience and personal honor. Their case is truly tragic, as well as instructive, and perhaps should be pondered, as Alistair Horne suggests, "by the leaders of other modern democratic armies should they ever come to impose too great a burden on the conscience of their generals."

Understandably, nowadays, career officers, especially generals, are not treated very well in the public discourse. They tend to be patronized or scorned either as Neanderthals or as cold-hearted careerists. Alistair Horne is too generous and too full of historical empathy for that. Challe disliked pieds noirs extremists. And he knew in his heart that his project was doomed. Still he acted, because he was haunted by his "crushing moral responsibilities to the harkis" (armed Algerians who fought for the government) to whom, on de Gaulle's instructions, he had given the repeated assurance: "France will never abandon you!" "We were committed," he told Horne in a recent interview. "We had given our promises to the Arabs who worked for us."

If that sounds quixotic, it should be remembered that the harkis, with nowhere to hide and no one to protect them, were killed by the thousands after the peace. Perhaps more important. Algeria was the second time that French officers had been required to take upon their own private consciences responsibilities that should have rested upon their country and their government. And when the Paris government did not keep its word in Indochina, and the French pulled out, the French Army consigned these comrades-in-arms quite literally to execution. In Algeria a resolve grew that whatever France did the army would not go back on its word again.

That way lay madness and treason. Yet in a time of situation ethics and Nixonian pleadings about "mistakes in judgment," such a conception of absolute value and honor is refreshing, whatever its dangers. De Gaulle is in his grave, having made France reasonably stable and prosperous. Algeria, Horne says, is now one of the leaders of the Third World. The war dead have long since been buried. The generals are out of jail, albeit with their careers and lives justly and forever blasted. It helps to have the evidence of history to ratify your decisions. Which may mean no more than that it helps to have what the Arabs call baraka-a luck so persistent that it borders upon grace.

IN PRAISE OF SHEER NONSENSE

by Earl Shorris

The Life of the Mind, by Hannah Arendt. Volume 1: Thinking. 258 pages, \$12.50; Volume II: Willing. 277 pages, \$12.50; boxed set, \$25. Harcourt Brace Iovanovich.

Sapiens: 1) sensible, judicious person; 2) philosopher, sage

CCORDING TO our disposition, we first greet philosophy either with respect, because we do not understand it, or with derisive laughter, because we are embarrassed by it. That first encounter, however, is not necessarily final; we may change or philosophy may change or we and philosophy both may change, and so on. Since we and society and philosophy are always changing, by a kind of temporal addition, if nothing else, it would seem worthwhile to confront ourselves with philosophy every now and then to find out whether the conclusion of that first encounter still holds.

Why? How can philosophy be worthwhile? It cannot even be guaranteed to make us philosophical about our problems; it may even lead us to understand Stoicism so that we will no longer want to be as submissive as the former slave, Epictetus, or as faintly connected with this earth as the imprisoned Boethius, Furthermore, we cannot simply confront ourselves with philosophy, we must choose among more schools than we can ever hope to know. Shall we become logicians or metaphysicians? Shall we put our hope into the analysis of propositions or the question of free will? We could become Platonists or Aristotelians, Thomists, Cartesians, Logical Positivists, Kantians, Hegelians, Pragmatists, Existentialists (Catholic or otherwise), or we could take up Sophistry in its original form and come to the conclusion that man is the measure of all things. And why not? Can Nature watch television? Can the unmoved

mover jog? If man is not the measure of all things, he must at the very least be the tape measure.

Perhaps the worst problem in confronting philosophy stems from the ability of philosophers to argue their cases. The Greeks used to train by practicing elenctic disputation, a form of debate in which one contestant could use only questions to attack the thesis of his opponent, who was limited to yes or no answers. What hope have we, trained mainly on consumption and tinkering, of confuting the arguments of philosophers? No matter which philosopher we read, his arguments seem to make sense until we read another philosopher who points out the errors of the first; the second will then be demolished by a third, and the third by a fourth, and so on: in the end we receive a lesson in infinity equal to that of the stars. Pity poor Parmenides, then, who decided sometime around 450 B.C. that having made his argument about being and nonbeing he had rolled the whole subject of philosophy into a neat ball and finished it off. Now, not only do most historians of philosophy refuse to concede that Parmenides completed the task, many of them suggest that philosophy didn't really get started until Plato wrote his dialogues about Socrates, who may or may not have said much of what Plato attributed to him.

HILOSOPHY FELL into disre almost 2400 years ago, shou after men appeared in At who devoted themselves to the ing. Aristophanes ritualized the land ter in The Clouds, but the clearer of disrepute came at the trial of rates in 399 B.C. The condemnatio Socrates set two courses for phase ophy: it has never risen in the est of the general public or of those hold power; and it has, even in darkest periods, borne a sense of timism, a tradition Plato, who atten the trial of Socrates, began; he Athens for his own safety afterward and vet came back to found the Ad

Despite its failure as philosopy some aspects have had determining fluences on the world, and those well known; science has grown fr Aristotle, all of us have learned Pythagorean theorem, and much humanity owes its current state to form of Marxism Marx never im ined. But we might do better to ca gorize those aspects as natural scien mathematics, and economics, ratl than philosophy, and think of phil ophy in the usual way as metaphysi reason rather than intellect, to si plify Kant's distinction. If we ma that distinction and consider only the rein and not prattein, we are left w the unworldly vita contemplation which any sensible person knows h not ever had great currency or effe unless we consider religious war direct result, however perverse, of t teachings of Moses, Christ, and M hammed.

In such context, why did Hann. Arendt, author of what is surely t most important work on modern tot itarianism and a powerful and insigl ful essay on the trial of Adolf Eicmann, choose to spend the last yea of her life writing on The Life of t Mind? To speculate on why she write book may well lead to the clear understanding of the meaning of it.

Arendt wrote in her introducti that she did not consider herself "professional thinker," implying t obverse: the book was intended r for the use of academics but for a reader whose life might include of templation. Some critics have coplained that the work contains nothinew, and this may be so, but she do not intend a Copernican revolution

Earl Shorris is a contributing editor of Harper's.

versal history, for no one would been more aware than she of s claim to the former and his nition about the latter:

Since the philosopher must asme that men have a flexible purse of their own, it is left to him attempt to discover an end of ture in this senseless march of man events. A history of creases who proceed without a planuld be possible in keeping with chan end; the history would proed according to such an end of ture.

We shall leave it to nature to oduce a man who would be capae of uriting history in accordance th such an end. Thus nature proveed a Kepler who figured out unexpected way of subsuming e eccentric orbits of the planets definite laws, and a Newton who plained these laws by a general use of nature.

though both completed sections as book, Thinking and Willing, sed historically from the Greeks, concern does not seem to have with history, except as it affects s: she follows Kant in her love nan and in her passion for peace freedom, noting again and again he describes the caroming develent of philosophy that professional sers have generally opposed free—and for her all opponents of dom are equally in error.

her purpose had been merely to se the nonprofessional to a hisof the vita contemplativa, she at have spared herself a great labor auggesting a reading list; but this s, like virtually everything else she te, is not scholarship for its own ; it is an act in defense of free-. For Kant the connection between emplation and freedom was that concept of freedom . . . rests upon authority of reason." Arendt was ther kind of philosopher, a politiscientist, concerned with action. contemplation. Her temperament ated that she seek a use for conplation in action. She set the task herself in the final pages of The nan Condition, her book on the activa: "If no other test but the erience of being active, no other sure but the extent of sheer acty were to be applied to the various vities within the vita activa, it might well be that thinking as such would surpass them all."

Had she been an unworldly person, the task might have been relatively easy, but only a few paragraphs earlier she had written: "Thought... is still possible, and no doubt actual, wherever men live under the conditions of political freedom. Unfortunately... no other human capacity is so vulnerable, and it is in fact far easier to act under conditions of tyranny than it is to think."

HE PROBLEM IN thinking about thinking, as Gilbert Ryle wrote, is that it leads to an infinite regression: we think about thinking about thinking and so on ad infinitum. Arendt had not only that problem to deal with, but another, far more difficult one: if one cannot think except under conditions of political freedom, how can men who are not free ever become so, unless thinking has no bearing on political action and thus ultimately on freedom? The Ryle analysis takes us in the direction of derision and laughter, but the problem Arendt has set for herself cannot be so easily written off, for it implies the utter inconsequence of thought, a disjunction in the mind.

Thinking, which Plato described as a dialogue in the soul, requires a withdrawal from the world, giving rise, as Arendt says, to the perception of thinkers as absentminded. Socrates, for example, was said to have spent twenty-four hours in silence and stillness before answering a question, a state that Bertrand Russell cruelly described as catalepsy. The experience of thinking seems to bear out Socrates' behavior. Heidegger's concept of withdrawal, and the ancient connection of philosophy with death, because it took the thinker away from being among men.

Yet how can one think among things, without space or silence? Thinking consumes nothing in a world that requires things to be consumed. How can one think in a world so devoted to speed that the two-billionths of a second required for a computer to perform a yes or no operation has been deemed too slow? We do not think because we have been occupied by the enemy of thinking, the society of our invention. Practicality devours us.

If we do not think, in Arendt's sense

of seeking meaning rather than truth, what have we lost? Cartesian notions have long been abandoned to the world-liness of G. E. Moore's common sense or assertions as blunt as the "It is" of Parmenides. The world will exist with or without us; we neither are alone nor is any one of us a sovereign dreamer. Ethics, philosophy of science, logic, any philosophy of practicality can be defended for its attendance upon process, but thinking seems without an end: even Arendt concedes this.

So what of our initial understanding of her statement that men cannot think except under conditions of political freedom? Perhaps she was paraphrasing Kant, who said in the Maxims, "The external power that deprives man of the freedom to communicate his thoughts, deprives him at the same time of his freedom to think." But what external power has stilled every whisper, or, being unthinking itself, been able to recognize immediately the manifestations of thinking in communication? More likely, Arendt's statement refers to the idea that men can think only under uncrowded conditions, a concept she described brilliantly in The Origins of Totalitarianism. Thinking, an activity without space or time, paradoxically requires space and time. Of all the forms of political organization that do not permit freedom, only totalitarianism consciously seeks to crowd out the ability to think. Man cannot be silenced, he can only be crowded into not speaking. Under all other conditions, even within the racing noise of our time, thinking is possible.

There are interpretations of history in which philosophy occupies the central position in the great changes of social and political organization: in The Ancient City the nineteenth-century historian Fustel de Coulanges wrote of the political metamorphosis of Greece: "Then philosophy appeared, and overthrew all the rules of the ancient polity. It was impossible to touch the opinions of men without also touching the fundamental principles of their government." By philosophy he means precisely metaphysics, which caused the overthrow of gods and government, transforming society forever. Tyrannical forms of government fall, if not in the progression Plato described, certainly in the more surprising progressions history describes, and surely thinking has been the cause of their fall. One cannot separate the French Revolution from Rousseau, and in a work like Joseph Frank's biography of Dostoevsky one can read in detail the effects of thinking upon a single man and the society in which he lived.

RENDT OFFERS another perspective on the use of philosophy, specifically thinking, in her essay on the Eichmann trial, a perspective she calls upon again in The Life of the Mind: she accuses Eichmann of "thoughtlessness," the Socratic evil. How, she reasons, could a man who thought, who considered the meaning of his actions, have done Eichmann's work? When Eichmann recites a nearly correct version of the categorical imperative during his trial, Arendt says that if he had thought about what he was saying, he would have realized that he was asking to suffer and be murdered in the same way as those millions he processed through the death camps.

Thinking, the disreputable act that takes men out of the world of men, the circular act, divorced from space and time, must then be connected with willing; the view of a disjunction in the mind must somehow be incorrect. Had she lived to complete the final section of the book, Judging, she would undoubtedly have attempted to write of the junction, for she planned to base much of that brief final section on Kant, who concluded his Critique of Judgment by saying that "the concept of freedom ... can extend reason beyond the bounds to which every natural or theoretical concept must remain hopelessly restricted."

The work, as she planned it, began with the idea Socrates speaks in the Theaetetus: "Wonder is the feeling of a philosopher, and philosophy begins in wonder." It was apparently to have ended with the sense of wonder linked to the world through freedom. The book was to be a work of political philosophy—she had not strayed from her field—in which metaphysics became a defense of man for man.

She did not write for "professional thinkers," those who will find fault with the section Willing and perhaps dispute the very notion of the will as a faculty; she wrote for the others,

for you and me, to enable us to put ourselves to that task which has so often been labeled sheer nonsense, to think.

Can we be assured in reading philosophy of thinking correctly, in the sense of answering the questions raised by either the wonders of man or nature? That cannot even be our hope, for our concern, as Arendt says, is not with truth, but with meaning; and how can we surely know the meaning of anything unless we are certain of the purpose of man?

She wrote neither for man the maker nor for man the laborer, but for homo sapiens; she aimed for the essence. Too wise to expect wisdom in herself or in anyone else, she worked to make us

think, for never are we more in presence of man than when we thinking. No other act is so intenhuman. Thinking, we are limitle different, yet structurally similar species, free and enabled to live peace. As she said, thinking may be the surpassing action. That was concern and the wish of her work invite us to think with her, to do losophy; by criticism or agreement carry on thinking, the authority which we survive in human form. read her work and wonder so that thinks is neither an act of withdra nor infinite regression, it is an act freedom, the urgent work of a specthat bears responsibility for its o

NEWS FROM THE SISTERHOOD

by Helen Yglesias

Burning Questions, by Alix Kates Shulman. 364 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, \$8.95.

Bad Connections, by Joyce Johnson. 262 pages. G. P. Putnam, \$8.95.

Perdido, by Jill Robinson. 431 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, \$9.95.

HERE ARE intimations that the feminist novel may be headed for a spot of rough going. It is, of course, pushy to speak of a "feminist novel" since not even the political feminists have defined what that is or isn't: but it's clear that such a category exists, not only in the feminist concept but in the commercial big-book, hard-sell mind-there's a large audience out there, feed it, keep it buying. Ideally, there should be discrete novels unattached to movements. and passionately opinionated and compassionate reviewers shed of political and social prejudices: but exploitation of the feminist idea has led to more extravagant claims than even a brilliant novel might fulfill, and when most fail, unsympathetic critics are quick to shout "aggrandizement, special privilege, rotten."

Helen Yglesias is the author of two novels, How She Died and Family Feeling. Women writers didn't invent the learny scene; they have to make with it like everybody else; but i surely not too much to ask that a wo an's novel be judged on its own termender neither the protective cov of sisterhood nor the barrage of m condescension (such as Paul Therour incredible comment in these pages the housewives used to read books, not they write them). Fair is fair.

There is at least one definite statement applicable to a feminist novel, woman is at its dramatic center. That true of the three books under revier and in this instance they are also a written by women. They share also acutely painful, comic, charged co



isness unique to contemporary en and interesting in ways that scend the works' individual faults. sh to them to learn what's new, to what's getting said about women the first time this time. There's ement and fun in that.

LIX KATES SHULMAN'S news is openly political. Her second novel, launched with a twenty-one gun salute as the first or novel of the feminist awakening is Sixties and Seventies, is endorsed a roster of star figures: Simone de rooir, Erica Jong, Betty Friedan, Gould, Tillie Olsen, Kay Boyle, lisher's hype or honest reader rese, it's an impressive list of names; as impressed, and approached the k with high expectations.

fixed signals are picked up imiately. The book's title, Burning stions, is a cliché radical phrase hints at parody-to-come, reined by the novel's tricky format. cover says the book is a novel by author of Memoirs of an Ex-Prom en, and pages of the usual acknowlments, permissions, dedications, epigraphs follow. But that's foled by a new title page, "My Life a Rebel," by Zane (also called e IndiAnna), an unknown puber (New Space Press), and addiial dedications and epigraphs. Are then in the territory of artful playness, Nabokovian juggling with atity, an autobiography within a el, and the fused and contrapuntal ces of stylish fun and games? Nothof the sort. The book within the ok is the book. Confused about desation and carrier, we embark on a npy journey, still awaiting a form lampoon, an Alix Kates Shulman istruct that satirizes and objectifies m behind the Zaney personality of liAnna. But the device is apparently aningless in literary or any other ms; it serves as nothing more than ditional first-person narration and wed fatal to my trust in the author's ce. As a reader I was senselessly ocked off balance.

Zane IndiAnna conceives of herself a woman rebel in the great revolunary tradition (Rosa Luxembourg, uma Goldman, Louise Michel, La sionaria), though she sounds quite e the ex-Prom Queen. She is deflected into the beat scene of the Fifties, then into the strangling loss of identity imposed by marriage and motherhood; and in the late Sixties and early Seventies is reborn through initiation into the Third Street Circle, where radical feminist activism consists of seizing the day by spray-painting DEATH TO MALE SUPREMACY on the facade of the Harvard Club—and similar acts of protest. Along the way, there's sex with and without love, marriage in the same vein, the obligatory lesbian relationship, divorce, and liberation.

I'm sorry that Ms. Shulman failed the stunning subject of her book: a woman's passionate commitment to political activism. There seems no point in discussing detailed missteps. The signals continue so hopelessly crossed that I didn't know whether to laugh, cry, or laugh to keep from crying. In a conclusion called "Dialectical Epilogue" Zane asks: "If times were really ripe for revolution . . . do you think any self-respecting activist would sequester herself in her study for the years it takes to write a book? Of course not! She would be out pounding down the palace doors, demanding

concessions, leaping onto the barricades!" Any self-respecting novelist could only write that as parody.

oyce Johnson lights up a corner of the same scene, with less ambition and more success. Bad Connections sets itself limitations; it is controlled, smooth, deftly written; it evokes scene and character with an admirably sure swiftness. But the bright, sexy, urbane young editor who takes a lover, sheds a husband, rears her child, takes another lover and sheds both, to end at a point of lonely liberation—this is no longer news. And it's dispiriting. "Don't tell me more," was my response; no matter how well told, it's too sad to bear.

Joyce Johnson's touches are all true: the husband complains in bed that the heroine's legs are too short; the radical lover is umbilically tied to a telephone cradled at his ear, his arrangements for political meetings punctuating and interrupting his lovemaking; he's solemn and selfish and a liar about his other woman lover. The heroine, Molly, has an enchanting lit-

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25 F	E	м	A	26 L	E	27 H	E	E	L	E	R
Q	D	A	28 L	0	A	s	29 F	D	S	R	A
30 T	0	т	A	L	31 D	0	L	P	н	1	N
32 W	н	1	R	3.3 L	E	G	A	L	1	s	Т
34	A	С	К	E	D	35 W	K	w	P	м	s

Solution to the July Puzzle

Notes for "Triskaidekacode"

The base word is SUBORDINATELY.

Across: 1. L-awful; 5. sea cow, (p)eac(h) in sow; 9. euphoria, E-anagram of "hair up" around O; 11. ba(rn o) wl; 12. r(aim)ent; 13. lurch, anagram; 17. errata, anagram; 18. barium, anagram of air in bum; 20. sear, reversal of Rae's; 21. staminas, anagram; 22. Almighty, anagram; 23. mako, anagram; 25. female, anagram of feel around Ma; 27. heeler, pun; 30. tot-a-L; 31. dolphin, "p" in anagram of in hold; 32. whir, homonym; 33. legalist, anagram; 34. Jack-Ed; 35. edenic, reversal of cine-de. Down: 1. Xer-xes, reversal; 2. quarreled, anagram; 3. epigrammatic, c(it)ame reversed around pig-ram; 4. fo(X)es; 5. sitz(anagram)-bat-HS; 6. abut, reversal; 7. Cardinalship; 8. e-xotic, anagram; 10. alga, hidden; 14. Mari(Juan)a; 15. fat-headed; 16. Quakerism, anagram; 19. rimed, homonym; 22. (E)qua(1)-(o)ver(t); 24. or-an-.ts, reversal; 26. loll(pipop); 28. lark, two meanings; 29. Fla.-(Par)k(way).

tle son—done perfectly, as is the older lover who inevitably commits himself to a nubile flower-child after announcing to Molly that he's a man who prefers not getting "involved." Molly is raped, on the West Coast, by a black man who performs so weakly he disgusts himself. "I can't do nothing," he says before he wipes himself on the sheet, zips up, and leaves her lying on the bed, slowly becoming aware that her belly is cold and that "her life will go on and on. On and on."

Too sad, too dreary, too sad for words—no matter how carefully Joyce Johnson has chosen them, one by one.

ITH Perdido we're clearly into a good story—the first aim of a novel. Hyped as an authentic Hollywood novel, Perdido's interest lies not there but in the depiction of the female as outsider. The Hollywood Child at its center gleans no more inside knowledge of the dream factory than any fifteen-year-old Middle-American kid bewitched in a movie house, in spite of the fact that Jill Robinson

is an authentic Hollywood Child, the daughter of a former Hollywood pro-

Perdido is a Hollywood mansion, home of the fifteen-year-old Susanna Howard's movie mogul family, whose dynasty is disintegrating under the blacklist and television. We are introduced to the child swooning for the attention of a Hollywood star, Jackson Lane, in a dawdling opening scene that gains power only in our retrospective knowledge that the star she sexually idolizes is her father, whom she believed to be a respectably dead lewish doctor. Illegitimacy haunts her; the need to burst directly into the heart of the dream, the lust to get her arms around it and her father as the embodiment of dream, sends her racing up and down the country tracking him. Ten years later she embraces him in a finish which is pure Hollywood hokum that damages but doesn't destroy the pattern of the book.

Jill Robinson lets her language run free—mostly to good effect, sometimes to bad: she does the best sexual fantasies being written; and she creates an aura of feeling around her characters that we pursue with love and terest. It's fantasy-land, agreed. (novel is misnamed. Fantasia is r like it.) Toward the end, Susanna plodes at an Easterner putting d Hollywood.

You're just mad that yo weren't here to get the good or of it... I want the magic show and the razzle-dazzle and real mor ie stars. I want it to be not cyrical... People had fun with morey and fame and I don't want to confuse art with Hollywood...

She also longs to become "b and tough," but the two won't m Bed/Time/Story, her previous no was truer. harsher, and enriched h male character with whom one ide fied and suffered—a rarity in wom books.

And so I return to "women's boo when I should be monitoring or novels, good or bad. But a specific terest is involved, which, successfror not, these three works seriously out to meet and to enhance. I was we glad to read them as a way of stay in touch with the sensibility they resent.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Private War of Dr. Yamada, by Lee Ruttle. 288 pages. San Francisco Book Company, \$8.95.

In September of 1944, as the war shifted irreversibly against the Japanese, those holding the tiny island of Peleliu entrenched themselves in a network of fortified underground caves to repel the invading American forces or fight to the end. In one of the most ferocious battles of the South Pacific, they held out for seventy-two days against the inevitable: defeat and harakiri.

Though set mainly in the stale air and claustrophobia of an underground operating room crammed with wounded and dying, The Private War of Dr. Yamada has as its outstanding quality a lucent spaciousness. Written as a diary kept by Lt. Col. Hiroshi

Yamada, the dedicated and overworked division surgeon, the novel continually opens out from the cave onto the broad landscape of Dr. Yamada's beloved Nihon (Japan). In a spare, shimmering prose, Yamada describes scenes from his past in which he brings to life the exquisitely civilized traditions of his homeland—traditions he cannot help but compare to another Nihon tradition, the feudal Samurai code whose honor-bound prolongation of a lost battle is responsible for the carnage mounting around his operating table.

In his diary, Yamada condemns "the most diabolical enemy of mankind, war." Questioned and humiliated by his superiors, who suspect him of treasonous sentiments, he feels his inner struggles growing: should he encourage the patched-up wounded to

surrender on their return to the m sacre? Should he himself, if he s vives, surrender at the end? Does duty lie with the traditional honor hara-kiri, or with his family and postwar Nihon?

Given the blood and stifling air a hopelessness surrounding Dr. Yamad private war, a lesser novelist mig have deadened our sensibilities w their overuse; but Lee Ruttle's tone formal, reserved; the horrors, wh he touches on them, slice through wi unblunted keenness. His portraits common soldiers, officers of the S murai class, even the hungry rat Y mada befriends, are all illumined a few keen, masterful strokes. It is mark of Ruttle's understanding Japanese culture that as a foreign (and one, ironically enough, who pa ticipated in the invasion of Peleliu amphibian tank gunner) he pres a chronicle that is never once ight of by the reader as having been ten by anyone but Dr. Hiroshi Yala of the Japanese Imperial Army, nd it is a mark of Ruttle's artistry he has managed to create a good humanitarian character without ing him a bore—the usual and derable fate of those who side with angels.

—E. L.

Magic Journey, by John Nich-529 pages. Holt, Rinehart, Win-, \$11.95; paper, \$7.95.

he same sort of players and politconflicts that John Nichols found cess with in his previous book, The agro Beanfield War, take the stage this, his fourth novel. While the of the country enters the Depres-1, the Southwestern town of Chamiille prospers. An industrious con 1 bedazzles the town's Pueblo farmwith his garish version of the Amer-1 dream, and soon speculators, depers, politicians—the usual crowd cashers-in-have weaned the locals ly from a land-based economy to almighty greenback and introduced m to the marvels of installment ns, menial labor, and debt. By the e the older Pueblo get around to ively protesting, they've lost their ldren, their culture, their farms to maw of red-blooded, white-skinned italism. A few radicals are martyred such interested parties as the Mafia I the federal government, and Chaaville, resplendent with shopping ters and fast-food franchises, hotels I country clubs, continues to asne the inevitable lamina of twenh-century America.

The Magic Journey is a plausible tory of exploitation, lush with ecitric characters, with myths, legends, osts, and revealing shards from the st four decades, all carried by a ckensian narrative exuberance. But novel is a little too much of a ichness in light of its sober message. like The Milagro Beanfield War, in ich humor and absurdity prevailed. s work asks to be taken seriously. ggests justifiably and angrily that Pueblo's loss is America's as well. t Nichols's creative energy runs so en to comic invention, to caricature tead of character, to spates of bathos d discursive high jinks, that he entertains far more than he instructs, to use the classic formula; the imbalance makes for ambivalence. —J. B.

Mara, by Tova Reich. 250 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$8.95.

It is evident from the very first page of Mara that an extraordinary energy is at work. The opening scene, an Orthodox wedding uniting Mara, a Jewish girl from Riverside Drive, with a hippie from Israel whom everyone distrusts, floats up into life with an unmistakable and spontaneous buoyancy. The music, the feasting, the ecstatic dancing among the men and among the women, the chorus of guests ranging from bribable state senators to honest Delancey Street beggars-all this is observed with an almost Tolstoyan joyfulness that can bend an eye in seemingly any direction and find some marvelous detail to record. some marijuana toke to render in full fidelity, some bit of Yiddish chatter to take down in perfect inflection.

What is surprising about this energy is that the joyfulness goes only skin deep; the bone beneath it is vengeful and bitter, even venomous. The anger focuses on Mara's Daddy, the Rabbi Leon Lieb, whom Tova Reich portrays as no mere patriarchal tyrant but as a figure of genuine evil. Leon brings to mind Bernard Bergman, the real-life Orthodox rabbi who came to public attention when he was exposed for having extracted an illegal fortune from his string of vile New York nursing homes, which is to say that, Rabbi Leon Lieb is a dead ringer for the worst kind of anti-Semitic cari-

The loathing and revulsion that Reich brings to this figure ups the ante considerably on what otherwise would be Mara's unremarkable postadolescent rebellion. What might have kept modestly to the scale of family drama expands into a municipal scandal, with Daddy justly reviled on the radio as the enemy of mankind. What might have been merely a turningaway from Daddy's Orthodoxy begins Ella Leffland, author of Mrs. Munck and Love Out of Season, is working on her third novel, entitled Rumors of Peace. Jeffrey Burke is copy editor of Harper's. Paul Berman contributes to a number of national magazines. Charles Nicol is an associate professor of English at Indiana State University. Suzanne Mantell is executive editor of Harper's.

to appear like an ambivalence toward Jewishness itself. Indeed, what might otherwise have been a conventional Jewish Princess tale grows into something far more ambiguous and resonant, a troubling and occasionally even a vicious novel, but certainly a powerful one.

—P. B.

Collected Works of Edgar Allan Poe: Tales and Sketches, edited by Thomas Ollive Mabbott. Two volumes, 1,451 pages. Belknap/Harvard, \$45.

After God created the magazine, he created the short story to put in it. During the 1830s and 1840s two young Americans, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Edgar Allan Poe, brought the new form to a startling, lean perfection. Hawthorne's art was lonely and austere, Poe's theatrical and popular; beyond shared genius, no two men could have been more different or written stories more dissimilar.

Poe modeled his stories after the sensational fiction he read in the British magazines, improving it in psychology, economy, and style. He perfected the sensational, first-person narration, heightening and deranging the sensibility of his storytellers by torture. lack of food and water, grief, guilt, illness, anger, exhaustion, frustration, simple madness, drugs, alcohol, catastrophe. He discovered the subtle advantages of the uninvolved narrator and used the technique to invent the detective story. And he wrote comic stories parodying all these techniques. He could switch from formal essay to confession of murder ("The Imp of the Perverse") and from impersonal reportage to first-person horror story to healthy satire ("The Premature Bur-

In "William Wilson," one of the great doppelgänger stories of world literature, Poe splits his hero's self into two halves, the will and the conscience; eventually will kills conscience, dooming Wilson to a life of unrelieved licentiousness. Thomas Ollive Mabbott's new, massive edition of the tales points out that the idea for this story came from Byron and had been elaborated by Washington Irving; surely its Byronic origins gave Poe the idea of inserting into the story a number of personal allusions. Since Mabbott's edition will be the final authority on Poe's texts for a long time, it is unfortunate that he chose to give Wilson an 1811 birthdate and relegate 1809, the date given in an earlier version, to the notes. Poe's obvious intention was for Wilson's birth to correspond to his own, and he assigned Wilson the later year only because he was trying to foist it off on the Reverend Rufus Griswold, his literary executor, as his own.

Mabbott's texts are usually accurate, and even when, as here, he is over-cautious, the alternative readings are also printed. The deepest impression left by this scholarly edition is of how carefully and how often Poe revised his work. In each new printing he changed a few words; sometimes he rewrote a weak story altogether and made it longer, but usually each new printing would shorten it a sentence or two, excising unnecessary passages.

Mabbott died ten years ago. If, as the dust jacket assures us, he had all but completed his work on these volumes, why did it take such an incredibly long time to tidy up the odds and ends? What we have is well-bound, durable, attractive, and published by Harvard, and comes close to representing the current state of scholarship, but it isn't perfect. For instance, this collection is intended to be chronological so the reader may watch the development of Poe's style, yet two of the stories, "Morella" and "King Pest," are, according to Mabbott's own evidence, printed in the wrong order.

On the whole, though, Mabbott's edition is a fine monument to everybody, even if Harvard never gets it completed. His judgment is usually authoritative and sound, especially when summarizing the work various scholars have done on finding sources for Poe's stories. Among Poe's mother's friends were an Usher family, whose son and daughter grew up neurotic orphans; Poe knew two men named William Wilson. Mabbott quietly lists such information; he knows it is interesting but ultimately irrelevant. Poe's was a terror not of the scholar, but of the soul. —C.N.

Max Perkins: Editor of Genius, by A. Scott Berg. 488 pages, illustrated. E.P. Dutton, \$15.

Max, or Perkins, as he is alternately called by A. Scott Berg in this fullscale biography that hovers uneasily in style between sophisticated doctoral dissertation and watery soap opera, might have read Berg's manuscript, mustered those editorial skills-patience, optimism, and tact-that he possessed in such abundance, and dashed off an early response: "Biog. splendid. Spirit of an era well captured." To which, several days later, he would have added something more thoroughly spelled out, though no less tactful and optimistic. Something like: "In trying to present a book about publishing and the role of editor to a public that knows little and cares less, you have shouldered a mighty large task. You have had to concern yourself not only with my life, but with the wondrous lives of my authors, and then weave their stories into my own. Your success in doing this is revealed by how fastidiously you chronicle the careers of Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, and Thomas Wolfe; they are more famous than I, and they rightfully deserve a larger part in the

"I am gratified how, as a result of this, my own life gets far less emphasis than do theirs. In a way, my relief at discovering that Charles Scribner's, my fellow editors there, and most of all my writers figured just as significantly as I, if not more so, was less than complete only because of the book's title. I fear that others will have their expectations thrown momentarily askew by it, and then let this fact interfere with the pleasures and insights and portraits so amply given forth. Do think about this and see if you find any merit in it at all. Do also check the pages near the end when everyone's ill and grieving. At this point, in your supreme concentration on drama, you have my dear friends and authors dying off in great numbers, and nearly all at once; I'm afraid such condensation may serve to distress the reader who has grown attached to the people in my life. As to that life of mine, you have depicted me throughout as a rock on which others lean, and you continually overlook my vulnerabilities, but in my view this is not a poor thing to have done, even though it discomfits me to be so regarded, because the audience that will read the book has few people to whom it can look up, and you have given those readers such a person. They may doubt that any man can be as selfless as you make me out to be, but you provide so many excerpts from

notes and letters that they will los in the course of the book to trust to have done the best job you know.

"You don't give much play to u I said once in all honesty to Malc Cowley, that we editors get credit discovering books when we me read manuscripts, but by now you ly your own experiences behind you, you may well see the editor-au relationship in a different light. Ti have changed, I know."

Maxwell Perkins died, exhau and pneumonic, in 1947, at the age sixty-three.

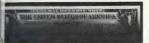
The Death of Woman Wang, Jonathan D. Spence. 169 pages. Vik \$10.95.

Jonathan Spence has revealed m about ordinary life in seventeenth-o tury China: how poor peasants fa under conditions of flood, famine, custs, earthquakes, wars, bandit rai and heretical uprisings; how dispu were resolved; how bad guys w rounded up. He has unearthed int mation on the problem of suicide e demics during periods of especial m ery, and he has found interesti things to say about lovers' quarr and the status of marriage. But I s pect that Spence's great achievement to have revealed something about I literary possibilities of historical sch arship.

Everything about the book refle the influence of literary models: t author's willingness to illumine t whole through careful perception the parts, beginning with the ostensil topic-a handful of personal crises : fecting a tiny number of peasant fan lies in an obscure county of Shantu Province; his method of analys which is close critical scrutiny of very few historical texts; his reading to reconstruct intuitively what mig have happened; his resort to a fra mented and sometimes lyrical narr tive. Once upon a time, of course, h tory was considered a proper bran of literature, so none of this ought be new. But that was long ago, and is new now, so new, in fact, th Spence's literary experimentalism cou reasonably be said to constitute avant-garde in the stodgy field of h —P. tory.

HARPER'S/AUGUST 19

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ODY While attending to the mind, quire will not neglect the body: we'll ll you how to get and stay in shape.



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AMERICAN MISCELLANY

LOST

Tales from the north country

by John Hai

OW AND THEN people disappear in the Far North and are never heard from again. Various reasons: lost, drowned, or frozen to death. It was common enough once, when so many were traveling the country on foot, and often alone. Yet in recent memory whole planeloads of people have dropped out of sight, the fuselage with its frozen bodies found years later in a snowdrift on a remote mountainside. Just yesterday, a flight bound south out of Anchorage vanished with its crew and government passengers in a storm over the gulf.

I remember one spring morning a team of men came down the road at Richardson. We watched them as they searched the roadside thickets and probed the snowdrifts with poles. They were looking for an old woman who had left her house near Big Delta a few evenings before, and had not come back. Family and neighbors thought she may have walked in her half-sleep into the nearby river and sunk like a stone. But they couldn't be sure, and so they were looking.

And there was the fellow who disappeared from his Quartz Lake trapline a few winters back. Said to be a little strange in his head and mistrustful of people, he had been long absent in the bush when a search was begun by his brother and the police. Though the country was flown over and searched for weeks, he, too, was never found alive. But two or three years later someone hunting in the backcountry came upon a pair of legbones, and some scraps of blue wool cloth with metal buttons. Most of the bones had been carried off by animals, and it was impossible by then to say

John Haines lived in Alaska for fifteen years and now lives in Montana. His most recent book of poetry is Cicada (Wesleyan University Press).

who it was or what had happened.

There are people lost in more ways

There are people lost in more ways than one. Nothing so lonely as someone lost in the confusion of his life, and with no certain path. Like the man named Abramson we knew of, active for a while in the Birch Lake area, many years ago. Despondent over something or other, he walked away from camp one late winter day and did not come back. No one followed him then, but he was found eventually in an old cabin up on one of the Salcha River tributaries; he had cut both his wrists, and bled to death lying in a makeshift bunk.

I was told once of the end of a man whose name will have to be Hanson. since I cannot remember his real name. He drove mail by dogsled in an early day, out of Fairbanks, and up the Tanana beyond Big Delta. It was terribly cold one January day when he stopped at Delta on his way upriver-sixty below, toward the end of a long spell. He was urged not to continue then, but to stay at the roadhouse and wait for a promised break in the weather. An experienced man, he decided to go on. He was well dressed for it, and carried a good robe on his sled. But his dogs whined in the foggy, windless cold, and would rather have stayed.

A few days later his dogs came back, dragging the sled behind them, but without Hanson. Something had gone wrong, and they had run off and left him. The cold had broken somewhat by then, and men went out, following the sled trail back upriver. Some thirty miles on they found Hanson crouched beside a stack of

driftwood, his arms folded on chest, and his head down. At his were the charred makings of a that had never caught.

Though I have never been lost the woods, I have known that mentary confusion when a stra trail divided or thinned out bet me, and I have stopped there on a l side in the wind-matted buckbr and willows, wondering which of many possible roads I ought to ta I have come home late through woods at night, and missed my t underfoot, to stand undecided, list ing for something in the darkness: wind moving aloft in the trees, sound of a dry leaf skittering over snowcrust, or the sudden crashing an animal disturbed.

Fred Campbell told me once being shut in by fog on Buckeye Do one fall day, a fog so thick he co not see the ground at his feet. He all sense of place and time, wandered that day in an endless a insubstantial whiteness. It seemed him at times that he was not walk on earth, but was stranded in a scloud, far from anything he co touch or know. Toward evening sun burned a hole in the mist, and found his way down into famil woods again.

That lostness and sinking of thin so close to the ordinariness of clives. I was mending my salmon one summer afternoon, leaning of the side of my boat in a broad edinear the mouth of Tenderfoot. I I drawn the net partway over the govale to work on it, when a stresurge in the current pulled the mes



m my hand. As I reached down to usp the net again, I somehow lost Id of my knife, and watched halfkened as it slipped from my hand d sank out of sight in the restless, thing water.

Poling water:
Poling upriver in the fall, maneuver; the nose of my boat through the ck, freezing water; or wading over nes and gravel in the shallowing rrent, while the boat tugged behind at the end of a doubled rope. Or ain, as I floated down on the turlent summer water, swinging my sin response to the driftpiles loomy swiftly ahead. How easily I might spilled and swept under; my boat be found one day lodged in drift-od, an oar washed up on the sand, d myself a sack weighted with silt, ning in an eddy.

A drowsy, half-wakeful menace waits r us in the quietness of this world. have felt it near me while kneeling the snow, minding a trap on a ridge any miles from home. There, in the ld that gripped my face, in the low, ue light failing around me, and the ort day ending. In those familiar d friendly shadows, I was suddenly rare of something that did not care I lived. Or as it may be, running e river ice in midwinter: under the ed runners a sudden cracking and ickling that scared the dogs and sent y heart racing. How swiftly the solid ottom of one's life can go.

Disappearances, apparitions; few ues, or none at all. Mostly it isn't urder, a punishable crime, the peoe just vanish. They go away, in sorw, in pain, in mute astonishment, as something decided forever. But metimes you can't be sure, and a ing will happen that remains so presolved, so strange, that someone ill think of it years later; and he ill sit there in the dusk and silence, aring out the window at another orld.

The sack of bones

HEARD THIS STORY from Hans Seppala late one summer evening. We were sitting in his cabin at Shaw Creek, drinking coffee, smoking nd talking. A few mosquitoes sailed bout the room, half-stunned by the moke. Out the open door of the cabin, a the midnight dusk, we could hear

the creek flowing by, but with hardly a sound in its slow, brown current. The landscape held that unusual quiet, when for an hour or so, before the sun lights up the hills again, the life of the arctic summer is stilled, and few birds sing.

Hans had his fund of stories, which he told with particular emphasis in his own kind of English, generous with obscenities, and half-formed on the syntax of his native Finn. Like most of the old people I knew, he told many of the same stories over and over, hardly changing the details, and laughing gleefully in the same places. Most of his stories were about people we both knew, or someone who had once lived in the area but was now gone. Some figure of whom he might say something playful or outrageous. But this story was different; he told it once, and I never heard it again.

NE FALL BACK IN the 1930s, a man named Martin came to trap on Shaw Creek flats, east of Richardson. He found a vacant cabin a few miles up the creek, and moved into it with his axe, his traps, and what few other things he owned. Snow came, and he was soon active running some of the old, brushed-in trails that went far back in the flats and into the hills rising north and west.

Now it happened that Fred Campbell and Emory Hirshberger had a trapping partnership at the time, and they included Shaw Creek in their territory, as most people knew. When they got wind of Martin in the area they were a little put out. They went to see him one day early in November, and explained that they were first on the ground, and how would it be if he went somewhere else. No one who meant well intruded on another's trapline as he was doing. But Martin was a tough and ornery man, and would not listen. It did not matter to him that they had trapped there before; no one owned that land, and he had as much right to be there as anyone. They could go to hell.

There was an angry exchange between them, some hard words were spoken. Campbell and Hirsh left, Campbell muttering and Hirsh tightlipped. The more they thought about Martin the angrier they got. They were



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ready men, each of them prone to go his own road and say nothing. But one of them was heard to say that they would take care of Martin in their own way: "Dead men tell no tales."

The following spring an acquaintance of Martin's named Wade came down from Fairbanks to see him. He walked the hard-packed snowshoe trail in from the road. It was early in a March evening; the cold had broken, and a warm wind was blowing through the spruce forest.

Wade found the cabin door open when he arrived at Martin's camp. No one seemed to be at home. From a rusty stovepipe stuck at an angle through the sod roof, smoke drifted down and thinned among the trees. He went into the cabin and looked around. Martin was not a particularly clean man: the cabin smelled of skins. of old and unwashed clothing, and smoke. Four or five fox and lynx pelts were drying on stretchers in a corner away from the heat. A supper of beans and meat lay on the table, half-eaten, and the stove was still warm with its smoldering wood.

Searching around the camp area in the fading light, Wade could find no immediate trace of Martin, but foottrails going off into the snow-filled woods in several directions. He called several times, but got no answer.

He waited until it was nearly dark, then wrote a note and left it on the table. He closed the cabin door, and walked back through the dim woods to the road. He casually asked at the house of some people living nearby on the river if anyone had seen Martin lately. No one had, but no one thought much of that at the time.

The weeks went by. The sun climbed higher; snow came again, and melted, and still Martin was not seen. Another visitor to his cabin found Wade's note on the table, and nothing apparently changed. The word went around between Richardson and Delta. A search was begun in the frozen swamps along Shaw Creek, and in the woods around Martin's camp. No clues were found.

Summer came, the ice went out of Shaw Creek with a roar one midnight, and soon after that the Tanana ice moved downriver. The small cabin in the spruce flats was closed up by a marshal from Fairbanks, and the man named Martin was never seen again.

Hans stopped talking. He reached for his papers and tobacco, and began rolling another cigarette.

"Did you know Martin yourself?"
I asked him.

"Vell, I know him a little, but I wasn't around the Shaw Creek very much in them days."

He licked the paper, smoothed it, and struck a match. Staring out the window, he drew on the cigarette, and sent a cloud of smoke into the dusky room.

"So, anyvay..." And he went on with his story.

EVERAL YEARS went by, and Martin had almost been forgotten. Late in a spring evening Hans came across the Tanana ice with his dogs, a few miles downriver from the mouth of Shaw Creek. It was nearly breakup time, warm in the day, but piercing cold at night. Water had flowed over the ice in places, and frozen again in a thin, perilous sheet. Coming late in the near darkness, Hans and his dogs broke through the ice into knee-deep water.

Steaming and cursing, he pulled himself, his dogs and sled, onto firm ice. Then, tangled and wet, they ran for a nearby island. There Hans built a fire from driftwood, and set up camp to dry out.

It froze hard that night; the new ice cracked and whistled, and the stars glittered in the brief spring darkness. Hans lay wrapped in his damp bedroll, hardly able to sleep for the cold.

The next morning he was up early, stiff, but eager to be on his way again. He looked around him. Snow had blown away from much of the island in the winter gales, and what remained lay packed in thin, hard drifts, snow and ice mingled together. Here and there stones, pieces of driftwood, small willows, and clumps of grass stood up from it.

"So, I getting up that morning, still half wet. Clothes, they frozen. The dogs, they hungry, but I got nothing to feed them. I look for a little dry wood, to make a fire and have a cup of coffee. And then, by God, I find something in the driftwood!"

Wedged partway into a large pile of driftwood was an odd bundle of canvas and poles wrapped round with heavy wire. Curious now, Hans pulled at the bundle and saw something that Took like the rounded and bleached joir end of a bone sticking out from t rotted fabric. He looked closer, pulle at the bone, and saw that another can with it

"What the Jesus Christ is this? say to myself. I look at them bone they not the moose bones, they n heavy enough. I hold one up to n leg, and another one to my arm. At by God, they look like the humabones!"

The bundle was half-filled with fr zen sand and small stones. Searchir in it as well as he could. Hans four other pieces of bone: a rib, and a armbone. What looked like a shoulde blade was showing from the frozt debris packed into the bundle. By there was no skull.

The bundle would not come free of the frozen driftwood, and when I pulled at it the canvas tore. But Har could see that two bleached poles raeither side the length of it. And I saw that it might have been made a kind of stretcher, the whole thin fastened together with some pieces of common telegraph wire, wound an twisted tightly on the poles.

Hans realized he had found some thing important, but he was not sur what it was. There was nothing t identify a human body, other than the few bones, and the way it was all put together. He stopped there, unsure c what to do. The sun was climbing, h wanted to have his coffee and be o his way. He thought of chopping the bundle free of the wood and ice, an taking it on his sled. But that woul take time, and his sled was alread full. He decided to leave the bundle where it was, and tell people at Rich ardson what he had found.

He replaced the bones in the sac more or less as he had found then He gathered wood, made a small fire and drank his coffee. He packed his sled, laid out the stiff harness, an then with the dogs yelping and puling hard for home, he struck out over the ice toward Richardson.

Much later in the day, when he ha unloaded his sled and fed his dogs Hans walked to the roadhouse. Drink ing his first beer in many weeks, halked to Knute Johanson, who in haging, unbusinesslike, and bad-tem pered way, still kept the trade going Hans told him what he had found. ute immediately showed interest. 1!" he exclaimed, "By God, Hans, should have brought one of the s back with you! What did dey like?"

Id Hans told him, in what detail ould, while Knute peered at him, narrow eyes screwed up in his sly face. In both their minds by was the disappearance of Martin years before. Knute, suspicious ways, already convinced that they Martin's bones, though how they here on that island neither he nor was prepared to say.

ey talked, and the questions came ey did so. Had anyone else disaped in the past three or four years? t else could that sack of bones be? why would anyone truss up a sack nimal bones that way?

Ins was to return across river in y or so, and when he did he would ξ back the entire bundle on his That was agreed. No, perhaps it d be better to bring back one of bones, rather than disturb the e thing. But mark the island for so we can find it again. And d better go soon, the river will n to open in a few days if the sunholds.

IKE ALL YOUNG RIVERS, the Tanana does strange and unpredictable things. Its chan-- nels shift from summer to mer, and each high water changes cold, grey face of the riverbed. vear a small island will stand : in mid-channel, shaggy with its ws and young cottonwoods seeded he wind, or planted there by what water brings down. And the next that island is gone, its young vth toppled and swept under by summer flood. Or the spring ice ds to make a dam; the river backs and floods the countryside. Ice floes : into town, cabins come loose a their moorings. The ice dam iks, and the river falls, running ly with its chunks of rotten ice, I carcasses, lost boats, and trash. ans stayed at Richardson one day long, visiting and drinking, cutwood and getting ready for the mer. On an evening before he was go back across river, a channel ned up on the north side. There

no way across; his boat was at

Clear Creek, several miles off on the far side of the river. He would have to wait. Nearly three weeks went by before he caught a ride upriver with a man going to Clear Creek for the early summer fishing.

"So, we going up the river in that big powerboat. The river running pretty swift, lots of ice and plenty of driftwood coming down. I watch for that island, and I think I see him. So when I come back down the river in my own boat, I stop there, and I look. It look to me like the same place, but I can't be sure."

Part of the island seemed to be as he remembered it when it was locked in ice, but the big raft of driftwood with its rotting sack of bones was gone. Where it might have been, some young cottonwoods leaned out over the water, their roots exposed in the shallow soil cut away by the current.

"Oh, that Hans!" said Sandra, the cook at Richardson, some time later. "It was probably something he dreamed up while he was drunk. You can't believe what he savs."

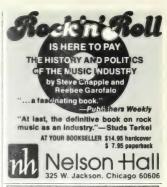
And who could say, really, what it had been? It might have been Martin. And it was easy enough to imagine the circumstances, the accumulating resentment that came to a decision: Martin surprised one afternoon by two others who called him out of his cabin, and killed him with a gun or an axe. They carried him away, trussed his body in a sack weighted with stones, and sank him in an open channel late at night. It wouldn't have been hard to do, there were few people along the river in those days. But no one would ever know for sure; no one else was talking, and the Tanana kept its secrets.

We sat there thinking about this strange event, the coffee gone cold in our cups. Morning brightened in the forest beyond Hans's clearing, a fine mist came off the water of Shaw Creek. Hans turned from the window. He opened the stove door and began poking at the few live coals. Then he spoke again.

"People think I just telling the big story, but I know what I saw. And to this day I still believe that they be the Martin's bones."

He turned, and looked at me sharply and strangely through the steel rims of his spectacles. \Box

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PUZZLE

SUPERFLUITIES

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions: Be prepared to follow instructions to the letter

Each clue contains one superfluous word. Remove it and the clue will be complete as a clue, though it may not remain grammatical as a sentence. The answer to the clue, however, will generally not be the same length as the space provided in the diagram-and solvers may therefore suspect that the extra word was not superfluous at all.

Answers to clues include three proper names. Lights (i.e., words actually entered in the diagram) include one proper name, (a body of water). The lights at 22A, 40A, 7D, and 26D are moderately obscure. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 87.

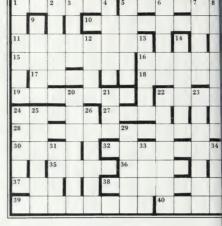
CLUES

ACROSS

- 1. Lesson B-1: Principal is numskull (8)
- 5. Heir has one right to start with: pleading criminal activity (5)
- 10. Stop-this fire is end of war surplus (5)
- Worshipped Swithin without in any way blushing (7)
- 15. Go around indisposed, preaching it in English class (9)
- 16. Noble white led beach bum (8)
- Chopper to move rapidly through sailing ship (7)
- 18. Whither the leaves, lending fluttery sound (4)
- 19. Gave a party, so he'd drunkenly gadded about small
- town (6) 22. Prostitute fished in gorge (6)
- 24. Crossing God is as terrifying as dismissing calamity (8)
- 27. Intimate cleaves tail off Cosell-but not naturally (5) 28. GI's silly photos developed for specialists in social disease (dropsy) (14)
- 30. Polish lenses (front halves only) and lessen fine dust from the garden (6)
- 32. Expert backer is tense (7)
- 35. Clout requires legal rights (6)
- 36. Smile about one loser showing temper (5)
- 37. Terminus A or B renter? (6)38. Toff names bet foolishly: last place in the standings (8)
- 39. Indignation returns without a worker on the padded
- 40. Mangoes and Mars can be discerned from roof (7)

DOWN

1. Foolish grin-it's sometimes beheaded around the collar (4)

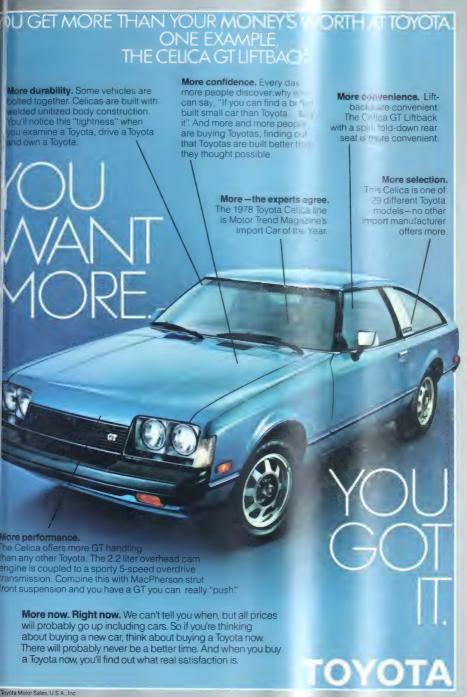


- 2. Dig in and push a bit of lamb chops (6)
- Almost severest, severest climb! (7)
- 4. Tax extras: the extremes of duplicity (4)
- The poet's time could be pronto, even about five (3 Bishop has right—bless every violation of law (6)
- Snoopy comparatively sore in broken-down barn (6
- 8. Sharp implements sunder eggs (7)
- 9. Poor devil threw out waxed candle inside (6)
- 12. Pad for the hairpin scab (3)
 13. Curses block North/South mover (5)
- 14. Annoying acts in chess, if I'm sadly mistaken (9)
- 20. Make a nice sound roundel-about a pound-from pitch (5)
- 21. Jousted on the outskirts of Jerusalem wall and almo get into jam? (4)
- Enlightens 100 turned out from imposing buildings 23. Dither results from centering indecent halter (6)
- 24. Dad flipped over cute ring attraction (6)
- 25. Hang stopped in the air . . . however, we dropped (526. Necromancer's mean, a capital fellow insinuated Europe! (5)
- 29. Sounds like mature group reaction to a pun (5)
- 31. Pirate a felt outfit . . . it has to be altered (7)
- 33. Superior bout without one animal (5)
- 34. Ticklish present: suspender (6)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Superfluities, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016. Entries must be received by August 10. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year sub-

scription to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the Se tember issue. Winners' names will be printed in the Octob issue. Winners of the June puzzle, "Abecedarian Jigsaw," a Anne Duncan, Washington, D.C.; Dallas Williams, Los Ang les, California; and Miriam B. Salomon, Buffalo, New Yor





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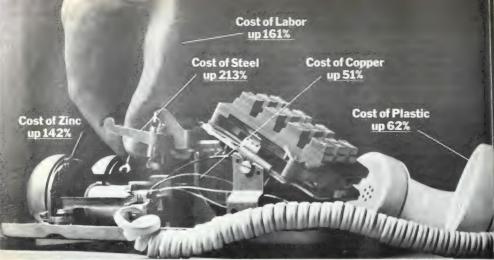
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LETTERS

Man and beast

Gene Lyons's defense of "sport" hunting ["Politics in the Woods." July] repeats the propaganda of the Hunting Establishment that tells us that hunting is good-even essentialfor conservation. Hunters vigorously deny that hunting is, or has been, a threat to endangered species, but the facts are there for anyone willing to examine them. It is thoroughly documented that over the years hunters have been responsible for helping wipe out numerous species of American wildlife, such as the heath hen, the Eastern elk, the passenger pigeon, the Merriam elk, the Carolina parakeet, the ivory-billed woodpecker, the Eskimo curlew, and the Badlands bighorn. Hunting by man-for sport or profithas been a major factor in the decline of many of the birds and mammals that are today considered endangered or threatened, such as the grizzly bear, the whooping crane, the leopard, the jaguar, the Key deer, and the Mexican duck. After two years of extensive hearings the Senate Commerce Committee in mid-1973 issued a report recommending new legislation to protect endangered species. It stated that "the two major causes of extinction are hunting and destruction of hab-

Countless other animals are threatened by legal, "legitimate" sport hunting. Today, hunting is threatening the future existence of such animals as the grizzly bear, the bobcat, the bighorn sheep, the leopard, the jaguar, and the mountain lion.

Hunters consistently claim that deer herds must be "culled" to prevent overpopulation and starvation. But these winter die-off situations arise to some extent every year whether or not there is hunting; it is nature's way of eliminating the sick, the weak, and the very old animals. In any event, winter die-offs are often brought about and made worse by hunter-run state fish and game departments propagating and "managing for" deer in called wildlife restoration program

The main reason some areas the porarily end up with more deer the habitat can support is that whife management officials deliberatry to create a "surplus" of deethrough stocking programs and inpulation of habitat—in order stimulate a demand for, and sell maximum number of hunting licentheir main source of revenue. It simply untrue that deer, when alone, always overpopulate and state death.

The argument that animals need be culled for their own good is central tenet of wildlife managem and the primary justification of, a rationale for, hunting. But this then has, over the years, been shown to invalid. Moreover, it in no way justifies the hunting of predators, sus wolves and cougars, that do have been deer herds from overpopulating the second of the s

Such specious propaganda w clearly debunked in the widely pu licized 1971 controversy over wheth or not to allow a deer hunt at the Gre Swamp (New Jersey) National Wi life Refuge. Hunters, wildlife "ma agement" officials, and "game bio gists" all claimed that if the hunt we not held, the long-protected and "ove ly large" deer population would st fer a massive die-off from starvation This specious argument is repeated Mr. Lyons in his misleading accou of the Great Swamp situation. B when a lawsuit by conservationis halted the hunt, the deer made through the winter just fine, and fact got along well for the next se eral years. When the hunt was nally held years later, there had be no massive die-off as predicted, no of the deer "taken" was starving, a observers at the scene described the as looking fat and healthy. (Desp all this, the U.S. Department of t Interior has now made the hunt annual event.) Moreover, animals national parks-where there is hunting or trapping-generally s just fine without being subjected riodic slaughter. Sometimes it rs that the greatest threat to the ng ethic is an unhunted, unged, healthy deer herd.

at is not in dispute about deer ng is that few if any hunters seek he starving deer, the one that make it through the winter. want to kill the largest and gest member of the herd, the 12buck whose antlers will look best is wall, the one the species needs to survive and evolve. By redly removing the best of the ling population, be it a bear, an ant, or a bighorn sheep, the er upsets nature's law of natural tion and survival of the fittest. It ssible that killing off the bravest, aggressive animals-the ones the er is most likely to encounter or :hallenged by-while leaving the d, secretive ones, can, over time, ige the very nature of a species.

waterfowl hunting any better shooting mammals? The U.S. Dement of the Interior estimates some 2.5 million ducks are crippled each year by hunters, not counting the millions more hit but less seriously wounded by buckshot. Nor does the carnage end when the hunter leaves the field. Each season, according to Interior, an estimated 2–3 million waterfowl die a slow and painful death from poisoning by lead buckshot, which builds up in marsh bottoms and is ingested by feeding ducks.

Does hunting finance conservation? It is true that hunting has raised substantial revenues for conservation and wildlife-management programs. But far too much of this money goes to pay for such things as propagating deer and manipulating habitat, salaries for hunting-dominated fish and game bureaucrats and such nonconservation-related activities as hunting-safety programs.

And we hear so often of the "success" of such "conservation programs" as reintroducing pheasant and wild turkey to an area, but we seldom hear that such programs often involve killing off the local predators—foxes, coyotes, raccoons, and any pet dogs or cats that happen along—by poison—

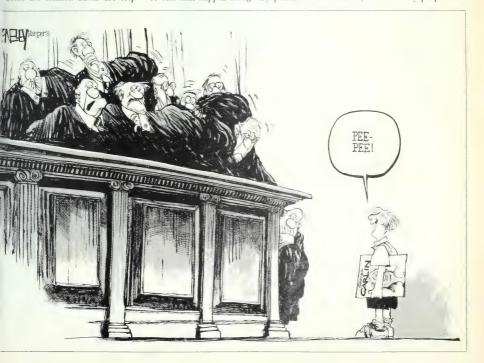
ing, trapping, and shooting, in order to guarantee the propagation of the introduced "game" species.

Further, consider the remarks of Sandra Oddo of Hurley, New York, published in the July, 1975, issue of Smithsonian magazine; this is more or less typical of what happens to many inhabitants of rural and suburban areas during the deer season:

We live in a house surrounded by woods, our property bounded on one side by a hunt club and within a mile of state land where organized hunting is permitted. We have bullet holes in our windows. Our children are not allowed to play outside during hunting season. When they visit friends, they are taken by car. Ours is red.

The toll from six families along a mile-long stretch of road has been twelve cats, five dogs, and a pony during the last five hunting

The gun lobby is constantly talking about the "rights" of hunters. But what about the rights of farmers, homeowners, and ordinary people who



would just like to take a walk in the woods or take their family on a pienic without outfitting them in helmets and bulletproof vests? If there are some 20 million Americans who hunt, then there are some 200 million who do not—and these people, representing 90 percent of the population, are demanding a greater voice in what happens to our wildlife heritage.

LEWIS REGENSTEIN
Executive Vice-President
The Fund for Animals
Washington, D.C.

GENE LYONS REPLIES:

My apologies to Cleveland Amory, who, as several readers have pointed out, is president not of Friends of Animals. but of The Fund for Animals. The mistake was due to a simple error in copying from my notes.

Had I ghostwritten it myself, I could not have produced a document more supportive of the central point of my article than Mr. Regenstein's letter. That point was that antihunting zealots and the Bolinas ideologues of "zero growth" are joined in a puritanical wish to rid themselves of the ambiguities of an imperfect world.

Mr. Regenstein, for example, reveres as "nature's way" the starvation of deer, but cannot abide death or pain inflicted upon the same animals by individual human action. He contrives to avoid the fact that all food comes from living tissue and requires the "slaughter" of same. Old Mac-Donald. after all. retired some time ago. In his place are production-line techniques in which animals are not only killed and butchered in very much the same way automobiles are assembled, but are raised in conditions not far removed. A friend of mine regularly challenges his more strident acquaintances to accompany him on a hunting trip and to a slaughterhouse. He has never had any takers.

Regenstein's melodramatic view of benign nature and wicked man forces him to reject facts as nonexistent and scientific findings as corrupt when they do not accord with his preconceived positions. Note that he neither produces nor even alludes to a shred of scientific evidence supporting his assertion that deer do not overpopulate. The matter of the Great Swamp deer is a case in point: starvation and disease infestation caused by weakness

and overcrowding were documented by wildlife biologists and pathologists (from the New York Department of Environmental Conservation's Wildlife Research Lab in cooperation with the New Jersey Division of Fish, Game, and Shell Fisheries) on the scene. For their findings, which are readily available,* Regenstein would substitute the impressions of "observers," most of whom arrived carrying signs. Neither does he consider that the hunt was conducted in the fall, when deer are as fat as they are ever going to be. The University of Connecticut study was conducted in late winter. There are no large predators in the Great Swamp save the suburban dog; nor do any exist in North America that could survive on just 6,000 acres surrounded by suburbs. The Point Reyes situation, involving, as it does, exotics, is in many ways unique. But both cases are noteworthy not because they are unusual, but because they are examples of exactly what would happen were sport hunting to be widely abolished. Virtually all of North America south of the Arctic Circle is what the Sierra Club calls a "degraded ecosystem," i.e., one in which human activity has altered habitat sufficiently to render nature's mythic "balance" a sentimental memory. Unlike their natural "enemies" among predators, deer thrive upon agriculture and logging.

I am almost embarrassed at having to make so elementary a point, but "nature's way" is not always the best way. One of nature's ways of coping with human overcrowding, after all, was the bubonic plague. This is not to beg the question of human responsibility to animals we find useful or aesthetically pleasing (I assume Regenstein has no objection to the slaughter of rats), but rather to insist upon it. According to the National Wildlife Federation, the Eastern elk. passenger pigeon, Merriam elk, Carolina parakeet, and Badlands bighorn -species Regenstein lists as having been made extinct by hunters-were extinguished by the first decade of this century, most of them by a combination of market hunting and the destruction of habitat. All quite before wildlife conservation or hunter li-

*See the article by Douglas Roscoe et al. in the *Journal of Wildlife Diseases*, January, 1975.

censing were even thought of. Bill hunter organizations and groups st as the National Wildlife Federation the Audubon Society, and the Sier Club (my criticism of which was rected only at the San Francisco B Area Chapter) keep a close and formed watch on matters involving t well-being of both game and no game species, and debate the relati ethics of aspects of the hunt such the seeking of trophy heads and t killing of predators. Even so, the is no cause for moral absolutism undue alarm. Men have been seekir trophy stags since the dawn of histor without real effect upon truly wi populations. Twelve-point bucks get big not by being bold and aggressiv but by being cunning and wary. I the time big bucks are taken they at near the end of their natural lives any case, and will have fathere hundreds of descendants. One of the problems facing wildlife managers, i fact, is persuading hunters to take do in order to keep herds at supportabl levels. The problem of lead pollutio in areas of heavy duck hunting he been addressed, as I suspect Regenstei knows, by the Fish and Wildlife Ser vice of the Department of the Interior which requires steel shot.

which requires steel shot.

Nobody, as I wrote to begin with defends brutality, piggishness, poach ing, and the reckless shooting indulge in by an oafish minority of fools. Tha is why I am bewildered at Regen stein's hostility to spending mone generated by license fees on hunte education and regulation. Finally, i 90 percent of the population does no hunt, organizations opposed to hunting should have no difficulty at alin having their point of view written in the little of the control of the cont

ERRATUM:

Cleveland Amory is founder an non-paid president of The Fund for Animals. He is not president of Friend of Animals. as stated in "Politics in th Woods" (July), nor is he in any wa responsible for that organization's pol cy statements critical of hunters, as the article also unfortunately implied. W regret these errors, as well as the article's implication that Mr. Amor—whose family is from Charlestor South Carolina—harbors any prejudic against Southerners.

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POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

The market in kings

by Lewis H. Laph

Should a man be appointed to a new post, praise of him pours forth. overflowing into courtyards and chapels, reaching the stair, the hall, the gallery, the whole of the royal apartment: one's quite submerged, one's overwhelmed by it. There are no two opinions on the man; envy and jealousy speak with the same voice as adulation; all are swept away by the torrent, which forces them to say what they think, or don't think, of a man, and often to praise one whom they do not know. A man of wit, merit, or valor becomes, in one instant, a genius of the first rank, a hero, a demi-god ... Should he seem insecure in the position to which he has been raised, everyone readily shifts to another point of view; should he fall from it completely, the machinery that had raised him so high, by means of applause and eulogy, is still available to make him lapse into utter neglect; I mean that there are none who despise him more heartily, who blame him more sharply, and who speak more ill of him, than those who had devoted themselves to the rage for praising him.

-La Bruyère, Characters

URING THE PAST FEW MONTHS I have been listening to more and more people tell one another stories about President Carter's provincialism and lack of grace. They take an almost masochistic pleasure in reporting rumors of Mr. Carter's incompetence, and as I listen to them talk I am reminded of courtiers who have lost faith in the divinity of their sovereign. In a nation theoretically committed to republican ideals of government, the worship of kings falls outside the bounds of correct opinion.

The practice doesn't conform to the theory. In Washington and New York most of the people who deal with matters of public policy belong to what has become a Court society. They rely on patronage and favor, and they feel uncomfortable with anything but the most stylistic representations of democracy. Given a choice in November between the party of the American Revolution and the monarchy of George III, they would vote unhesitatingly for the Crown. The worship of kings seems to them as natural as the worship of money.

Mr. Carter disappoints them because he cannot sustain an image of royalty. He goes about the business of government with the earnestness of a petty magistrate who thinks that he has been elected to govern the country rather than to present a reassuring and stately facade. By so doing he unwittingly threatens to wreck the scaffolding of pretension on which the Court society mounts its claims to grandeur and authority. This both offends and alarms people. Having lost faith in the government of mortal men they quire ceremonial figures whom they can invest with the robes of infallible majesty. Such figures don't exist in a state of nature. They must be manufactured, and the demand for them becomes increasingly insistent as the world comes to be seen as a far more complicated and dangerous place than previously had been supposed. People hear rumors of unsettling discoveries in the sciences, of terrorism in Europe and hunger in the southern latitudes, of nuclear weapons in the hands of madmen. But who knows what any of these things mean or portend? Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

In the hope of reducing the perceilevels of ignorance and anxiety, ple find it comforting to resort to magical thinking of childhood. T they prefer to be ruled by kings wh they can confuse with God or the nipotent father. The present add tion of the Arabs (kings who body all the infantile fantasies as ciated with kings) runs parallel to adoration of celebrities and Zen m ters. The general wish for omnipote becomes so urgent that Paul Newn can summon a press conference to s that he has consented to help the wo disarm. Robert Redford undertakes exhort the populace on behalf of sun. The Catholics in Northern Irela appeal to Sen. Edward Kennedy-p sumably because of his connection among the martyred saints-to put end to the religious wars. The fearf ness seeps through all levels of socie but it is most acutely felt among p ple who hold power but don't kn why they hold it or what they are su posed to do with it. Their uneasing testifies to the decay of the republic tradition, in the precincts of the arts a sciences as well as in the political ord The republican idea assumes that i body, not even Governor Brown of Ca fornia, can be counted upon to beha in a uniformly virtuous or heroic ma ner. The men who had the coura and self-confidence to write the Co stitution accepted both the necess and the untrustworthiness of gover ment. They thought the law by means perfect, but at least it gave m rules with which to rescue themselv from megalomania and self-hatred. have no ambition to govern men Jefferson said. "It is a painful a thankless office."

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VER THE PAST GENERATION this view of government has all but disappeared from the conduct of public affairs. Government is supposed to be cheerful and fun, a matter of going to parties and distributing a limitless number of Christmas presents. Almost none of the people attached to the Court have had much confidence in any President since John F. Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy and his Administration satisfied the national longing for kings and queens and fairy tales. He allowed people to think of the world as a theater in which the American hero remained always young and always triumphant. He understood that kings do nothing but stand as symbolic figures, amidst as much pomp and ceremony as can be decently arranged in a democratic state. They grant audiences and receive petitions, in the meantime indulging themselves in pleasures demonstrably royal. Mr. Kennedy played the part with admirable aplomb, squandering his inheritance among bawds and panders, casting the blessing of his countenance on the poor, feigning a connoisseur's interest in justice and the music of Pablo Casals,

His success in the part had a great deal to do with his having been born rich. In a society that makes a god of wealth, the rich man, like the king, remains a law unto himself. He can do no wrong, and it is sufficient that he took the trouble to be born. Among a restless people ceaselessly striving to become something else, the spectacle of a man content merely to be has a calming effect. It is possible to assume that a king can afford the luxury of inner repose, that his exemption from existential necessity allows him to notice, possibly even to comfort and assist, the less fortunate. Kings and rich men can make of the business of the state a pleasant diversion.

President Carter, like Presidents Johnson and Nixon before him, fails to convey this impression of ease and spaciousness. President Johnson had too voracious an appetite for power, and he didn't know how to conceal his greed behind the napkin of aristocratic disdain. He was constantly showing people his wounds and trophies, proving that even while sitting on the toilet at the morning levée he could make policy and destroy the ambitions of anybody who opposed him. It was President Nixon's weakness, not his

strength, that irritated the Court and the common people. Like Mr. Carter, he was too obviously a bourgeois figure, too cramped and earnest, insufficiently secure in his prerogatives to burn the White House tapes and to admit, with condescension, that he had sent agents of the Crown to ransack the offices of the Democratic National Committee. He didn't know how to give State entertainments, and his pretensions to sovereignty were as ridiculous as the uniforms he designed for the White House guard. Even before he suffered the indignity of the Watergate scandal (something expected of a groom), the media preferred Henry Kissinger. Mr. Kissinger enjoyed the advantage of having been educated in the ducal household of Nelson Rockefeller; he knew how to speak the language of the Court, how to deceive, cajole, flatter, and sacrifice people to his intrigues. The media, unquestionably the grandest of the nation's courtiers, found him charming.

The media did everything they could for Mr. Carter, applauding his royal progress from the South and sustaining his claim to the throne. In the spring and summer of 1976, possibly as a patriotic gesture on the occasion of the nation's birthday, the television networks and major newspapers tried to make of Mr. Carter a populist prince. They bestowed the favor of publicity and assumed that Mr. Carter would reward them with the semblance of a king. Alas, to no avail. Mr. Carter cannot rid himself of the habit of subservience. Instead of acquiring the arrogance expected of royalty he still defers to David Rockefeller and the courtiers wearing the livery of the Trilateral Commission. President Kennedy had the good manners to flatter both the media and the people in his entourage by saying to them, in effect: "You are so good that you are fit to follow me." Mr. Carter weakens the compliment by saying, in effect: "You are so good that I am fit to follow you."

HE NEED FOR convincing appearances engenders a land-office business in the certifications by which candidates for high office and reputation gradually acquire the outward shows of wisdom, power, and magnificence. People need to be told that things really are

as they seem, that Presidents kni what they're doing, that the minists entrusted with fleets and arm possess something more than a milmal degree of intelligence and a tale for self-aggrandizement. The med perform the services of a Court chall berlain, arranging the rude confusi of the world into the polite forms Court ceremony. Thus they seek diminish their own anxiety as well the anxiety of their audience by redu ing Presidents and Cabinet ministel to celebrities on the order of Mil Jagger or the late Aristotle Onassis. I the same process the large and u knowable workings of history beconsmall and theatrical events. The b wildering questions of political ecol omy resolve into "the energy crisis" the unfathomable causes of huma cruelty dissolve into the fashionab issue of "human rights." Jefferson's no tion of governing men, one which would imply ambiguity, pain, and argi ment, gives way to the more decorou notion of manipulating abstract ent ties, of attending conferences and mov ing flags on maps. In the society of th Court appearances become paramount People assign supernatural powers t persons or institutions purportedly sac rosanct. They defer to the wisdom o the rich, to the imprimatur of Harvare University or the New York Times, to the good opinion of John J. McCloy of Johnny Carson.

N NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON keep meeting people who manage their images and ambitions as : Athey were courtiers at Versaille during the reign of Louis XIV. Th important thing is to be seen at th fetes of their prince (whether at Av erill Harriman's dinner parties or wri ing in the New York Times Book Re view), to have one's name mentione in the gossip columns or W, to be lis ed among the members of advisor councils associated with grave socia purpose. Such people spend their tim accumulating credentials of one kin or another-traveling to a conference at the Aspen Institute for no other reason than that they should be notice and marked present; publishing unir telligible treatises in journals that enjo the patronage of the Court (Foreig Affairs, Wilson Quarterly, Columbia Journalism Review, et cetera); scratch non the doors of the grandees who bestow favors in the form of pubon, research grants, tax exemp-, and appointments to ornamental nissions. The blurbs advertising books ("Masterpiece," "work of d reality," et cetera) testify not so 1 to the book's worth as to the ity of the author's connections.

ithin the abstract realms of public y, people appoint one another to : in the superstitious belief that confer capacities as well as titles honors. Nelson Rockefeller disred Henry Kissinger as an obscure rian and helped to raise him to the e of Secretary of State. By so doing sure that Mr. Rockefeller thought Mr. Kissinger acquired not only ity but also the arts of a statesman. Rockefeller's brother David has much the same thing with the more egregious figure of Zbig-Brzezinski. Observers given to a sh view of American politics interthese arrangements as proof of piracy and the omnipotence of the ed Establishment. They miss the point because they insist on believing that the Rockefellers, at least, know what they are doing. Thus they fail to notice that the Rockefellers, like most of their friends and confederates, desperately wish to believe in the magical figures of their own childlike creation.

I found myself thinking about toy soldiers last spring in Washington when I heard Cyrus Vance, the Secretary of State, give one of his ritual speeches about foreign affairs. Like Mr. Kissinger and Mr. Brzezinski, Mr. Vance had been duly certified by the media and by his peers as a man of undoubted probity and charm. This, of course, has nothing to do with his qualifications as anything other than a decorative presence in the boardrooms of the Yale Corporation and the Rockefeller Foundation. As he labored through the obligatory and familiar phrases about the prospect of thermonuclear war, I had the impression of a man who was badly frightened. The nervousness so plainly apparent in Mr. Vance's manner reminded me of a story that I once had been told about

a Greek general. Before World War I the general enjoyed a reputation for bravery. Although he never had endured the inconvenience of a battlefield, the general had attended the best military schools and had commanded, with distinction, troops on parade. He counted the King of Greece among his patrons and friends, and he was known for the brilliance of his uniforms. Throughout World War I the general remained in Athens, discussing the strategy in France and Mesopotamia. He astonished foreign observers with his victorious designs on tables of sand. In 1920 the general had the bad luck to be sent to fight the Turks in Anatolia. On the afternoon of his first day in the vicinity of artillery fire he became convinced that he was made of glass. So intense was his delusion that his aides had to wrap him in padded quilts. During the rest of the campaign they carried him in and out of his headquarters tent as if he were an antique sculpture stolen from the Par-

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THE CANCER LOTTERY

Risk rises with age

by Herman T. Blumentl

RE WE EXPERIENCING an epidemic of cancer, or of cancerophobia-or both? Gallup polls in 1965 and again in 1976 revealed that the public fears cancer more than any other disease. When all respondents over twenty-one were confronted with a list of eight afflictions and asked which is "the worst thing that can happen to you?" about 60 percent selected cancer; heart attack, with a mortality rate about three times greater than cancer's, was named by only 10 percent. The public's perception seems to be that of an unidentified murderer roaming the streets and killing indiscriminately, while the police remain helpless.

Cancer has always been an emotionally draining experience for victim, relatives, and friends, but the present climate seems to be a particularly alarmist one, perhaps bordering on hysteria. Only occasionally is a bit of humor to be found, such as in the cartoon that shows a couple watching the evening news with the newscaster announcing, "And now for today's list of carcinogenic substances."

A feature article on cancer in Newsweek provided a list of the "ten top suspects" and noted that altogether there are some 1,400 suspect chemicals, drugs, physical agents, and pollutants, though only twenty or so are widely held to be proved carcinogenic agents. The National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health maintains

a registry of more than 2,000 suspects. Aside from cigarettes, diet, and alcohol, the list includes food additives, cosmetics, drugs, and a host of toxic chemicals in workplaces or in manufactured products, ionizing radiation, and even sunlight. More to the point is that carcinogens are believed to be present in the air we breathe, the food we eat, the water we drink, and the soil from which our food supply derives.

There's a common current assumption that some 65-90 percent of cancers can be attributed to harmful chemicals in our environment. This figure derives from a proposal made in 1969 by Dr. John Higginson-currently director of the International Agency for Research in Cancer-and is based on international differences in various types of cancer. Higginson theorized that it should be possible to reduce the incidence of cancer by creating an environment equivalent to that obtaining in the country with the lowest incidence of each type. Not only is this proposal highly theoretical, its implementation is virtually impossible and it does not take into account genetic differences between various national populations.

The issue that besets cancer research seems to be this: Do we have as many villains in our midst as the prevailing mood would seem to indicate? Or is it not as Pogo might say, "We have met the enemy and it is

us." Does our environment cause c cer, or do our own bodies betray inevitably, in the aging process?

EFORE CONSIDERING the reof aging in the origin of co cer, we need to look at so shifts in the characteristics the American population since the ti of the century and how these chanhave affected the frequency of seve diseases. Since 1900 the over-six five population has increased me than twice as fast as the total popu tion; in the twenty years between 19 and 1966 this age group increased 78 percent. For those over seven five the increase has been even mo marked, 111 percent. In 1900 only percent of the total population w over sixty-five; this group now repr sents about 10 percent of the total, as by the year 2000 it is estimated th there will be about 31 million peop over sixty-five, some 18 percent of t total population.

If one looks at the changing distribution pattern of disease responsible for most mortalities, it becomes even that in 1900 infectious disease accounted for most deaths, while the day heart disease, cancer, and cerebrate the contract of the contract of the change of t

Dr. Blumenthal is Research Professor Gerontology in the department of psycholog Washington University, and Adjunct P fessor of Community Medicine at the Louis University School of Medicine.



orrhage (stroke) are the leaders. ile dementia is not formally listed cause of death, although this afflicdoes reduce remaining life exancy; if it were so listed it would k fourth. The Terry Report, which iched the campaign against cigte smoking more than a decade , recognized that there has been a gressive increase in cancer morty since the turn of the century to ch what some are now calling an demic. However, diagnostic accuy has also improved immeasurably r the past seventy-five years and ple see physicians much more freently than they did sixty or seventy irs ago; once this is taken into acint it appears likely that cancer was re prevalent at the turn of the ceny than vital statistics indicate. Nevheless, the Terry Report made an empt to adjust for some of these tors, concluding that some 30 perit of the increase in cancer deaths ice 1900 can be accounted for on basis of the increase in life expecncy. The probability that a person Il develop cancer in the next five ars is only 1 in 700 at age twentye, but at age sixty-five it is 1 in 44 sixteen times higher.

Data from Australia show that in e 20-44 age group there was no ange in lung cancer mortality beeen 1950 and 1973, while in the 75age group there was a marked inease during this same period. The oups between these two extremes low an increase that correlates dictly with age. The conventional view this data would be that the longer ne smokes, the more prevalent lung incer becomes; the lungs of a seventyve-year-old who started smoking at venty would have fifty-five years of sposure to tobacco carcinogens, while nose of a fifty-year-old who started moking at the same age would have nly thirty years of exposure. Howver, another possibility is that the ells of older individuals are more suseptible to the carcinogenic effects of bacco than those of younger people, nd as noted below, there is substanal evidence to support this second ossibility.

Other common cancers also show an acreasing prevalence with advancing ge. These include, for example, some orms of leukemia, cancer of the breast and of the uterus in women, and can-

cers of the gastrointestinal tract, including the pancreas in both sexes and the prostate in men. (Cancer of the cervix in women, of the testis in men, and a few other cancers show a more random age distribution.)

Data deriving from the American Cancer Society confirm the widely held belief that despite all of the publicized therapeutic breakthroughs, cancer survival rates are generally not improving. In women there has been a significant drop in mortalities only among victims of uterine cancer, probably due to early detection by pap smears, and of stomach cancer. In men the only significant changes are the marked increase in deaths from lung cancer and an equally marked decrease in stomach cancer. The decrease in stomach cancer mortalities in both sexes seems due to a mysterious decrease in frequency rather than to any new prevention or treatment. If some unknown dietary factor is responsible, it is apparently with respect to stomach cancer only, because incidence of colon cancer has increased.

Traditionally, the relationship between aging and disease has been viewed in two ways: 1) Some diseases require many years between the initiating event and the appearance of illness. Alternatively, repeated "insults" may have to occur before disease results. In either case, the extended life-span that began about three decades ago makes the risk of cancer and other diseases greater for an increasing number of people. 2) Disease harms body organs and cells, and thereby adds "injury" to the "insult" of inevitable aging. In this context, disease may be considered to have a cumulative, degenerative effect and thus to accelerate aging.

Over the past two decades several gerontologists have been examining yet a third possibility, namely that certain diseases, including cancer, are inextricably linked with aging. If this proposition is valid, it means that everyone who lives long enough will at one or more times over the course of his life-span generate cancer cells, as Australian Nobel laureate F.M. Burnet has asserted. James Trosko and C.C. Chang at Michigan State University hold a similar view. They believe that it is not possible to avoid all of the environmental factors that may cause cancer and that the same natural genetic processes producing mutations that led to the evolution of our species are also responsible for the phenomenon we call cancer.

Environmental hazards have been present throughout the history of life on our planet, and indeed, mutations, good and bad, have in effect dictated the course of evolution. George Sacher at the Argonne National Laboratory has been particularly interested in isolating the evolutionary factors responsible for the superior longevity of human beings. His studies show that a mammal's life-span is directly tied to the proportionate size of its brain. The bigger the brain, the longer it takes the species to develop its physical and mental capacities.

The human brain is thought to have doubled in size during the past 2 million years. Intelligence has increased with size, permitting greater control over the external environment. Clothing, weapons, and housing have enhanced our longevity in rather obvious ways. Less evident, perhaps, is the fact that the brain can also fine-tune the internal environment of the human body as the brains of other species cannot. An important strategy of evolution has been to provide mammals with their greatest resistance to harmful environmental factors during the period of the life-span when they enjoy their greatest reproductive capacity. This assures the survival of the species. Evolution has little interest in the survival of the middle-aged and the elderly, who have lost their capacity to procreate, and who can therefore no longer contribute new individuals to the species. On the other hand, our superior intelligence has also engendered social mechanisms and a body of medical science that allow the human species to realize the full capacity of its life-span (which, as Sacher also points out, may not extend much beyond eighty years no matter how well we control our environment).

HREE INTERNAL SYSTEMS are particularly relevant to our capacity to resist disease and to extend longevity: 1) The system within each cell that maintains the fidelity of production of those substances that derive more or less directly from the individual's genes (DNA). 2) The immune system, which

protects the individual not only from intruding viruses, bacteria, and parasites, but also from the body's own cells when they go awry, as in the case of cancer. 3) The neuroendocrine system, which regulates the functions of the body's hormones, including those involved in the reproductive process.

The first of these systems relates to research on senescence and to a possible origin of cancer cells independent of the influence of external factors in the environment. Each cell of the body synthesizes proteins. Some proteins go into structural tissues such as muscle or bone, others into enzymes (catalysts that facilitate chemical reactions); still others provide hormones, and some form antibodies that protect against foreign intruders, as well as against the proliferation of cancer cells. The phases of this process consist of the replication of genetic DNA by a process termed transcription; this is followed by translation to indicate that the final product, the protein, is in effect a printout analogous to that provided by a computer. The composite of genes that controls this process is commonly called the genetic program. This may be an old story to many readers. Less common knowledge is that gerontologists and others refer to the "fidelity of information flow" in this system to indicate that there are sometimes errors that result in "misspellings" or "misstatements" in the printouts. The latter may be the consequence of a flaw in the DNA equivalent to a mutation, but errors may occur as well in transcription and trans-

There is a considerable body of evidence indicating that as cells age they become progressively more prone to such errors, the consequence of which may, in some instances, be cell death. In others, the result may be the transformation of a normal cell into a cancer cell. Sometimes this transformation proceeds through several stages. In fact, there is evidence showing that cancer-producing radiations, chemicals, or viruses change the characteristics of the DNA and cause an infidelity of the protein synthetic system similar to that which occurs with natural aging. Agents such as X rays appear even to accelerate other manifestations of senescence. It therefore becomes difficult to distinguish between an environmentally induced process and the body's genetically programmed aging process. If one considers the possibility that at some point in life these two phenomena (one intrinsic and the other environmental) merge, then assessing environmental impact may become extremely difficult, if not impossible.

Henry Pitot, head of the cancer research program at the University of Wisconsin, has reviewed evidence showing some nine similarities between senescent and cancer cells, as well as three differences. The majority of carcinogenic chemicals must be converted in the body to active carcinogens. But the body also has mechanisms for destroying-detoxifyingthese agents. Whether or not cancer develops depends on which of these two competing mechanisms predominates, and the ability to detoxify may deteriorate with age. Polyunsaturated fats, recommended for preventing heart attacks, accelerate aging in test animals, reduce the effectiveness of the immune system, and increase tumor incidences. There have even been reports suggesting that these highly touted substitutes for butter and other fats may act similarly in human beings. Thus polyunsaturated fats may be yet another fine example of the safeguard proving worse than the disease. The public has not yet been told that these products may be carcinogenic.

One way of carrying out comparisons between senescent and cancer cells is by studying isolated cells in tissue culture. Studies at Harvard show that senescent cells, when exposed to carcinogenic agents, are particularly vulnerable to a transformation process resembling cancer. This transformation of cultured cells has been called an "escape from senescence," but in the context of the whole body, such newly won freedom is hardly a benefit. What is not yet known is whether some external agent is necessary to initiate the transformation process; some researchers believe an external agent may not be necessary.

There has been much in the news lately about the possible dangers of research on recombinant DNA. This kind of research is commonly referred to as "genetic engineering" because it is now possible to cut out a segment of DNA and splice in a new segment from another organism. In one such

experiment at the University of Cal fornia in San Francisco researcher have excised DNA from a bacterius and spliced in a segment of DNA from rats that directs the production of insilin. The bacterium then produces in sulin. However, the public is probabl less aware of the fact that the bod also has the capacity for carrying ou a similar process, which it uses to re pair damaged DNA. Ronald Hart, of Ohio State University, and James Troko have found that species with lon life-spans maintain efficient DNA re pair capacity far longer than specie with short life-spans; in effect, life spans correlate with the ability t maintain this function. They have als found that there are two kinds of DN/ repair: error-free and error-prone The latter is held to be responsible for mutations that lead to either car cer or senescence. Research of thi kind suggests that the opposite sid of the coin from natural aging is th development of cancer.

NA REPAIR CAPACITY may thus be viewed as the firs line of defense against aging and cancer. The second linof defense is the immune system, which can identify and destroy cells that have suffered unrepaired DNA damage, a well as cancer cells. F. M. Burne has observed that there is a minor can cer mortality peak in childhood tha subsides at about the onset of sexua maturity. Cancer mortalities then re main low until about age thirty, after which they rise steeply. On the other hand, the effectiveness of the immunresponse in the destruction of cance cells reaches a peak at about age fif teen with the onset of sexual maturity remains high through about age thirty and then progressively declines. Burne interprets this model in terms of evolu tion. He attributes the minor mortal ity peak to genetic defects that are ex pressed during childhood when the immune system is not yet completely developed. The lowest cancer mortality rate corresponds to the period of max imum reproductive capacity, which i also the period of maximum effective ness of the immune system. The steadi ly rising cancer mortality rate after age thirty supports the notion tha evolution is not concerned with the survival of senescing individuals.

he superior human brain provides precise control of the stability of ly internal biological functions. It implishes this through its modulaof the endocrine system, primarily connections between the higher in centers and a part of the brain ed the hypothalamus, which sends mical messages to the endocrine ids where hormones are produced. mones not only regulate processes hin cells, including functions that ive from DNA, but also influence immune system, promoting and pressing its activities in response certain circumstances. George Solon at Stanford University has n studying the effects of emotions I stress on the immune system, atipting to discover their interrelanships with cancer. His objective is demonstrate that during certain otional states and stressful situations re is a hormonal suppression of the mune system.

Hans Selye, a Canadian biologist, d Burnet believe that repeated ess over years adds to the deterioran of the immune system. In this ntext, physical, social, economic, d a host of other factors indigenous industrially advanced societies may rve as accelerators of aging and thus rhaps of cancer. If one views cigatte smoking as correlative with tenon, then tension might manifest the me statistical correlation with canr that is attributed to cigarette conmption if only we could quantify ress as accurately as we can count e number of cigarettes consumed.

In The Closing Circle, Barry Comoner states that "everything leads to verything else." So, too, we might deribe the cancer problem. There have ways been environmental factors at pose a threat to the existence of ving beings, and indeed evolution as provided biological mechanisms r overpowering these villains. These echanisms have attained their greatt efficiency in the human species and ive thereby provided us with supeor longevity. It is paradoxical, hower, that the improved efficiency of ese protective mechanisms is also nked with an increased complexity. he more mechanisms we acquire for irposes of adaptation, the more comex become the functions that our ells and organ systems must perform nd the greater the opportunity for



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things to go wrong. As we look at the prevalence of cancer among mammals as they are arranged on the evolutionary tree, it appears that there may be a direct correlation between the increasing complexity of adaptive mechanisms and the increasing frequency of cancer. However, this possibility is clouded by the fact that animals in the wild state rarely attain a sufficiently advanced age to become cancer-prone.

In any event, I have tried to make the point here that the attribution of cancer to some environmental agent does not imply a simple cause-andeffect, one-to-one relationship. In addition to the agent, there is the ability of the body either to convert the environmental agent to a carcinogen or, conversely, to detoxify it. There are also considerations of a multiplicity of stresses and tensions associated with everyday living in a competitive, industrialized society, the factors of inherited susceptibilities on the one hand and inherited adaptive capacities on the other, all of which are related to longevity. And finally there is the possibility that cancer may be directly linked with aging. An impartial appraisal of current strategies guiding cancer research suggests that aging has the lowest priority.

EFORE WORLD WAR II the direction of medical research was usually determined by a researcher's own intellectual goals, and scientists were pretty much free to pursue their own interests. Barry Commoner once characterized progress during this period as dependent upon serendipity-the chance that some scientific discovery would suggest new lines of research and new discoveries. Pre-World War II research was paid for by universities or supported by small grants from patrons and a few foundations and companies. The first several decades of this century saw, among its discoveries, a continuation of the identification of microorganisms that cause human disease, the development of vaccines, serums, and antibiotics with which to prevent or cure infectious diseases, and the discovery of insulin, which has saved the lives of countless juvenile diabetics. Successes such as these accounted for about a thirty-year gain in life expectancy from 1900 to 1950.

Since World War II, medical research has been funded largely by the federal government through the National Institutes of Health and the National Science Foundation, supplemented by public donations through such organizations as the American Cancer Society, the American Heart Association, and the American Diabetes Association, with small supplemental grants from some foundations and drug firms. There remains a residue of nostalgia for the small-is-beautiful attitude, although the day has long passed when one can expect progress from scientists working in isolation in a small laboratory equipped with a student's microscope and some crudely constructed pieces of equipment. And despite its many faults the present system has had some remarkable successes in basic research; particularly relevant to cancer and aging are the revolution in molecular biology, which has brought us to a consideration of utilizing genetic engineering to cure some diseases, and the rapidly expanding field of immunology, which may someday provide a more effective means of treating cancer than is currently avail-

The medical establishment is not devoid of some amusing insights into its own weaknesses. A recent article in Diabetes Forecast, a publication of the American Diabetes Association, notes that the 1921 discovery of insulin provided a "miracle" that probably couldn't happen anymore because Banting and Best would not qualify as researchers by today's sophisticated standards, and because in this brave new world of large funding, they would not appear to be men of great vision:

If they had submitted a sixty-page grant proposal (in twenty copies) properly supported by bibliography, the resulting site inspection by their scientific peers would certainly have found that results from only ten dogs could not be statistically significant, Anyway, no project of this scope could possibly be funded for less than \$250,000 annually for at least ten years in order to determine the general direction of this project ... The grant would, of course, include a 40-50 percent overhead figure which would adequately take care of any administrative needs.

This more or less accurately describes

the process involved in submitting research proposal. It indicates w "grantsmanship"—the skill necessa to formulate such a proposal—has l come a teachable subject.

We seem to think that our medic problems can be solved by announcing with great fanfare, their epidemic pri portions and the need to launch a fur scale attack. Nixon's 1971 Cancer Cr sade is, by far, the most dramatic cal in point. About \$1.6 billion was appri priated for three years and a critic change in policy was initiated. (The annual appropriation for the Nation Cancer Institute is currently about \$800 million.) Cancer research was be highly systematized, with specifi approved battle plans and a ruling h erarchy of both scientists and layme including some corporate executives. new way of life was dictated to research workers. One of the corporate execu tives was quoted in Science: "in the development of atomic power and in th outer-space programs there was a wor derful control and a most highly bus nesslike type of approach. It is m thinking that we must strive to brin businesslike methods into the figh against cancer." The problem with thi analogy is that in the atomic power and space programs the necessary basi knowledge was already available an needed only to be implemented. Ur fortunately, this is not true of cance research programs, where basic know edge remains to be discovered.

One member of the federal cance advisory board, Nobel laureate James D. Watson, charged the Nixon Ad ministration's war on cancer wit seeking a quick, visible public relation success, while undermining the funda mental biological research most likel to yield a cure. "The sad fact is that there is no way we can effectively plaan end to all cancer." The best way t make progress, he suggested, is "b strongly encouraging research on a forms of experimental biology instea of restricting substantial funding t direct cancer research." One of th gimmicks deriving from the corporat mind is something called the cost/ber efit ratio (substitute "profit" for "bene fit"). This, as every scientist knows is not possible for basic research. Th solution to the cancer problem is a likely to come from someone with a inconsequentially small grant as fron some highly organized cancer program

orted by vast funding. In an arin The Sciences, Charles McCutchphysicist at NIH, contends that government has encouraged a miserstanding of the nature of scientiesearch. Research is gambles that sionally succeed, usually in unexed directions, and whose practical off is a sure winner; but the odds ring the success of a single project small, And Alvin Weinberg points in a Science editorial that the deon most matters at the intersecof science and society is largely lucted in public. When scientists ess opinions in a public forum are not subject to the discipline caution that regulate opinions exsed in journals. As a consequence extrascientific debate is too often sponsible, and half-truths are perated on the public.

T PRESENT, doubtful information is presented to the public as fact. Only about 5–10 percent of cancers appear to job-related, not the much-cited ger percentages approaching 80–90 cent. No rational person should opee the removal of environmental ards, whether job-related or not, at the same time the public should be misled into believing that if the ironment is purified, cancer will lish.

The emphasis for the moment is on vention, not only of cancer but also other chronic and degenerative conions. Prevention has an intrinsic pic, but is it realistic? In addition to anges in living habits, enthusiasts vocate regular medical examinations. It the cynics have been through much this over the past twenty-five years does little evidence of improved crival. As Lewis Thomas writes,

In the midst of this argument, new voices are being raised in an efort to simplify the whole problem of disease by blaming it, simply, on wrong living. Suddenly, hygiene has been rediscovered. If you want to avoid heart disease, eat less animal fat and ride your bicycle. Hypertension is a result of social stress. Cancer is totally and comprehensively explained by external contaminants in the environment; get rid of these and thus be rid of cancer. Live a more sensible life, get plenty of sleep and a good

breakfast, give up smoking and drinking, eat less, and you can stretch out your life by eleven or twelve extra years.

He points out further that the conquest of infectious disease was not an overnight phenomenon, but required some sixty years of painstaking research. We have been engaged in concentrated research on cancer and other age-related diseases for only about twenty-five years.

The reality is that these diseases are much more complex in their origin, prevention, and treatment than the simplistic one-liners provided to the news media by the Medical Establishment. The public should be made aware of a fact that is common knowledge among gerontologists: The eradication of cancer would add only one to two years to human life expectancy as compared with about ten years for all forms of arteriosclerosis. The potential gain in life expectancy if the rate of aging could be slowed-and the possible influence of such a strategy on the frequency of cancer, arteriosclerosis, and other diseases of aging -has not even received serious consideration. For every \$2 we spend on cancer research, only about 3 cents funds research on aging.

Burnet sums up the issue of cancer causes as follows:

Despite some seventy years' intensive scientific work aimed at identifying a cause or a series of causes of human cancer, the only demographically significant success has been to establish that polycyclic hydrocarbons taken into the body in cigarette smoke or by various forms of industrial exposure can cause cancer from prolonged and extensive action. A number of industrial examples of cancer induction by other types of material are known, but involve a small number of people. Many other chemicals or viral agents have been suggested, but for the present the evidence for their importance involves only animals other than man.

If this is a fair assessment of the current status of research on causes of cancer, then it is certainly high time to examine, comprehensively, the role of aging in the development of malignant disease.

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1978

Well-known author and New Yorker contributor Emily Hahn examines new discoveries in animal communication, what they tell us about animals — and about ourselves.

Look Who's Talkingl provides "a gracefully written, judid roundup of the newest scientific theories about the potential of animals to communicate with people."—Publishers Weekly

Look Who's Talking!

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Talking!

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SEMINAR IN AFRICAN DIPLOMACY

In which Americans might take notes from the French

by Ken Adelma

HE FRENCH GOVERNMENT has an African policy which is not ours," the Belgian Foreign Minister said last May. Nor ours either, the American Secretary of State could well add. Theirs succeeds while ours fails.

French policy toward Africa glistens with professional handling and moves steadily toward its goals. American policy toward Africa reeks of amateur improvisation and wanders about aimlessly. French policy has clear objectives: greater glory and riches throughout the continent. U.S. policy lacks firm purpose, occasionally stressing black-white problems, at other times blue-red competition as a result of Communist encroachments; one day lauding majority rule, another day cozying up to an array of black dictators.

With but one captain—President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing—overseeing the drive to expand French power in Africa, France has tactics that are pragmatic, resolute, and tough, as the Tanzanians learned last year. When Foreign Minister Louis de Guiringaud made a pilgrimage to spread French influence beyond its African perimeter, he was met at the Dar es Salaam airport

by raucous demonstrators protesting France's massive arms shipments to South Africa. The French minister demanded that the rabble be removed. Aware of Tanzania's strong one-man rule, he ignored the hastily concocted excuse that Tanzania was a free country that encouraged democratic expressions. He cared little that Kissinger's arrival had been protested at the same airport a year earlier. Nor did the minister acknowledge the validity of the protestors' point—that France was fortifying South Africa. France's honor was at stake, and that was that.

"Mr. Minister, I hold you responsible for this demonstration," de Guiringaud informed his Tanzanian counterpart. "If you do not make the demonstrators shut up, I will leave immediately." The demonstrators were not shut up, and the minister left within a matter of hours. His planned high-level talks were aborted. But no matter. France would deal with Tanzania when Tanzania was ready to deal with France—on the basis of mutual respect. There would be no cowering merely because the Tanzanians happened to be black Africans.

The cowering would be left to the Americans, whose various self-pro-

claimed captains of African policy-Vice-President Mondale, Secretary State Vance, National Security Advis Brzezinski, U.N. Ambassador Youngwith their panoply of vague, oft-coflicting goals, have proved vacillatin and accommodating, as the Nigerial learned this year.

When President Carter landed at that Lagos airport, he was becoming a gravated by Soviet-Cuban aggrandiz ment in Africa. At least he said so, bot then and later during various meeting His host was skeptical. Lt. Gen. Olus gun Obasanjo, Nigeria's chief of stat insisted that Africa's problem was not communism but racism. Most dastard by were Ian Smith and his black of horts in the Rhodesian internal settlement.

In the final so-called joint commu niqué, the Nigerians inserted a hars condemnation of the internal settle ment, far harsher than the U.S. ha ever ventured. The Americans trie but failed to gain even a passing mer tion of Communist encroachments i Africa. Both leaders smiled as the signed the document, but the Nigerian particularly enjoyed the moment. Th President of the United States, cajole by an amalgam of black power de mands and feelings of white guilt, ha adopted an enunciation of strictly N gerian foreign policy as a Nigerian U.S. joint communiqué.

He returned home with a self-deprecating pronouncement: "The day of the so-called ugly American is over, as if it had ever existed in Africa. It' no wonder France has enjoyed decade of triumph in Africa while the U.S. habeen afflicted with years of trials an mostly tribulations.



Ken Adelman lived and studied in Afric from 1972 to 1975 and was Assistant to th Secretary of Defense from 1975 to 1976. H is currently a freelance writer in Washin ton, D.C., and a consultant to the Stanfor Research Institute.

RANCE SETS OUT to please no one (save itself) and somehow ends up friendly with nearly everyone. It applauded and asd the independence of Biafra but enjoys cordial relations with Nia, where de Guiringaud visited February sans demonstrations. ewise it supported the pro-West rements in Angola-and still pros millions for the resistance rement, UNITA (National Union the Total Independence of Angola) nd yet was the first European state cially to recognize the victorious rxist MPLA (Popular Movement the Liberation of Angola). It conutes enormous economic, cultural, even security assistance to Algewhile arming and diplomatically mpioning its foes, Morocco and uritania, in the battle for the sand nes once known as the Spanish Saa. It has sound relations with all es of all the "liberation struggles" reloping southern Africa.

The U.S. intends to please everye, but only reaps ill will. We somew managed to enrage both South rica and the neighboring black tes, particularly Tanzania, whose esident, Julius Nyerere, was fawned er last year at the White House. We ve incensed Angola and its resisace movements as Administration icials first moved to help subvert the igolan government in May and then work closely with it in June. The S. has been denounced by both sides the Saharan war, castigated by the ultitude of factions ravaging the orn, and condemned by all parties in hodesia's guerrilla conflict.

France's policy remains realpolitik, noral and persistent. Africa is, after l, the one continent where France in still sustain a sphere of influence. emaining outside the NATO military ructure, France is of second-rate importance on its own continent, inconquential in Asia and Latin America, and of interest in the Middle East only the arms merchant nonpareil. In frica, however, France continues to

sign supreme.
At times the French President grows isty-eyed when reflecting on his beved continent: "I think the natural sauty of the continent is unique. I we the African character...that wisom, that simplicity, that humanity, at equality, and I have always felt,

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as the ancients did, that Africa was a sort of mother continent for mankind."

Behind the earnestness lies similar French esteem for that nasty element still at the center of international relations: power. France is as keenly aware of its worth as it is comfortable in its use. The same holds true of Africans, whose traditional religions revere power-that force which can heal wounds, bind the family and tribe, destroy the intruder, and preserve the spirit after death. French and African leaders thus understand one another. They can sit in Paris-as Giscard did in June with top officials from more than half of all African states-and appreciate the value of power by devising mutual security arrangements.

The Americans prefer to talk about morality. While Giscard ponders terrestrial dangers with his Africans, Mr. Carter concentrates on celestial bliss with his. A good portion of Mr. Carter's Nigerian stopover was taken up by his leading the Lagos First Baptist Church in service, as his fellow-Baptist host recited Sunday school lessons. Carter views and employs power with religious ambivalence, as something frightful and corrupting, and yet tantalizing. He exhorts others on to goodness and truth, but falters on discovering the steep and thorny path to modest improvements in this fallen world of ours. Even the columnist Max Lerner has qualms over such a propensity: "What people respond to in a President is a sense of power, authority, and command. If they want virtue, they will turn to preachers and to saints."

The President's acolyte on Africa, the cleric-turned-diplomat Andrew Young, is even more out of tune with African views of life and power. "The attempt to solve problems in Africa militarily does no good at all," he proclaimed profoundly. This is fine for him but not for the pro-West Africans clamoring for protection. Young stands as a last living apostle of the Citizens Exchange Corps gospel: If enough Americans and foreigners discover one another's basic humanity, then problems between their nations will somehow dissolve. American policy thus reflects the image of happy African innocents prancing under mango trees unconcerned about threats to their bliss

With the score of conflicts that have

now occurred in Africa, French and African leaders are keenly aware of the constant threat of internal or foreign opposition to pro-West regimes. Before 1975, African defense budgets accounted for a minuscule one-twentieth of all Third World military expenditures. Cubans can swashbuckle so freely on the continent because African forces are lackluster, to say the least. According to press reports last May, one African government, that of the Comoro Islands, was overthrown by a handful of bored ruffians. The Frenchman, "Colonel Daddy" Bob Denard of Katangan mercenary fame, reportedly was the ringleader.

During his campaign, Carter denounced the "unsavory business" of American arms transfers to Africa. This upset many African heads of state but delighted the French, who seized the market and doubled their arms sales last year alone from \$1.9 billion worldwide in 1976 to a shade less than \$4 billion in 1977. The French assume that African leaders are not remarkably different from those elsewhere, that they are apprehensive about threats to national security, unpleasant as the topic may be. American officials work from different assumptions, namely, that economic development constitutes the end-all and be-all of African consciousness.

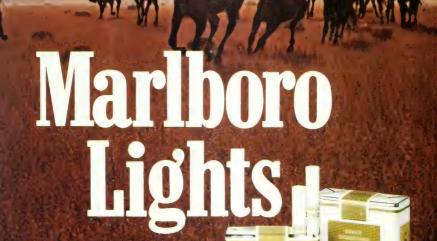
France delivers the goods where and when needed, even if it takes some sleight-of-hand work. The French were wounded by the accusation that they had supplied Somalia with tanks during the Ogaden war. Indeed, they had not. They merely sent tanks to Saudi Arabia, which sent tanks to Egypt, which in turn sent Soviet-made tanks to supplement those already in Somalia. France quietly pleased these three important pro-West nations by playing musical tanks while it avoided angering Ethiopia, which understandably was totally baffled. The U.S. meanwhile offended everyone in sight, first Ethiopia by promising Somalia extensive weapons, and then Somalia and its friends by reneging on the pledge.

France has spread its wings over its former nest and other black African fledglings as well. It makes no bones about its role as mother protector. The U.S. composed the diplomatic parlance—"African solutions to African problems"—and stuns everyone by taking it literally. The French have adopt-

ed a variant on the same theme the nimbly reverses the meaning. Forein Minister de Guiringaud says, "'Afri for the Africans' means that the Africans should be able to settle their own problems without interference from powers which have no ties to Africa. Thus France, with its extensive "tito Africa," can interfere whenever are wherever it chooses, while the Siviets, Cubans, and even American cannot, according to the de Guiringaud Doctrine.

RENCH ACTIVISM started lon ago. When the early Sixtie ushered in the age of Africa decolonization, France adjus ed by altering the nature but not th intensity of its links. It recognize political independence in Africa whil retaining economic interdependence and acknowledging security depen dence on the métropole. Charles d Gaulle became the continent's idol by sending the forces out to Africa thre times during his eleven years in power Giscard, hardly le grand Charles, fel the need to prove himself, and so die better. Over the past year alone, he has sent troops to fight in Africa on four different fronts. "If there's a soldie. who likes soldiering," a foreign diplo mat remarked in Paris, "the best army for him to be in these days is the French." Off he goes to Chad, Mauri tania, Djibouti, or Zaire.

When the situation becomes too ter rible, Paris summons the legendary Foreign Legion. Their casualties have no political repercussions, since legion naires must be foreign-born (most nov are German). Besides, they thrive in bawdy and bloody conflict. Recently dispatched to Zaire—the first choice assignment since Chad in 1970, and the first ever outside former French colo nies-the crack mercenary force ter rorized everyone around Shaba, just a it normally terrorizes everyone around its home base of Corsica. Whites were rescued, blacks were chased. "Thank God for the French," a Belgian en gineer said while being evacuated from Kolwesi. "Belgian leaders are no men." Zaire's President Mobutu Ses Seko lauded the French for "shedding their blood for stability ... fulfilling its commitment to its African partners while certain other powers are conten to use pious words."



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arning: The Surgeon General Has Determined at Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Diplomacy, to convolute von Clausewitz, is warfare by other means. The French mount these battles with equal proficiency. Under both de Gaulle and Pompidou, the commander was Jacques Foccart, the bald and plump éminence grise who commanded all intelligence gathering, covert operations, and-no coincidence-France's relations throughout Africa. As a result of Foccart's initiatives and his colleagues', France has emerged from the southern Africa political minefield relatively unscathed. To please Pretoria, Paris has sent South Africa more than four-fifths of its arms imports during the first half of this decade. To mollify black Africa, Paris has promised to stop sending these vast quantities of weapons. So moving has the performance proven that it has evoked encore after encore. Giscard has now racked up four dramatic announcements of French arms embargoes to South Africa.

Not surprisingly, French officials avoid discussing this rather delicate matter. The semiofficial Zambian Times writes, "In polite language, Paris has told its critics not to poke their noses into something that doesn't concern them." Tanzania's Nyerere tried to poke but gave up. "Of all Western countries, France is the biggest supporter of racialism in South Africa," he noted. "But she has many friends in Africa and it is difficult to criticize her at the OAU [Organization of Afri-

can Unity]." Articles abound in African newspapers about alleged violations (never proven) of the 1963 U.S. total arms embargo. Scant mention has been made of the enormous French flow, which Paris claims has slowed, if not ceased, since the 1977 U.N. mandatory arms embargo against South Africa. The U.S. is attacked for the most inconsequential uranium deals with South Africa, while France gleefully sells the white regime nuclear power plants worth \$1 billion and welcomes delegation upon delegation of its atomic scientists for joint research in Paris.

All the while, France unashamedly trumpets its ties to the various liberation efforts. The head of the French Socialist party said this so-called evenhanded stance is "laughable considering that Vorster gets the Mirages while the guerrilla fighters get a few sacks of wheat." If somehow the outsiders

become insiders and acquire power as did the MPLA in Angola—then France will be pleased to do business with them.

For the French are pursuing riches, as well as diplomatic glory and military victory. The Belgian Foreign Minister said in April, "Everyone knows that France has been interested in African countries that have rich resources." Since Paris opted for nuclear power to counter a potential supply shortage of other fuels, it has befriended Chad, Niger, Gabon, Mali, and Zaire—all countries with sizable uranium reserves.

Pursuit of the radioactive magic can take on grotesque dimensions. The French government financed the training of 30 black soldiers to ride white stallions and accompany the gilded carriage of Emperor Bokassa I during his Napoleonic self-coronation in the poverty-stricken Central African Republic (now Empire) last year. Paris paid \$2 million for a fleet of Mercedes automobiles and 200 BMW motorcycles to cruise over the dirt roads. Charged with courting the world's newest emperor by orchestrating these antics was none other than Jacques Giscard d'Estaing. Cousin Jacques, it should be noted, is financial head of France's Atomic Energy Commission and more than mildly interested in Bokassaland's uranium reserves, worth an estimated \$125 million.

HE U.S., NEVER MIXING politics and charity, sets out in quixotic fashion to meet the needs L of the "poorest of the poor." France shows no such inclination to replace the Red Cross. Its friends are numerous. Giscard rightly said, "France is the only country in the world today to have a solid network of friendship in Africa." Far from establishing such a network, the U.S. selects one black state, which it considers the "key" to Africa, and courts it furiously. Zaire used to be America's darling on the continent but has been jilted for Nigeria. Ambassador Young is simply mad about that oil-endowed state (far more corrupt than even Zaire) and has called Nigeria "an enlightened nation" and "a world power." He told the Administration's favorite public forum for its private thoughts, Playboy, that, yes, U.S.-Nigerian relations had been strained i the past. But what could one expect "Kissinger didn't like to deal with N geria," Young said in his interview "because Nigerians are arrogant, pow erful black folk"-certainly not th type one imagines Kissinger chummin. around with. But Young can handl Nigeria, America's current great black hope. Even if a government-controlled Nigerian newspaper welcomed Ambas sador Young on his first visit ther with the headline SEND A NIGGER TO CATCH A NIGGER, well that's just a sigr of adolescent adoration. Even if Nige ria continues to affront the U.S. as often as Russia or anyone else does well that's just a sign of passionate

concern.

France has a strong basis for its "network of friendship": its friends share its culture and speak French, a powerful bond, particularly in West Africa, where few native languages have a written form. As the regional Neu York Times correspondent writes, "From the desert scrub of Chad to the steaming mangrove swamps of Cameroon, it is possible to sit in a cafe on a boulevard named de Gaulle and order salad and pastry flown in from Paris."

The French, after all, aren't racists. They're just cultural snobs, convinced that theirs is the world's true Middle Kingdom. They delight when African elites are educated in Paris—as most are—and become thoroughly Frenchified. The most casual observer in Dakar or Abidjan cannot help but notice the snazzily clad black youth with tight shirts, huge bell-bottoms, and the Parisian look of disdain for those with cumbersome French accents.

Once absorbed in French culture, Africans seldom escape. Former professor of French history and literature and now President of Senegal, Léopold Senghor, and Ivory Coast President Houphouet-Boigny-both whom served in the French Parliament during colonial times-consider their cultural heritage predominantly French. A Gabonese official said outright, "We are very French and we are proud of it." His tiny, mineral-rich nation, rather typically for West Africa, is dominated by the French. Gabon's post office contains three slots: for local mail, international mail, and mail destined for France. Some 30,000 of the country's 600,000 population are French (nearly the same proportion vhites in Rhodesia). French naals run the restaurants, internal rity, and most government agen-Gabon's President regularly tells heir great fortune in having a ich heritage.

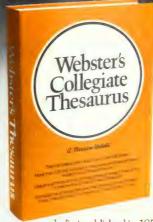
he French return the compliment. try by Senghor and other Africans widely read in Parisian salons. 1ch art often draws its inspiration n African sources-a 1907 Picasso wing entitled Dancer is but a series Bakota fetishes from Gabon. erican cultural links to Africa are fined to our black population, a tie e mystical than substantive. Dee romantic dreams of the blacks' nification with the homeland, as pagated by Marcus Garvey and imed in Roots, American blacks are ingers on the continent. Eldridge aver discovered this, as have scores placks returned from Liberia, where discovery of true identity eluded

for their part, Africans treat black pericans as strangers, and inferior s at that. Black U.S. missionaries Zaire, for example, were shunned Africans, who preferred white gos--spreaders. Two years ago when a .ck U.S. Army officer was sent to en the military attaché office in an rican state, the hosts were indignant. e Foreign Minister whispered to our abassador that Washington should re enough to send the best: the black icer was quietly replaced by a white. This absence of cultural ties to Afrideprives the U.S. of a firm foundan for good relations there. It also lps perpetuate the myth that somew Africans are exotic, incomprehende, wondrously different. Conseently, while France has taken Africa riously, through decades of forthght dealings person-to-person and tion-to-nation. America has either nored the continent or, more recent-, fawned over African leaders to gain eir affection.

Ambassador Young—recently called eally an innocent" on Africa by a igerian official-said last May, "We e much better off in Africa now. at is moment, if you analyze it objecrely, than we have been for the last cade." It's nice someone thinks so. o need for de Guiringaud to make a milar boast for France, since nearly ervone thinks so.

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1978

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glance 369

glad adj 1 characterized by or expressing the mood of one who is pleased or delighted < he was glad to be on

syn happy, joyful, joyous, lighthearted

rel delighted, gratified, pleased, rejoiced, tickled; blithe, exhilarated, jocund, jolly, jovial, merry, gleeful,

idiom filled with (or full of) delignt

con blue, dejected, depressed, downcast, melancholy; despondent, dispirited, heavyhearted, sadhearted, unhappy: forlorn, joyless, sorrowful, woeful

2 full of brightness and cheerfulness < a glad spring morning >

syn bright, cheerful, cheery, radiant

rel beaming, sparkling; beautiful; genial, pleasant con dark, dim. dull, gloomy, somber

gladden vb syn PLEASE 2, arride delese

AGAINST CIVIL DISARMAMENT

On the futility of prohibiting guns

by Don B. Kates, Jr

ESPITE ALMOST 100 years of often bitter debate, federal policy and that of 44 states continues to allow handguns to any sane adult who is without felony convictions. Over the past twenty years, as some of our most progressive citizens have embraced the notion that handgun confiscation would reduce violent crime, the idea of closely restricting handgun possession to police and those with police permits has been stereotyped as "liberal." Yet when the notion of sharply restricting pistol ownership first gained popularity, in the late nineteenth century, it was under distinctly conservative auspices.

In 1902, South Carolina banned all pistol purchases, the first and only state ever to do so. (This was nine years before New York began requiring what was then an easily acquired police permit.) Tennessee had already enacted the first ban on "Saturday Night Specials," disarming blacks and the laboring poor while leaving weapons for the Ku Klux Klan and company goons. In 1906, Mississippi enany goons.

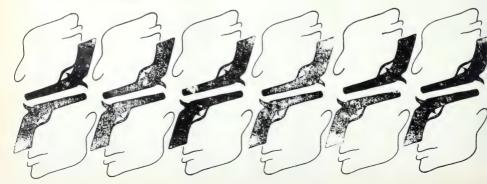
acted the first mandatory registration law for all firearms. In short order, permit requirements were enacted in North Carolina, Missouri, Michigan, and Hawaii. In 1922, a national campaign of conservative business interests for handgun confiscation was endorsed by the (then) archeonservative American Bar Association.

Liberals at that time were not necessarily opposed in principle to a ban on handguns, but they considered such a move irrelevant and distracting from a more important issue—the prohibition of alcohol. To Jane Addams, William Jennings Bryan, and Eleanor Roosevelt (herself a pistol carrier), liquor was the cause of violent crime. (Before dismissing this out of hand, remember that homicide studies uniformly find liquor a more prevalent factor than handguns in killings.) Be-

Formerly a civil rights worker and OEO poverty lawyer, Don B. Kates, Ir., now teaches constitutional and criminal law and procedure at St. Louis University while maintaining a civil liberties practice in San Francisco.

sides, liberals were not likely to sur port the argument advanced by conservatives for gun confiscation: the certain racial and immigrant group were so congenitally criminal (and or politically dangerous) that the could not be trusted with arms. Bu when liberalism finally embraced hand gun confiscation, it was by applyin this conservative viewpoint to the en tire populace. Now it is all American (not just Italians, Jews, or blacks) who must be considered so innately vi olent and unstable that they cannot be trusted with arms. For, we are told, i is not robbers or burglars who com mit most murders, but average cit izens killing relatives or friends.

It is certainly true that only a little more than 30 percent of murders are committed by robbers, rapists, or bur glars, while 45 percent are committee among relatives or between lovers (The rest are a miscellany of contrac killings, drug wars, and "circumstance unknown.") But it is highly mislead ing to conclude from this that the murderer is, in any sense, an average gui





T COSTS A LOT OF MONEY TO MAKE PEOPLE THINK

"Trucking" is an essential industry. Yet every year the ATA Foundation spends approximately \$1.5 million dollars to "explain trucking" to the public it serves. Incredible? No, not if you've seen the many advertisements in national magazines, heard them on radio, or viewed them on TV. These advertisements, signed jointly by members and the Foundation have been running for 25 years.

Why? Because the average citizen (who votes) and legislator (who makes laws) knows far less about the trucking industry—its aims, needs, problems and enormous importance to our economy—than they know about automobile manufacturing or farming. Yet neither of these could exist without truck service. Nor could supermarkets function, medicines reach pharmacies or building materials be delivered to the building site. Trucks carry almost all the products of America—from raw materials to finished merchandise—to every city, town and hamlet. Trucks carry goods, all kinds, to the people who need it.

It's unthinkable, but if all trucks stopped deliveries today—our economy would begin to collapse tomorrow.

Nevertheless, this steady and expensive advertising is necessary. Advertisements such as this one are in a sense the trucking industry's health insurance. They are run to "educate" and "inform" citizens, public officials and law-makers—so that they can think and act wisely on issues that can help or harm a sensitive industry. An uninformed, unthinking electorate could crumble one of the foundation stones that supports the highest standard of living in the world.

For example, issues like these:

DEREGULATION

Certain advertisements explain why the trucking industry is solidly against "deregulation". It is most important that law-makers understand this. The Motor Carrier Act of 1935 was designed to protect the public interest by maintaining an orderly and reliable transportation system, by minimizing duplication of services and by reducing financial instability. It is an excellent law that does just that. "Deregulation" would mean that fleet owners would

NOT be compelled to distribute goods to small out-ofthe-way towns; truck service would be spotty; vicious competition would erupt for the limited profitable routings and shipping costs elsewhere would skyrocket. Investment "capital" for trucking operation, new replacement equipment and service expansion would flee from the resulting melee.

THE HIGHWAY TRUST FUND

Other advertisements explain why the trucking industry is one of the strongest defenders of the Highway Trust Fund. The Fund was established in 1956. It was created and designed for a specific purpose: to build the vast interstate highway system. Today—these interstate networks get you from here to there, faster and more safely. If you drive a car, you pay about \$38 a year into the Fund in user taxes. Trucks, which comprise only 18.8% of all the vehicles on the road, pay 41.8% of these taxes. Special interest groups, however, repeatedly pressure Congress to divert Highway Trust Fund money to other programs, such as rapid-transit systems for big cities. If that happens—the superb road system you are paying for will not be completed. The ATA Foundation advertisements try to make that vital point understood.

SERVICE & SAFETY

Yet other advertisements describe the rules that trucking companies make for their drivers—rules for driving courtesy, abiding by the laws, vehicle design and handling practices to improve highway safety. Did you know that now the industry is collaborating with government agencies to find a way to control the splash and spray of big rigs on wet highways—so the truck wake does not impair the vision of following and passing drivers? This costs money too.

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owner. For the most part, murderers are disturbed, aberrant individuals with long records of criminal violence that often include several felony convictions. In terms of endangering his fellow citizen, the irresponsible drinker is far more representative of all drinkers than is the irresponsible handgunner of all handgunners. It is not my intention here to defend the character of the average American handgun owner against, say, that of the average Swiss whose government not only allows, but requires, him to keep a machine gun at home. Rather it is to show how unrealistic it is to think that we could radically decrease homicide by radically reducing the number of civilian firearms. Study after study has shown that even if the average gun owner complied with a ban, the one handgun owner out of 3,000 who murders (much less the one in 500 who steals) is not going to give up his guns. Nor would taking guns away from the murderer make much difference in murder rates, since a sociopath with a long history of murderous assault is not too squeamish to kill with a butcher knife, ice pick, razor, or bottle. As for the extraordinary murderers-assassins, terrorists, hit menproponents of gun bans themselves concede that the law cannot disarm such people any more than it can disarm professional robbers.

HE REPEATED appearance of these facts in studies of violent crime has eroded liberal and intellectual support for banning handguns. There is a growing consensus among even the most liberal students of criminal law and criminology that handgun confiscation is just another plausible theory that doesn't work when tried. An article written in 1968 by Mark K. Benenson, longtime American chairman of Amnesty International, concludes that the arguments for gun bans are based upon selective misleading statistics, simple-minded non sequiturs, and basic misconceptions about the nature of murder as well as of other violent crimes.

A 1971 study at England's Cambridge University confounds one of the most widely believed non sequiturs: "Banning handguns must work, because England does and look at its

crime rate!" (It is difficult to see how those who believe this can resist the equally simple-minded pro-gun argument that gun possession deters crime: "Everybody ought to have a machine gun in his house because the Swiss and the Israelis do, and look how low their crime rates are!")

The Cambridge report concludes that social and cultural factors (not gun control) account for Britain's low violence rates. It points out that "the use of firearms in crime was very much less" before 1920 when Britain had "no controls of any sort." Corroborating this is the comment of a former head of Scotland Yard that in the mid-1950s there were enough illegal handguns to supply any British criminal who wanted one. But, he continued, the social milieu was such that if a criminal killed anyone, particularly a policeman, his own confederates would turn him in. When this violence-dampening social milieu began to dissipate between 1960 and 1975, the British homicide rate doubled (as did the American rate), while British robbery rates accelerated even faster than those in America. As the report notes, the vaunted handgun ban proved completely ineffective against rising violence in Britain, although the government frantically intensified enforcement and extended controls to long guns as well. Thus, the Cambridge study—the only in-depth study ever done of English gun laws-recommends "abolishing or substantially reducing controls" because their administration involves an immense, unproductive expense and diverts police resources from programs that might reduce violent crime.

The latest American study of gun controls was conducted with federal funding at the University of Wisconsin. Advanced computerized techniques allowed a comprehensive analysis of the effect of every form of state handgun restriction, including complete prohibition, on violence in America. Published in 1975, it concludes that "gun-control laws have no individual or collective effect in reducing the rate of violent crime."

Many previous studies reaching the same conclusion had been discounted by proponents of a federal ban, who argued that existing state bans cannot be effective because handguns are illegally imported from free-sale states. The Wisconsin study compared rates of handgun ownership with rates of solence in various localities, but it cou find no correlation. If areas whe handgun ownership rates are high ha no higher per capita rates of homicic and other violence than areas whe such rates are low, the utility of lav designed to lower the rates of han gun ownership seems dubious. Agai the problem is not the "proliferatio of handguns" among the law-abidir citizenry, it is the existence of a tir fraction of irresponsible and crimin owners whom the law cannot possib disarm of these or other weapons.

Far from refuting the Wiscons study, the sheer unenforceability of handgun bans is the main reason wh most experts regard them as not wort thinking about. Even in Britain, country that, before handguns wer banned, had less than 1 percent of the per capita handgun ownership we have the Cambridge study reports that "fit years of very strict controls has le a vast pool of illegal weapons."

It should be emphasized that libera defectors from gun confiscation are n more urging people to arm themselve than are those who oppose banning po or liquor necessarily urging people t indulge in them. They are only sayin that national handgun confiscatio would bring the federal governmen into a confrontation with millions o responsible citizens in order to enforc a program that would have no effect upon violence, except the negative on of diverting resources that otherwis might be utilized to some effective pur pose. While many criminologists hav doubts about the wisdom of citizen trying to defend themselves with hand guns, the lack of evidence to justify confiscation requires that this remain a matter of individual choice rathe than government fiat.

than government hat.

Nor can advocates of gun bans ducl the evidence adverse to their position by posing such questions as: Why should people have handguns; wha good do they do; why shouldn't we ban them? In a free country, the bur den is not upon the people to show why they should have freedom o choice. It is upon those who wish trestrict that freedom to show good reason for doing so. And when the freedom is as deeply valued by as many as is handgun ownership, the evidence for infringing upon it mus be very strong indeed.

F THE LIKELY BENEFITS of handgun confiscation have been greatly exaggerated, the financial and constitutional costs have been largely red. Consider the various costs of attempt to enforce confiscation a citizenry that believes (whether tly or not) that they urgently need Iguns for self-defense and that the t to keep them is constitutionally anteed. Most confiscationists have r gotten beyond the idea that ban-; handguns will make them magly disappear somehow. Because loathe handguns and consider them ess, the prohibitionists assume that se who disagree will readily turn in r guns once a national confiscation is passed. But the leaders of the naal handgun prohibition movement e become more realistic. They recize that defiance will, if anything, eed the defiance of Prohibition and rijuana laws. After all, not even se who viewed drinking or pot smokas a blow against tyranny thought, many gun owners do, that violating law is necessary to the protection themselves and their families. Morer. fear of detection is a lot more ely to keep citizens from constant chases of liquor or pot than from a gle purchase of a handgun, which, perly maintained, will last years.

To counter the expected defiance, : leaders of the national confiscation ive propose that handgun ownership punished by a nonsuspendable mantory year in prison. The mandatory ture is necessary, for otherwise osecutors would not prosecute, and dges would not sentence, gun ownship with sufficient severity. The dge of a special Chicago court tryg only gun violations recently exained why he generally levied only iall fines: The overwhelming marity of the "criminals" who come fore him are respectable, decent citens who illegally carry guns because e police can't protect them and they we no other way of protecting themlves. He does not even impose protion because this would prevent the fendants, whose guns have been concated, from buying new ones, which, e judge believes, they need to live d work where they do.

These views are shared by judges d prosecutors nationwide; studies nd that gun-carrying charges are nong the most sympathetically dealt

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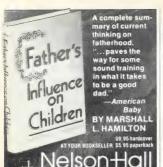
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AGAINST CIVIL DISARMAMENT

with of all felonies. To understand why, consider a typical case that would have come before this Chicago court if the D.A. had not dropped charges. An intruder raped a woman and threw her out of a fifteenth-floor window. Police arrived too late to arrest him, so they got her roommate for carrying the gun with which she scared him off when he attacked her.

Maybe it is not a good idea for this woman to keep a handgun for self-defense. But do we really want to send her to federal prison for doing so? And is a mandatory year in prison reasonable or just for an ordinary citizen who has done nothing more hurtful than keeping a gun to defend herself -when the minimum mandatory sentence for murder is only seven years and most murderers serve little more?

Moreover, the kind of nationwide resistance movement that a federal handgun ban would provoke could not be broken by imprisoning a few impecunious black women in Chicago. Only by severely punishing a large number of respectable citizens of every race and social class would resisters eventually be made to fear the law more than the prospect of living without handguns in a violent society. At a very conservative estimate, at least half of our present handgun owners would be expected to defy a federal ban.* To imprison just 1 percent of these 25 million people would require several times as many cells as the entire federal prison system now has. The combined federal, state, and local jail systems could barely manage. Of course, so massive an enforcement campaign would also require

*I reach this estimate in this fashion: Surveys uniformly find a majority of gun owners support gun registration-in theory. In practice, however, they refuse to register because they believe this will identify their guns for confiscation if and when a national handgun ban eventually passes. In 1968, Chicago police estimated that two-thirds of the city's gun owners had not complied with the new state registration law; statewide noncompliance was estimated at 75 percent. In Cleveland, police estimate that almost 90 percent of handgun owners are in violation of a 1976 registration requirement. My estimate that one out of two handgun owners would defy national confiscation is conservative indeed when between two out of three and nine out of ten of them are already defying registration laws because they believe such laws presage confiscation.

doubling expenditure for police, proecutors, courts, and all the other se tors of criminal justice administration The Wisconsin study closes with t pertinent query: "Are we willing make sociological and economic il vestments of such a tremendous natuin a social experiment for which the is no empirical support?"

HE ARGUMENT AGAINST a fe eral handgun ban is much lil the argument against mal ijuana bans. It is by no mear clear that marijuana is the harmles substance that its proponents clain But it would take evidence far stronge than we now have to justify the eno mous financial, human, institutional and constitutional costs of continuin to ferret out, try, and imprison evel a small percentage of the otherwis law-abiding citizens who insist on hav ing pot. Sophisticated analysis of the criminalization decision takes into ac count not only the harms alleged t result from public possession of thing like pot or guns, but the capacity o the criminal law to reduce those harm and the costs of trying to do so. Un fortunately most of the gun-control de bate never gets beyond the abstrac merits of guns-a subject on which those who view them with undifferen tiated loathing are no more rationa than those who love them. The posi tion of all too many gun-banning lib erals is indistinguishable from Archie Bunker's views on legalizing pot and homosexuality: "I don't like it and I don't like those who do-so it ough

to be illegal." The emotionalism with which many liberals (and conservatives as well) re act against the handgun reflects no its reality but its symbolism to people who are largely ignorant of that real ity. A 1975 national survey found a di rect correlation between support for more stringent controls and the inabil ity to answer simple questions abou present federal gun laws. In othe words, the less the respondent knew about the subject, the more likely he was to support national confiscation Liberals advocate severely punishing those who will defy confiscation only because the liberal image of a gui owner is a criminal or right-wing fa natic rather than a poor black woman in Chicago defending herself agains

capist or a murderer. Contrary to s stereotype, most "gun nuts" are iceful hobbyists whose violence is clusively of the Walter Mitty type. n owners' views are all too often pressed in right-wing terms (which es nothing for the rationality of the bate) because twenty years of liberal ification has given them nowhere e to look for support. If only libals knew it, handgun ownership is sproportionately high among the unrprivileged for whom liberals tradimally have had most sympathy. As e most recent (1975) national deographic survey reports: "The top bgroups who own a gun only for If-defense include blacks (almost half vn one for this reason alone), lowest come group, senior citizens." The erage liberal has no understanding why people have guns because he is no idea what it is like to live in a tetto where police have given up on ime control. Minority and disadvanged citizens are not about to give p their families' protection because iddle-class white liberals living and orking in high-security buildings nd/or well-policed suburbs tell them 's safer that way.

A final cost of national gun confisation would be the vast accretion of nforcement powers to the police at 1e expense of individual liberty. The 'olice Foundation, which ardently enorses confiscation, recently suggested nat federal agencies and local police ook to how drug laws are enforced as model of how to enforce firearms aws. Coincidentally, the chief topic f conversation at the 1977 national onference of supporters of federal onfiscation was enforcement through ouse searches of everyone whom sales ecords indicate may ever have owned handgun. In fact, indiscriminate earch, complemented by electronic urveillance and vast armies of snooprs and informers, is how handgun estrictions are enforced in countries ike Holland and Jamaica, and in tates like Missouri and Michigan.*

*According to the ACLU, St. Louis solice have conducted 25,000 illegal earches in the past few years under the theory that any black man driving a ate-model car possesses a handgun.

Michigan court records indicate that lmost 70 percent of all firearms charges tresented are thrown out because the widence was obtained through unconstiutional search. Even in England, as the Cambridge report notes, each new Firearms Act has been accompanied by new, unheard-of powers of search and arrest for the police.

These, then, are the costs of banning handguns: even attempting an effective ban would involve enormous expenditures (roughly equal to the present cost of enforcing all our other criminal laws combined) to ferret out and jail hundreds of thousands of decent, responsible citizens who believe that they vitally need handguns to protect their families. If this does not terrorize the rest of the responsible handgun owners into compliance, the effort will have to be expanded until millions are jailed and the annual gun-banning budget closely seconds defense spending. And all of this could be accomplished only by abandoning many restraints our Constitution places upon police activity.

What would we have to show for all this in terms of crime reduction? Terrorists, hit men, and other hardened criminals who are not deterred by the penalties for murder, robbery, rape, burglary, et cetera are not about to be terrified by the penalties for gun ownership—nor is the more ordinary murderer, the disturbed, aberrant individual who kills out of rage rather than cupidity.

What we should have learned from our experience of Prohibition, and England's with gun banning, is that violence can be radically reduced only through long-term fundamental change in the institutions and mores that produce so many violent people in our society. It is much easier to use as scapegoats a commonly vilified group (drinkers or gun owners) and convince ourselves that legislation against them is an easy short-term answer. But violence will never be contained or reduced until we give up the gimmicky programs, the scapegoating, the hypocritical hand-wringing, and frankly ask ourselves whether we are willing to make the painful, disturbing, farreaching institutional and cultural changes that are necessary.

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Vantage Menthol	11	0.8
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PROMETHEUS BOUND

igging the odds against America

by George Gilder

Enterprise only pretends to itself to be mainly actuated by the statements in its own prospectus, however candid and sincere. Only a little more than an expedition to the South Pole is it based on an exact calculation of benefits to come. Thus, if the animal spirits are dimmed and the spontaneous optimism falters, leaving us to depend on nothing but a mathematical expectation, enterprise will falter and die.

—John Maynard Keynes
The General Theory of Employment,
Interest, and Money

O MANY PEOPLE, the past seems inevitable and the future impossible. History is seen to have arisen not from unpredictable flows of genius and peroism, but more or less inevitably, from preordained patterns of natural resources and oppulation. For those who doubt the decisive role of genius, courage, and chance in history, the future always appears impossible; they can see no way for free nations to escape a fate of decline, decay, and coercion, as their growing populations press against a closing frontier.

These attitudes lead to distortions of vision and policy. Strangely enough, the man who sees a future blighted by coercion and scarcity also tends to believe that the present can be made as free of risk and uncertainty as the past, receding reassuringly in the reliable lenses of hindsight. He calls upon government to create an orderly and predictable economy,

with known energy reserves always equaling prospective needs; with jobs always assured in current geographic and demographic patterns; with monetary demand always expanding to absorb expected output of current corporate goods; with disorderly foreign intruders banished from the marketplace or burdened by tariffs and quotas; with invention and creativity summoned by bureaucrats for forced marches of research and development; with inflation insurance in every contract and unemployment insurance in every job; with all windfall wealth briskly taxed away and unseemly poverty removed by income guarantees. In this view, risk and uncertainty are seen to be the problem and government the solution in the fail-safe quest for a managed economy of steady and predictable long-term growth.

These follies of false security and rationality are the characteristic delusion of the modern age. Abstractions everywhere are confused with things. But despite a pretense of scientific objectivity, the vision of a comfortably calculable world has been almost completely abandoned by serious thinkers in the hard sciences. While modern physicists begin to concede freedom to microscopic particles, social scientists still begrudge it to human beings. While chemists and mathematicians accept chance and uncertainty, politicians and sociologists cling to the determinist dream of an orderly, predictable, and risk-free world.

George Gilder is the author of Sexual Suicide and, most recently, Visible Man: A True Story of Postracist America. ost of our ideological debates revolve around the attempt to banish danger and uncertainty from human affairs. A vivid current example is the dispute over tax policy. Early this spring, Washington underwent a small legislative upheaval on the issue of how much to tax the profits of speculative investment.

A young Republican Congressman on the House Ways and Means Committee sought to reverse the high levies imposed by the Nixon Administration, only to meet with the fierce hostility and resistance of the present Administration. Joining President Carter against the Congressman's idea were the Chairman of Ways and Means, the House Democratic leadership, the united forces of organized labor, the Business Roundtable—speaking for the executives of some 190 major corporations—and the editorial boards of both the New York Times and the Washington Post. It has been some time since the works of Richard Nixon have enjoyed so fervent and prestigious a defense.

One might assume that the fight was over before it began. Rising in support of the young Republican from Wisconsin, however, were powers nearly as impressive: a majority of the Ways and Means Committee; more than sixty U.S. Senators; and an interesting motley of others, including Rep. Ron Dellums of Berkeley, California, and other young Democrats, the editorial board of the Wall Street Journal, and virtually every American organization of small businessmen and venture capitalists.

The Wisconsin Congressman was William Steiger, and the proposal that created this strange but illuminating cleavage was reversal of Nixon's tax reform on capital gains. Capital gains are profits derived from the sale of assets or equity, such as real estate or corporate securities. In order to protect incentives for risky but possibly productive investment, many countries, like Germany and Japan, refrain from taxing capital gains at all, and even socialist Sweden taxes them at less than half the American level. As part of a tax reform signed by Nixon in 1969, however, the statutory top rate, as later impacted by minimum tax provisions, was lifted from 25 to 49 percent in the United States. Even this high nominal rate sometimes understated the effective rates. Not only are capital gains also taxed by some states, but during an inflationary period, the apparent increase in the value of an asset may well be illusory. Thus the government may

be taxing ostensible gains in companies tha have declined in actual value. Partly becaus of this interplay of inflation and taxes, new stock issues by smaller firms plummeted in the early 1970s from several hundred annual to exactly four in 1975. Yet in 1978, Presiden Carter proposed to raise the tax again, to a top rate of 52 percent, in order to preven "windfalls for the rich."

The businessmen who were willing to accept such drastic taxation of rapid growth were all from mature and established companies. They preferred to cling to the Carter program of corporate and personal income tax reductions an expanded investment tax credit, and ac-

celerated depreciation.

This conflict appears minor: a technical choice among ways of lowering taxes and promoting enterprise. But the choice is anything but minor and technical. It embodies what Iane Iacobs has called the central conflict in every economy. This is not the split between capitalists and workers, technocrats and humanists, government and business, liberals and conservatives, rich and poor. It is the struggle between past and future, between the existing configuration of industries and the industries that someday will replace them. It is the conflict between the risk takers and the risk averters, established factories, technologies, formations of capital, and ventures that today may not even exist, that today may flicker only as ideas, or tiny companies, or obscure research projects, or fierce but penniless ambitions, that today are unidentifiable and incalculable from above, but which, in time, in a progressing economy, must rise up if growth is to occur. In fact, long-range growth may be defined as the replacement of current industries and techniques and products by better or more efficient ones.

Sir Henry Bessemer, the creator of the Bessemer method of large-scale steel production, vividly described such a nineteenth-century moment of discovery and displacement. After his first breakthrough in tests for making steel he wrote: "I could now see in my mind's eye, at a glance, the great iron industry of the world crumbling away under the irresistible forces of the facts so recently elicited." As economist Joseph Schumpeter wrote in Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy:

Creative destruction is the essential fact about capitalism ...; it is by nature a form or method of economic change, and not only never is, but never can be stationary... The fundamental impulse that sets and keeps the capitalist engine in motion comes from the new consumers' goods, the new



George Gilder PROMETHEUS BOUND

methods of production or transportation, the new markets, the new forms of industrial organization that capitalist enterprise creates.

Progress absolutely depends on the willingness of government to allow the future to prevail.

As capitalist governments weave their tentacles ever more deeply into the economic fabric, however, their bureaus enlist more and more on the side of the established order, and thus on the side of stagnation as opposed to growth. A legislator usually supports the most powerful businesses in his district. Labor unions are deeply influential in politics, and they normally back the interests of the big companies that they have already organized. Bureaucracies often are closely allied with the industries they regulate or patronize, and in any case the regulations tend to favor the old ways of doing things. Even when governments choose to help business, they often act through investment credits, tariffs, quotas, and tax incentives that favor existing industries.

These government tendencies are reinforced by the media. While more than 300,000 small businesses involving many millions of jobs expire annually without notice, the death throes of a corporate leviathan provide a drama that captivates the press. Boeing loses the contract for a supersonic transport, and the networks descend on Seattle to depict that thriving city in images of the Great Depression because a few thousand well-paid technicians with ample unemployment insurance may be out of work for a while. The halls of Congress begin to ring with a rhetoric of emergency programs and subsidies.

OVERNMENTS EVERYWHERE are torn between the clamor of troubled obsolescence and the claims of unmet opportunity; between the sufferers of aging pains and the sufferers of growing pains; between enterprises shrinking from competition or asking subsidies for their errors, and companies seeking human and capital resources to meet new demands.

The threatened industries of the past always turn to politics to protect them from change. Failure demands finance. A government preoccupied with the statistics of crisis will often find itself subsidizing problems, shoring up essentially moribund patterns of economic and social activity, creating incentives for unemployment, inflation, family breakdown, housing decay, and municipal deficits, making problems worse by making them profitable.

Throughout Washington today, behind the

inevitable rhetoric of innovation and progres the facades of futurity, these forces of obstruction are gathering: an energy department et alting counterproductive new taxes and pric controls; a department of housing promotin rent controls; even a National Center for Praductivity forced to celebrate the least productive of all unions—both the steelworkers and the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees.

Despite his best intentions, the governmen planner will tend to live in the past, for only the past is sure and calculable. In response to the inevitable crises of scarcity, he will prescribe, as progress, a series of faintly disguised anachronisms: a revival of canals and wind mills, or a renaissance of consumer cooperatives, or a return to small-lot farming.

Current government programs, in fact, car be seen as a far-reaching and resourceful de fense of the status quo against all emerging competitors. Economic policy focuses on stim ulating aggregate demand for existing prod ucts rather than on promoting the supply of new ones. Investment credits and rapid depre ciation allowances favor the re-creation of current capital stock rather than the creation of new forms of capital and modes of production. Antitrust activity is directed chiefly against successful competitors (IBM) rather than against industries that refuse to compete (the steel industry). Government regulatory policy rewards the company that follows prescriptions, rather than the company that avoids them with new techniques and products. Our floating exchange rates deal with U.S. lapses in international trade by depreciating the dollar rather than by forcing a competitive response of greater productivity or new products. Our taxation and subsidy systems artfully cushion failure (of businesses, individuals, and municipalities), reward the creativity and resourcefulness chiefly of corporate lawvers and accountants, and wait hungrily in ambush for all unexpected and thus unsheltered business success.

There is a similar bias in our social and employment programs. The civil service joins with affirmative-action rules to grant jobs and promotions on the basis of nearly immutable credentials like test scores, diplomas, race, and sex, rather than on competitive performance of work. The nation's employment policies are increasingly based on new forms of tenure and entitlement rather than on expanding opportunities and new kinds of jobs.

Most of these policies are designed to protect businesses and individuals from risk and competition, inflation and unemployment. But the effort to escape inflation by indexing the omes of favored groups and to fight unemyment by subsidizing outmoded jobs merely kes these problems worse, and foists them o the unorganized majority: onto small sinesses, onto nonunion workers, and onto public at large in a stagnant economy. As ton Klein has shown in his brilliant new he, Dynamic Economics, the effect of the remment's efforts to shield itself and its ents from uncertainty and risk is to place; entire system in peril. It becomes at once origid and too soft to react resourcefully the new shocks and sudden challenges that inevitable in a dangerous world.

Supporting the future is technically easy government to do. It can perform economic racles merely by enforcing the laws equally, fighting monopoly, by removing barriers trade, and by lifting the dead hand of taxaon and bureaucracy. Only slightly more diffi-It is imposing a sensible structure of penals and incentives on industries that pollute defile the environment, protecting patents d property rights, promoting educational cellence-above all in science and technoly-and maintaining a reasonable balance in own accounts (in relation to the level of conomic activity and employment). That is, overnment best supports the future by refraing as much as possible from attempting to rape it, for in a democracy the shape of govmment policy nearly always conforms with ie current incidence of political power, which erives from the configuration of existing capal and labor: with an overlay of rhetoric nd bureaucratic expansion in its name.

This is why the current debate over tax poly is so crucial and revealing. The distinctions re relatively simple. Cuts in the tax on capital ains chiefly benefit companies that expect to row fast, i.e., new and innovating companies. he few that succeed will indeed "hit the jackot," win "obscene windfall riches," if that hetoric appeals. Cuts in corporate income axes and enlargements in the investment tax redit, on the other hand, are less likely to ring such untoward results. The chief benefits rill go to companies that are established and rofitable, and subject to union pressures. The noney will tend to be spent for higher wages nd for the repair and reduplication of current apital formations rather than for the development of new ones-for inflation rather than nnovation. Expansion will come through honogeneous growth or through mergers. In reent years, in fact, the stock market has been argely preoccupied not with anticipating inovations and growth but with speculating on akeover attempts, as big companies give up on enerating progress and try to avoid risk by diversification. When big companies avoid risk, however, they become reactionary, because all important progress and innovation is dependent on accepting risk and entering the realms of the unknown.

The "hiding hand"

HE DAMAGE OF fail-safe policies is most vivid in the small and struggling economies of the Third World. With a passionate devotion to the ideals of welfare and central control and an undeniable need for public works and investments, the developing countries provide continuing lessons in the perplexities of planning. Economist Albert O. Hirschman has discovered in the trials and errors—and occasional successes—of these countries, a crucial principle of economic progress.

In an article in *The Public Interest* (winter, 1967), Hirschman recounted the story of a hydroelectric station that was built to stimulate industrial development in rural Uganda. No boom occurred, and five years later the project seemed a complete fiasco, until transmission lines were built to deliver the power first to neighboring Kenya and later to smaller towns elsewhere in Uganda. The station thus thrived, and when Hirschman studied it enlargement was underway. The hydroelectric station was a success, despite the fact that few of its expected effects or intended purposes were fulfilled.

Another case was the Karnaphuli pulp-andpaper mill in East Pakistan (now Bangladesh). Built in 1953 to exploit the vast bamboo forests along the upper reaches of the Karnaphuli River, the mill had been in fitful operation for several years and had passed into private hands, when the bamboo unexpectedly burst into flower-as bamboo does every sixty summers or so-and became useless. It turned out that many years would elapse before the seeds would grow into usable timber. The catastrophe was apparently total. But, instead, the network of East Pakistan's rivers and canals was used to transport random pulpwood from throughout the country. Not only was this approach a success for the mill, it also provided profitable activity in towns all over East Pakistan. In his article Hirschman offered similar examples from other Third World countries-successful results that totally failed to correspond to the plans and intentions that gave them birth-and proposed as a theory "the principle of the hiding hand." Leaders in less developed countries seem able to muster in themselves and their followers the confiment best supports the future by refraining as much as possible from attempting to shape it..."

George Gilder PROMETHEUS BOUND dence and willpower to commence a major undertaking only if its dangers and difficulties are obscured. This "hiding hand" takes the form of a vast overestimation of benefits and underestimation of difficulties. There is usually a pretense of planning and expertise that suggests that all problems have been anticipated and the solutions are known.

Such a "hiding hand" seems to have been active in the industrial development of the United States during the first half of the nine-teenth century. Economic historian John Sawyer has observed that "miscalculation or sheer ignorance" of costs and difficulties was important in the launching of a number of great and ultimately successful businesses, from canals and railroads to mining and manufacture. Hirschman writes in his article:

Creativity always comes as a surprise to us, therefore we can never count on it and we dare not believe in it until it has happened... Since we necessarily underestimate our creativity, it is desirable that we underestimate to a roughly similar extent the difficulties....

Then we will undertake tasks

which we can, but otherwise would not dare tackle....The Hiding Hand is essentially a mechanism which makes a risk averter take risks and turns him into less of a risk averter in the process.

Of course, the entrepreneurs themselves will not see it this way. They will not imagine that they may have stumbled into their greatest achievements. As Hirschman puts it, in a linguistic aperçu: "We fall into error, but do not usually speak of falling into truth."

Hirschman has fallen into some of the most vital truths of human society, but does not quite dare to extend them beyond the less developed world. Things are different, he seems to assume, in modern economies, with their panoply of computers and econometric models, their coolly Galbraithian managers and entrepreneurs, their increasingly routinized research and development techniques, their new methods of market analysis and manipulation, their populations of "risk-taking, achievement-motivated men."

Hirschman implies (though he surely knows better) that in modern societies planning is successful: costs are correctly estimated and benefits clearly foreseen. Yet it seems obvious that if Hirschman had directed his attentions to contemporary modern societies, he would have discovered the same pattern that he found in nineteenth-century America and in the Third World: Planning sometimes succeeds in mani-

pulating markets or governments, but rarely in generating new enterprise or substantial growth. From France to the Philippines, plans are propounded, given lip service, and flouted. Countries like Taiwan and the Ivory Coast, which leave room for uncontrolled private ventures, grow faster than their more centralized neighbors.

OVERNMENTS AND BUSINESSES must have some concept of goals and directions. Detailed blueprints can be useful in seeking gains through imitation. Nonetheless, the developing countries are littered with projects undertaken in the false assurance that any random river valley is a site for "another TVA" and that steel and auto industries can be copied by bureaucrats mobilized in military array. Progress and creativity cannot be forced or prescribed, except at costs far beyond the reach of any Third World country or of any competitive firm anywhere. There is no way to escape for long the necessity of openness and risk.

This truth is anathema to those who seek a risk-free scheme of development and growth, whether unlettered leftist generals assuming control of small nations or smooth-talking corporate leaders in the U.S. The rule of risk applies alike to national planning and private business, to advanced technical industries and even to the movies. John Gregory Dunne's extraordinary book The Studio tells of the foibles of planning during a year of high expectations under new leadership at Twentieth Century Fox. In preparation—and preoccupying the executives—were several colossal "sure things," including Doctor Dolittle with Rex Harrison, Star! with Julie Andrews (coming off her Sound of Music bonanza), and Hello Dolly with Barbra Streisand. The sure-thing superhits, however, would have brought the company near bankruptcy, if it had not been for an afterthought cheapie (several times nearly canceled in the interests of economy) named Planet of the Apes. Star Wars was later to perform a similar miracle for the studio.

The unpredictability that Hirschman took to be a malady of underdevelopment is, in fact, the incalculable condition of all economic progress. To deal with uncertainty, one must have enough faith in the future to take risks. Faith moves mountains, evokes commitments, and lowers interest rates; risk propels adventure and innovation.

To a great extent, plans are the mythology of a secular rationalist world; they are designed, paradoxically, to get the planners out of the way, to appease the bureaucrats and nciers, so work and faith and ingenuity proceed. As clothing executive Richard omen told the Wall Street Journal, "Everyly praises carefully tested methods and longge planning. Yet the most successful moves often on-the-spot responses to completely expected situations, taking a company to ces it never before imagined." When the nning is taken too seriously, as in totalitar-states, stagnation results and most creativhas to be imported in the form of goods m abroad.

Risk, faith, and the frontier

◀ HE ATTEMPT OF THE welfare state to deny, suppress, and plan away the dangers and uncertainties of our lives -to domesticate the inevitable unown-affronts human nature. Even the most imitive of men tend to invent forms of gamng (dice in most societies preceded the ieel) as well as religions (faith always predes works). The government devoted to supessing uncertainty finds itself forever having channel or suppress the human will to risk. In this country, the impulse to gamble and k is often driven from the economy, from rious life, into fantasy and frivolity-games d wagers-or diverted from productive acrity into courtroom assaults against the proictive. One of the best remaining ways to rike it rich-the best remaining scene for imbling, with the odds against the productive acked ever higher by government-is the vil suit: malpractice, product liability, disimination, antitrust, libel, pollution, whatevthe government has created a vast new veepstakes open to the man willing to play or high stakes and to the law firms that join the new champerty. In a good many cases ne victim is a man of courage and faith who ares risk his own money to bring a new prodct or service to the public. Caveat productor the new rule.

For citizens without the means or litigious ent to sue for a living, the state is widely etting up simpler lotteries of its own, opening n every block a storefront for the gambling mulse, advertising on billboards the government games. And everywhere it tells the inredible lie that its lottery affords a better deal "where no one has a better chance than ou"), a fairer opportunity than the real and ontinuing lotteries of lower-class life; that it is more promising to place your wagers on The New York Bets" than in the U.S. econmy. The effect is to trivialize and stultify the fill to risk and work that is the only real hope

of the poor. It is to deprive our economy of the new businesses and activities that the poor otherwise would engender by their hard work and enterprise.

A society that immobilizes its poor by excessive welfare and trivial games—government bread and circuses—removes a major source of economic growth and change. The economic history of America is largely the saga of successive generations of the poor, toughened by hardship, who overcame all odds to move up: launching new businesses and spurring the middle class into greater efforts and accomplishments. By pampering and demoralizing the poor, government impoverishes the whole society.

Similarly with the rich, the government makes the dubious claim that it can use wealth more productively than a free capitalist. So its tax policy raises the always adverse odds of enterprise to the point that they no longer invite the investor. While the poor man swings between welfare and the state lottery, the rich man alternates between personal gambling and municipal bonds. The stochastic margin of progress—the frontier of the economy—is being closed off by obtuse taxation and bureaucraey.

Most redistributive activity is based on serious misunderstandings of the nature and sources of wealth and innovation. Seeing the high levels of chance involved in each particular business success, many officials and intellectuals conclude that most large capital gains are in a sense both unearned and unanticipated, and no factor in either personal motivation or efficient allocation of resources. Two of the nation's leading thinkers on the Left, Lester C. Thurow and Christopher Jencks, ended their ambitious studies of inequality* with the conclusion that crucial in most fortunes, great and small, is luck. The beneficiary, like a raffle winner, was at the right place at the right time, and in a rational system should not be permitted to convert his luck into real economic power, any more than the myriad losers should suffer more than limited liability for their losses.

Indeed, risk and faith do produce much more waste and inefficiency than any well-trained planner could tolerate or defend. Some 300,000 new businesses start every year in America, two-thirds fail within five years, and the median small businessman earns less than a New York City garbage collector. Of the thousands of plausible inventions, only scores are tested by business, and only a handful of these are an economic success. Perhaps 90 per-

"The stochastic margin of progress—the frontier of the economy—is being closed off by obtuse taxation and bureaucracy."

^{*}Lester C. Thurow, Generating Inequality, 1975; Christopher Jencks et al., Inequality, 1972.

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cent of trade hardcover books lose money for the publisher, and a still higher proportion represent a net loss for the author; an even greater number, comprising untold months or years of labor, are never published at all. But such waste and irrationality is the secret of economic growth. Because no one knows which venture will succeed, which number will win the lottery, a society ruled by faith and risk rather than by rational calculus, a society open to the future rather than planning it, will call forth an endless stream of invention, enterprise, and art. The greatest irony of modern economics is that the kind of "economic man" at its center, the rational optimizer of wealth, could rarely create wealth, or dare invest in the frontier enterprises of growth.

HE ISSUE COES far beyond economics. Charles Peirce, perhaps America's greatest philosopher and leading the oretician of probability, has shown that chance not only is at the center of human reality, but also is the deepest source of reason and morality. "The idea that chance begets order is the cornerstone of modern physics," and, he might have added, of biology as well.

The movement of chance and probability toward order and truth, however, is not assured in any one lifetime. The odds are against each individual in the serial lotteries of his own life, which inevitably end, after all, in decline and death. Risk cannot be shown to work except in the long run of trial and error; in fact, a rational calculation of personal gain would impel an individual above all to avoid risk and seek security. In our world of fortuity, one would conclude, the invisible hand of self-interest would lead to an ever-enlarging welfare state—to stasis and sterility. This is the root of our crisis today.

The acceptance of risk implies a commitment to values that go beyond rational self-interest to embrace family and future. Progress springs ultimately from morality and faith, from beliefs, usually religious, that transcend the individual life and reach into the future of the race.

The narrow economic and sociological perspective engenders a despairing pessimism about our prospects as a free people. Economist Robert Heilbroner and anthropologist Marvin Harris speak for a consensus of security-minded intellectuals in arguing that the future cannot be mastered in freedom—that without authoritarian controls the race is doomed to a grim decline, as rising populations press against a wasting earth.

What they fail to comprehend is that the

visibly possible achievements, the clearly available resources, are always limited. All plan based on the calculable present, on the exising statistics, necessarily presume a declinin field of choice, a contraction of possibilitie an exhaustion of resources, a diminishing or returns—entropy and decay. The only unlimited resource, the one that can release us from all the others, is the imagination and creativity of free men.

The most dire and fatal hubris for any lead er is to cut his people off from providence from the miraculous prodigality of chance, be substituting a closed system of human plar ning. Innovation is always unpredictable, an thus an effect of faith and freedom.

In the United States today we are facin the usual calculus of impossibility, recited b the familiar aspirants to a master plan. It i said we must abandon economic freedom be cause our frontier is closed: because our bid sphere is strained, because our resources ar running out, because our technology is per verse, because our population is dense, because our horizons are closing in. We walk, it is said in a shadow of death, depleted air, poisone earth and water, a fallout of explosive growt showering from the clouds of our future in quiet carcinogenic rain. In this extremity, w cannot afford the luxuries of competition and waste and freedom. We have reached the enof the open road; we are beating against th gates of an occluded frontier. We must tax and regulate and plan, redistribute our wealth and ration our consumption, because we hav reached the end of openness.

But quite to the contrary, these problem and crises are in themselves the new frontier are themselves the mandate for individual and corporate competition and creativity, are them selves the reason why we cannot afford the consolations of planning and stasis. The old frontier of the American West also appeared closed at first. Only in retrospect could the achievements of the past be seen as easy o inevitable. America became an open reservoi of wealth only in retrospect, because the pio neers dared to risk their lives and families in the quest for riches, looking for gold (o which there was relatively little in the U.S. and eventually finding oil. Only in retrospec were the barrens of Texas and Oklahoma ar energy cornucopia, the flat prairies a bread basket for the world, or Thomas Edison a cat alytic genius and Henry Ford the salvation o capitalism in the grips of an earlier closing circle. The future is forever incalculable. It challenges can be mastered only by those who are willing and permitted to enter the un known.

HARPER'S SEPTEMBER 1978

OIL AND WATER

In the wake of the Argo Merchant

by Michael Harwood

NE MORNING this January, as I stood at a window in an auditorium at the University of Rhode Island and watched a snowstorm piping up to a blizzard on Narragansett Bay, I marveled at the wonderful complexity of the view enclosed within the frame of the window—the surface of the bay, the moving air, the sky, the gulls and the starlings, man and his constructions and wastes. We are only beginning, I thought, to understand how it works and interacts—even though it goes on in our element.

Behind me in the sloped lecture hall conferees gathered for the final, summary session of a three-day symposium, "In the Wake of the Argo Merchant," which had been sponsored by the university's Center for Ocean Management Studies. To a great degree, this symposium marked the formal end of an effort by marine scientists to assess the ecological impact of the Argo Merchant oil spill near Nantucket more than thirteen months earlier. They'd discovered some interesting things, all right, and had added considerably to the understanding of oil spill behavior and effects. But it seemed to me that the largest lesson they and the Argo Merchant spill had to teach the attentive layman was how little we know about the ocean, how little man apparently cares to know, and how simpleminded and dishonest, in this context, the environmental debate about oil spills often becomes. If we are still ignorant about many of the things going on in nature, up where we can see them and smell them and taste them, consider how much more difficult it is to observe and understand the three-dimensional ocean, never mind the impact on that ocean of quite suddenly injecting into a small area several million gallons of oil.

EFORE DAWN ON December 15, 1976, the tanker Argo Merchant, bound in for Salem, Massachusetts, with 7.5 million gallons of thick industrial-grade oil from a Venezuelan refinery, ran aground on Fishing Rip, Nantucket Shoals, twenty-seven miles southeast of Nantucket Island. Her Greek captain tried unsuccessfully to work the ship off the shoal, but she was hard aground, and a cracked seawater intake pipe flooded the engine room, putting out the boilers. At 7:00 a.m. the Coast Guard station at Brant Point on Cape Cod received a Mayday call from the Argo Merchant.

Dr. Charles Bates, chief science adviser to the Commandant of the Coast Guard, remembers people at headquarters saying as soon as they heard about the grounding, "No one's ever got a ship off there yet." Still, for that day and the next five, the Coast Guard and private salvagers tried to free the tanker from the shoal, and then at least to save some of her cargo and keep it from the sea. The first signs of an oil leak were seen within hours of the grounding, and by the second night oil was spilling in large amounts. Eventually the tanker broke in pieces, and her entire cargo—except for one quart of oil dipped out as a sample—was lost.

The accident ignited a major environmental uproar, and it also initiated the most intensive and wide-ranging study yet undertaken of the impact of a single oil spill in the ocean. There was good reason for concern. In its raw form and as fuel, oil is toxic—poisonous to most creatures, especially in sudden, heavy doses. The United States and other nations were importing more oil each year, and tanker accidents were bound to increase. At the same time, there seemed to be a national

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commitment to exploring and drilling for oil on the outer continental shelf; the probes off the coast of New Jersey were already being scheduled. Both the drilling and most of the accidents would happen between the limits of the shelf and the dry land—where nearly all the important activities of the planet's marine life also take place, and where most of the fishing goes on.

It was a new concern, however, and it was still growing. Not ten years had passed since the Torrey Canyon disaster on the other side of the Atlantic: a lot of seabirds had been killed then, a lot of British and French beaches oiled, and oil spills had begun to be seriously thought of as potentially dangerous to the environment. But ten years is hardly enough time for the human community to turn its head and really look at something. That fact was reflected in many ways. According to Jack Gould, an organic chemist at the American Petroleum Institute, the oil industry in the United States didn't even think about employing marine biologists until the very end of the 1960s, and the academic community couldn't begin supplying oil spill scientists in any number until the '70s. By the time the Argo Merchant went aground, the field wasn't well enough established to attract much grant money, and a large fraction of the available funding went to support research on the technological fixes-how to prevent and clean up oil spills-rather than on research on what the impact of oil was in the ocean environment.

There had been some first-rate ecological studies involving spills close to shore. One of these studies, by scientists at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution on the Cape, had tracked the effects of a 1969 spill off West Falmouth in Buzzards Bay; an especially toxic oil—the kind burned in home oil furnaces—had spilled and washed up into salt marshes and been pounded into the sediment of the shallow bay by storm waves. Nine years later, shellfishing was still forbidden in the oiled areas; that's how bad it was. But oil spill studies in general, especially those involving open-ocean oil spills like the Areo Merchant's, hadn't advanced very far.

So the people who by nature or profession tended to see oil in the ocean as environmentally horrid immediately saw the Argo Merchant event as environmentally horrid, and those who by nature or profession were inclined to view the matter with less alarm viewed the matter with less alarm to one really knew what the oil would do.

The accident had taken place in a major fish-spawning and fish-catching area, near Georges Bank, where there was every likelihood that oil-drilling would begin within a decade. There was concern, too, that if the oil came ashore on Nantucket or anywhere else on Cape Cod, not just the environment but the well-being of everyone engaged in the tourist business might be damaged too; it seemed a good idea to keep a sharp eye on what was happening, in order to be ready to protect and quickly clean up the shoreline if oil went that way. So, while the environmental uproar took center stage on television and the front pages, a diverse, pickup army—and navy and air force—of scientists

began monitoring the situation, sampling, testing, observing. The process went on long after the Public Event was over.

Intensive and wide-ranging as the effort was, however, the researchers were often shorthanded and short of time and underfunded; much of their work was catch-as-catch-can, dependent on initiative and luck and at the mercy of the elements. In the end only a relatively small amount of new information came out of it—which is what usually happens with oil-spill studies.

How does oil behave?

HE CUTTER Vigilant was the second Coast Guard ship to reach the grounded tanker, and it carried, fortuitously, a representative of the Manomet Bird Observatory in Massachusetts. The observatory had recently been sending trained observers out to sea whenever a ride could be hitched with someone-the Coast Guard, the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, the National Marine Fisheries Service. Birds were being killed by oil spills; everyone knew that. And often an oily bird, being dramatically photogenic, became the symbol for an oil spill. But no one actually knew what environmental importance to give to an oily bird, because no one knew very much about the birds in the normal environment. The need for basic information was to surface again and again as scientists studied the Argo Merchant spill: the questions of the ornithologists were typical: What species of birds could ordinarily be found off the coast at various seasons of the year, and in what numbers? Would they be mostly adults, or sub-adults, or birdsof-the-year? Would they be feeding, resting, or migrating, and what food resources would they depend on? With oil-drilling planned for Georges Bank, Manomet Bird Observatory had for nine months been trying to provide some of that basic information quickly, which chanced to put a single qualified birder on the scene of the Argo Merchant grounding within minutes of the time that the first oil began to dribble from the tanker.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of that same day, Ivan Lissauer of the Coast Guard's Research and Development Center in Groton, Connecticut, heard about the Argo Merchant. At the Rhode Island symposium he talked about his experience. The Marine Safety Office of the First Coast Guard District in Boston needed a forecast of the movement of any oil that might spill that day. "'When do you need it by?' I said, and they answered, 'Well, how about fifteen minutes?'"

A predicting model was needed, and the Coast Guard had one—a mathematical formula for putting together tidal currents, river-mouth currents, and wind effects, so as to forecast at any given moment what spilled oil would do within the next few hours and give the Coast Guard officer in charge an idea of where he ought to station cleanup crews or set out oil-containment booms

on the water. The model worked fine, Lissauer said, where it was designed to work—close to shore. Given fifteen minutes to predict what would happen out on Nantucket Shoals—the open ocean—he and his coleagues had had no choice but to apply the inshore model. They took the most recent wind forecasts available (the National Weather Service had already begun supplying special forecasts for the vicinity of the tanker), added in the tidal currents that the charts showed for Nantucket Shoals, and in fifteen minutes were able to tell the First District Marine Safety Office that the winds and the tides would probably keep the oil offshore for the short term.

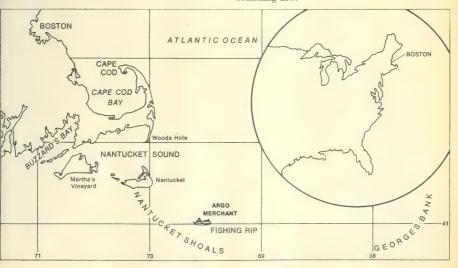
"We got another call at nine o'clock the next morning," Lissauer said, "and [the Marine Safety Office] saked for more forecasts, and in more detail. [The officer] said, 'Starting at nine o'clock this morning, can you predict for us the movement of the oil?' And I said, 'Certainly.' And he said, 'Well, I'm not finished. Can you predict it, starting every three hours, for the next eight days?' And I said, 'Oh. Do I have more than fifteen minutes? He said, 'Certainly. How about two hours?' So we decided that to run a large modeling effort was impossible, and to use our basic techniques."

They had very little idea of what the situation was on Fishing Rip that morning; they didn't even know how much oil was spilling. They elected to treat it as a continual spill of X amount of oil per hour, and on that assumption the Coast Guard forecasters in Groton drew a worst-case picture—the farthest the oil was likely to reach in any given direction under the expected weather and tidal conditions.

"We decided that the spill would move offshore for the period of at least three to four days," Lissauer said, "and, in fact, we saw no general movement of the oil toward Nantucket, toward the shoreline, for as much as seven or eight days, and this was the information that we passed to the MSO [Marine Safety Office]."

A lot of the Argo Merchant science was done that way, in a great hurry, because the Coast Guard officers on the scene of the grounding, or those responsible for doing something about it, had to have answers right away.

IX HOURS AFTER the report of the grounding, and three-quarters of an hour before the first sighting of oil in the water, word of an imminent spill was passed to the East Coast Spilled Oil Research Team, one of four such teams newly developed and organized by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) and the Coast Guard through an interagency agreement between NOAA's Environmental Research Laboratories and the Bureau of Land Management. (The Bureau had to have information on oil spill behavior as part of its outer continental shelf assessment and oil-field leasing program.) Two of the four Spilled Oil Research Teams were located in Alaska, and the fourth was on the West Coast of the lower forty-eight. The personnel involved all did other jobs as their regular work-for state agencies, the Coast Guard, and NOAA. But each was to be on call to go and study oil spills as they happened and if and as they showed promise of teaching something new.



The word was passed by a telephone call from someone in the National Marine Fisheries Service to Elaine Chan in NOAA's Center for Experiment Design and Data Analysis in Washington, D.C. Chan, in her midtwenties and just out of graduate school, was a member of the East Coast team. She phoned the Coast Guard's National Response Center, and as she listened to the description of the situation on Nantucket Shoals she recalled, when I talked to her months later, that "it sounded as if it had tremendous potential." chief scientist of the Spilled Oil Research Project had gone to Florida, where he was taking a law exam that day; Chan, after conferring with other team members, made plane reservations to get her to Hyannis, on the Cape, and arranged for a chartered light plane to be available if she arrived before sunset, so that she could fly out to survey the situation right away. She was met in Hyannis by another member of the team, but the day was too far advanced for them to make the scouting flight. "We went to the Holiday Inn," Chan said, "and turned on the television to find out what was going on, because we couldn't get through to the Coast Guard." When they did get through to the Coast Guard, they had to introduce themselves and the Spilled Oil Research Team; the project was so new that very few people were aware of it.

"The next morning we got up and went to the airport and jumped in our plane. We had these air-deployable current probes, which measure surface currents. We explained to the pilot what we were doing, that he shouldn't be alarmed, we weren't bombing the ship, and that we wanted to fly around and find out what the currents in the area were, because there was oil leaking from the ship, and that way we could tell where it was going and perhaps be able to do some research on trajectories, and do some predictive work. Not so much



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with cleanup in mind, but for correlating the movement of currents and the association of wind, current, oil movement." Their plane had no radio contact with the cutters in the area, but they could talk with Coast Guard aircraft. Air traffic control was being done through a helicopter hovering over the tanker, and they got permission to fly around and do their current measuring.

The current probes were designed to sink to the bottom and then release a dye float that would rise to the surface; after a preset length of time, a second dye float would be released from the bottom. The observers in the aircraft would then have two small plumes of dye on the surface below them. A line drawn between the patches gave the direction of the current, and since the time difference between the release of the two patches was known, if the distance between the patches could be estimated, the speed of the current could be estimated. One of the Coast Guard cutters was in the immediate vicinity of their first current-probe drop. Elaine Chan still does not know for sure whether what happened next was intentional helpfulness or the result of someone's curiosity, but, she said, the cutter "moved over between the two dye marks, and so we took pictures, and we knew exactly how long the cutter was; they just moved around like a yardstick, everywhere we were dumping current probes. It was incredible. We didn't communicate with them, but apparently the helicopter pilot who was doing air traffic control told them what we were doing."

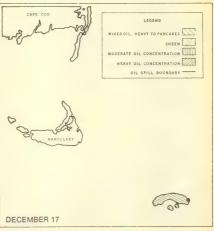
ROM A SCIENTIFIC and a political point of view, one of the most basic things to be done was to map the progress of the spill and describe the behavior of the oil. The members of the Spilled Oil Research Team did a lot of that on the daily flights they made. Some photo-mapping was carried out at high altitude by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and by a contractor to the Environmental Protection Agency. Attempts were also made to map from a passing satellite, but a more successful use of a satellite was the electronic tracking of a buoy that floated with the oil for a while, sending radio signals.

For a day the oil was seen heading northwest toward Nantucket; it then curled counterclockwise around the wreck and looped up toward the northeast. At that point -the fourth day after the tanker had grounded-a C-54 aircraft from the Wallops Flight Center of NASA flew over the scene, and from that platform false-color infrared photographs-202 of them, nine-by-nine-inches each-were made of the oil spill. (The ships showed white on the prints, the water blue, the spilled oil turquoise.) The Air Force's Ninth Tactical Intelligence Squadron at Langley Air Force Base then turned these aerial photographs into composite strip mosaics, providing a unique, detailed picture of almost the entire spill. The oil did not simply flow downwind from the Argo Merchant; first it writhed snakelike, crosswind through the water, like smoke leaving a chimney in a child's drawing. Some distance south of the grounding, the trail of oil began to curve up toward the northeast, and as it did it started to fray at the edges, fan out lacy branches to each side, and those branches frayed, too, and put out smaller feelers. Close-up study of individual photographs suggested that while the slick seemed to keep together as a stream over many miles, the fraying at the edges represented the breaking up or dispersion of the oil.

That was the fourth day of the event, December 19. From then on, the oil began to drift generally offshore in patches and streaks, blown by the prevailing northwesterlies of winter; and by the last day of 1976, the leading edge of the spilled oil was more than 140 miles southeast of the wreck. Feeling a mixture of relief and fascination, the scientists watched it go. During the worst of the spilling, before Christmas, the oil left the tanker in great glops or as a thick, brown river, and then began to spread out-but not the way it might have been expected to do. The so-called slick seemed to consist of a thin sheen broken by thick clumps of oil that were feet or yards in diameter. Such clumps are nicknamed "pancakes." The Spilled Oil Research Team observed that the oil moved downwind faster than the water it rode on, and that the pancakes outran the sheen. The sheen was apparently fed as the lighter fractions drained from the heavier oil, and as time passed the pancakes became increasingly compressed and thick; when they consisted of fresh oil, they were an inch or two in depth, but pancakes a week or more old might be more than eight inches thick. So they tended to retain their integrity, and this was noticed close to the wreck as well as many miles away. Navy divers remarked on it when they went into the exceedingly cold water of Fishing Rip on December 23; the Spilled Oil Research Team had asked for photographs and moving pictures and observations of the oil at its "interface" with the water-how it acted at the edges and underneath. The oil, reported the divers, behaved like mercury: a patch might become separated from the rest, but it was likely to reattach itself. The underside of the oil was flat, like the top, they said; it didn't trail keels or tentacles of oil, and the edges weren't tattered, either, but well-defined.

Many marine scientists were concerned-and a few were convinced-that the Argo Merchant's oil was going to end up on the bottom, probably all over Georges Bank, because that would be the worst place it could happen, and the image implied in translation by the more breathless representatives of the press was of a sort of blanket of oil covering the bottom sand the way chocolate syrup covers vanilla ice cream. Many laymen in the environmental movement instinctively believed this was a possibility. I know it worried me at the time. But there were no data at all to indicate whether or not it was likely. Most oil is light enough to float on water; this Number 6 oil certainly was. However, studies in Alaska had shown that if the water contained modest amounts of clay sediment, spilled oil quickly picked it up, became heavier than water, and sank. The water on Nantucket Shoals and Georges Bank contained shelly

sand and other particulate matter, but it did not carry much sediment. No one knew whether the oil and the particles would combine to sink the oil. The Coast Guard was being severely criticized at the time-for the tanker going aground, for the fact that the tanker wasn't refloated, for the oil being spilled-and it was hearing a good deal about the bottom being oiled. So the Spilled Oil Research Team was asked to have the Navy divers, please, while they were at it, take a look and make a few photographs on the bottom. Once down there, the divers could see no farther than ten or twenty feet in any direction; the water was thick with swirling sand. But where they stood the sand appeared to be clean, white, and dotted with clams. They photographed an area ten or fifteen feet square before they came up. The same day, scientists on the Evergreen, the Coast Guard research vessel, began making remote photographs of the bottom in the area of the spill. They found no sign of oil there either-not in the photographs and not in the bottom samples they dredged up. Wherever a lot of oil floated on the water, samples of the water column beneath the oil indicated that some petroleum hydrocarbons had mixed downward, but evidently not as far as the bottom. (The researchers suspected that the oil they found floating below the surface was the "cutter stock"-Number 6 oil being basically so gooey that in order to pump it from refinery tanks to tanker holds to customer tanks it must be kept warm and be mixed with a thinner or cutter.) So, far from being paved with oil, the bottom at least looked clean; it wasn't until February that sampling grabs in bottom sand began to detect small amounts of oil-droplets and tar specks-in the immediate vicinity of the wreck, particularly in the track of the sunken bow section, which had been worked along the bottom by fierce tidal currents until it was one-and-a-



half miles from the stern. Divers who went down to look at the ship that month, however, saw no oil on the sand; and sampling grabs made in the summer indicated that only trace amounts of oil remained.

Sampling the ocean

RACKING THE PHYSICAL MOVEMENT of the oil. said Jerry Galt, head of the West Coast Spilled Oil Research Team, is "the easy part." We were talking in the coffee shop of a hotel in Hartford during an EPA meeting on the scientific response to oil spills. "If you want to do an assessment, to find out an environmental impact," he said, "you really have to consider a series of things, and what I call 'Where the Goo Goes' doesn't really tell you anything, because oil doesn't hurt water. When the oil's gone, the water's not damaged. The next question is, Who got hurt? Ideally, you'd have to go out and find out what populations were there, which is a sizable undertaking. That kind of biological research involves an incredibly difficult realm. Then the analysis of those samples takes highly qualified people; it's very labor-intensive. Not only that, this doesn't give you the answer, either. It just tells you who got hit. The real question you want to ask is, How did it hurt them? So then you have to do effects studies: once you know who's there, then you have to say, Okay, suppose I put oil on this little fella, what happens to him next? And this is even more expensive, because you need to find out all kinds of subtle things-and it's very difficult to do that kind of stuff in the laboratory, because as soon as you put an animal in the laboratory, it's stressed, and so you don't know if it died because you were keeping it in a tank or be-



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cause you put oil on it. And even after you're done with that, after you've found out who got hit and how they got hurt, there's still a sort of so-what question. Is it really bad to kill ten birds? Yes? No? You can make a guess on that. How about a thousand birds? To what extent, when you punch a hole in the environment, can it reseed itself? And that has to do with how big the hole is, how big the natural patches are-what the natural seeding rate, fill-up rate is-of this hole in the environment. And what the repeat time is on the next punch. And these," Galt said matter-of-factly, "are really very difficult questions."

Attempts to answer such questions began at Woods Hole two mornings after the grounding. The Oceanographic Institution called home its research vessel, the Oceanus, which was some 400 miles off, and within days a crisis cruise was under way to collect samples of the water from top to bottom and samples of bottom sediments ahead of the apparent course of the floating oil. Then the National Marine Fisheries Service sent out its Delaware II for a brief cruise to collect a broad array of samples-fish, shellfish, crabs, plankton, water, oil, and sediments-inside and outside the immediate vicinity of the spill. Plankton were collected from the water below the surface and on the surface, and preserved in Formalin, a fixative, for later studies in laboratories ashore. Fish were examined for external signs of oil. Some of the catch was packed and frozen -lab workers would examine them for signs of oil contamination; other fish were gutted and their stomachs saved in Formalin-they would be studied to see whether and how the ocean food chain might be contaminated by oil. Each of the fish was looked at for indications of spawning; none was that far along. Crabs scooped from the bottom were examined for obvious signs of damage, then numbered and preserved.

Most of the collecting went on south of the spill, but in the last three of the sampling stops-stations 7, 8, and 9-the Delaware II was inside the perimeter of the slick. Oil was evident in the surface water samples at 7 and 8, and the surface plankton net was soaked with oil. At station 9, the plankton tow caught not only some specks of oil tar but also a good many fish eggs, which were then preserved in Formalin solution. A small dredge was dropped astern to collect crabs and shellfish for live laboratory studies.

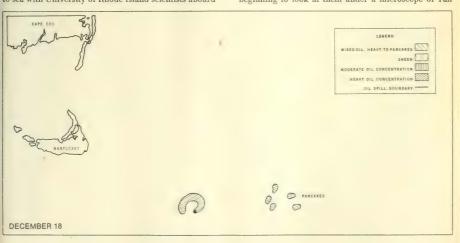
At the scene of the wreck, Elaine Chan was lowered to the deck of the cutter Vigilant from a helicopter, so she could show the captain and the marine safety officer on board how to use sterile sampling bags to collect water samples from various depths beside the ship. The Coast Guard's research vessel, Evergreen, was now sampling and photographing the bottom.

In the several weeks after Christmas water and sediment sampling was done from a variety of vessels. Dozens of current meters were planted for water movement studies. Buoys and sheets of plywood and colored cards were used to mark particular pancakes of oil so that they could be tracked by the daily mapping flights. The National Marine Fisheries Service interviewed

fishermen coming into ports as far northeast as Rockland, Maine, and as far south as Point Judith, Rhode Island, to discover the practical impact on fishing and to record any other pertinent observations the fishermen had made. In anticipation of a possible wind shift that would bring part of the spill onshore at Nantucket, a research scheme was devised to sample the intertidal zone on the island-roughly, the strip of vulnerable and ecologically productive territory between the high and low tide marks-to set baselines for future studies of what happened when and if the oil hit there; a team of biologists and chemists made surveys and collections for two days on the island. The Oceanus went out to sea again to sample bottom sediments and the sediment load in the water. The research vessel Endeavor of the University of Rhode Island's Graduate School for Oceanography began its first Argo Merchant cruise on December 28, collected marine life from the water surface and the bottom, and also took water samples. A young mammalogist arrived from the College of the Atlantic in Bar Harbor, Maine, to coordinate observations of any marine mammals that might get mixed up with the oil slick. Early in January the Delaware II of the National Marine Fisheries Service began a week's cruise from the tip of Cape Cod south into the spill area, with scientists doing much the same sort of broad-spectrum work that had been done in the Delaware II cruise before Christmas. They also released more than 200 "seabed drifters"-equipment designed to float free just above the bottom-for a study of bottom currents being done by University of Rhode Island and Fisheries Service oceanographers; that same week another 150 of the bottom drifters were dropped west of the wrecked tanker from a Coast Guard helicopter. Late in the month the Endeavor went back to sea with University of Rhode Island scientists aboard

to look for oil on the bottom near the wreck, to do preliminary studies of the marine life in sediments there, to look for oil in the water column, and to record the numbers and distribution of seabirds they saw. The cruise ended four days later-earlier than intended-because of bad weather, but the Endeavor returned to finish the job the second week in February. By then the Navy had sent a submarine rescue ship, the Recovery, to the scene at the request of the Coast Guard's on-scene coordinator, and, when the weather would let them, Navy and Coast Guard divers had used it as a base of operations for dives to inspect the wreck, which lay twisted and broken along the bottom. The University of Rhode Island's Endeavor was back for another cruise at the end of February, and that was the last of the major research cruises. Most of the remaining work would be done ashore, in laboratories.

Since nobody knew very much about open-ocean oil spills, the Argo Merchant accident had seemed to offer an excellent opportunity to do valuable research. But it costs thousands of dollars a day to keep a large research vessel at sea, and that doesn't count the salaries of the scientists on board. Specimens, once collected and brought home, are distributed to various labs, where they are looked at one by one. This is often complicated and time-consuming, taking the attention of administrators who set priorities and schedules and of scientists and lab technicians who design and do the examinations. Just the preparations can be lengthy. For example, if you want to study the condition of vital organs in an important species of baitfish, you might set aside several dozen specimens and from each one carefully remove a bit of brain and liver and heart and gill and reproductive organs and stomach contents, store them in vials and label them-all before beginning to look at them under a microscope or run



them through various chemical tests or write down anything about what you've observed.

At best, such study of the Argo Merchant spill would cover many months, even years, because past work already indicated that close to shore the effects of an oil spill might be felt for years. Responsible people in the EPA and the Department of the Interior and its Bureau of Land Management and the Fisheries Service all were confident that federal money would be available to finance such long-term studies. But the Argo Merchant spill proved to have a fatal flaw: most of the excitement about doing research stemmed from a fear that the oil would go ashore, and instead it went the wrong way. Congress became bored with the idea of long-term studies. The research had little political sex appeal; the oil hadn't done much visible harm, except to a few birds, so what was all the fuss about? Consequently, the federal money that did go into research had to come out of existing department budgets, and the diminished political urgency made great sacrifices unattractive. Private marine research operations such as those of the Woods Hole Institution and the University of Rhode Island, having geared up for long-range studies, were left hanging. Even in National Marine Fisheries Service laboratories much of the time spent on Argo Merchant work had to be stolen from other, funded projects.

By the end of February, the last of the major research cruises was over. Because of chronic rough weather, winter is the very worst season to do collecting at sea, but even so, by March, less than three months after the spill, the Argo Merchant event had permitted the collection of a considerable amount of data about open-ocean oil spills. That month the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration published a thick preliminary report on what had been



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discovered, what work was still in progress, and what the gross effects of the spill appeared to have been. This report would have been especially useful had the long-range studies been funded.

The oily-bird syndrome

N MARCH, 1977, I went to New Orleans to attend a biennial oil spill conference. It was organized by the Coast Guard, the EPA, and the American Petroleum Institute for the presentation of technical papers about the causes, effects, prevention, and cleanup of spilled oil. Nearly 1,700 people were there, from twenty-six countries—a sizable gathering, mostly of men and women who had had to deal with oil in water as a reality, not an abstraction.

Two things especially caught my attention about this meeting. One was the frank admission by many of the conferees I talked to that there was still a great deal to be learned about oil in water. The second, which contradicted the first, I was already familiar with from other experiences in the environmental debate.

Both the polluters and those of us who think of ourselves as the surrogate pollutees enter the arena of public environmental argument with anticipatory cries of pain and disaster. Each side has a large constituency that sees the other side as incredibly stupid, unrealistic, and immoral. Exaggeration spawns exaggeration. Jerry Galt, of the Spilled Oil Research Team, once remarked: "When you first find out about a spill, the environmental information that you've got is usually terrible. If the person who spilled the oil makes the estimate of how much oil has been spilled, multiply by ten. If an environmentally conscious newspaper makes an estimate of how much oil got spilled, divide by ten." Even in New Orleans, with a lot of biological work on Argo Merchant samples still to be done and written up, one heard American oil industry people dismissing the Argo Merchant's oil as "on its way to Europe," and as never having reached the bottom; for a clincher, why, "they sent divers down and the bottom was clean." Word of mouth had spread the good news in the industry about the divers' observations, but evidently not about the recent bottom sampling with grabs near the wreck. Not only that, word of mouth had left out a key bit of background data: the divers in December had seen a patch of bottom smaller than the area covered by one of the bedrooms in the hotels where we were staying-four or five steps in any direction. In February, visual observations were made close to the pieces of the ship, along a track a mile-and-a-half long. Not what you'd call a large sample, in either case.

On the other hand, a young representative of the Massachusetts Department of Environmental Protection was retailing quite another story. One got the impression the Massachusetts DEP had a political and psychological stake in there being quite a lot of oil on the bottom, because the department had taken the position all along that the spill was very likely to

While you've been working your way up for all these years, we've been quietly waiting for you to arrive.

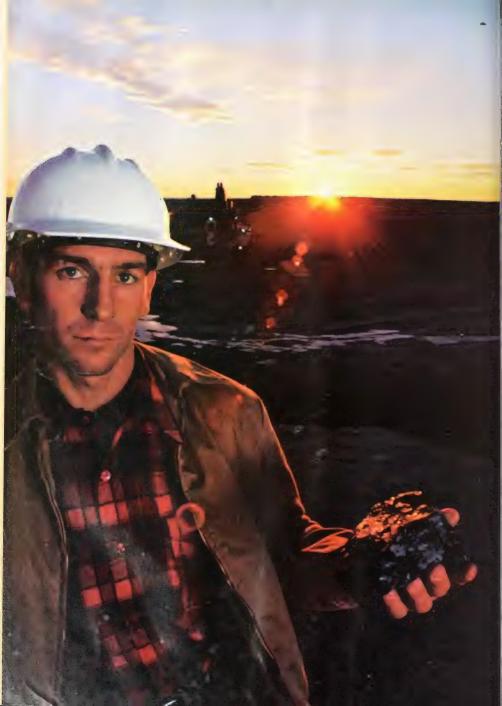


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Today, America runs on oil and gas. And it looks like we have about a 30 year supply left. Scientists, the government and the energy companies are busy developing alternate energy sources. But those new sources won't be available for many years. We need more time.

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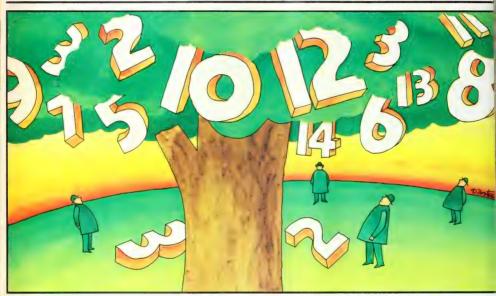
The way I see it, sometimes you have to dig up an old idea before you can come up with a new one.

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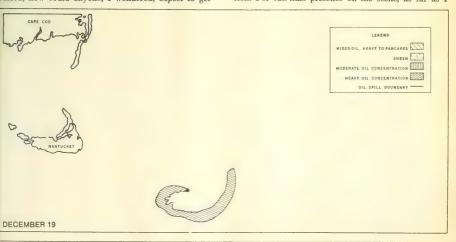
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do a serious amount of harm. Whatever the reason, the Massachusetts DEP representative in New Orleans told me that he'd just spoken with one of the Coast Guard people studying the spill, and that "they" were now finding oil on the bottom. His Coast Guard contact had said, he related, "If you ask me where the Argo Merchant's oil is, I'd say it's on the bottom." I was positively dazzled; that certainly wasn't what the Commandant's chief science adviser was saving, nor was anyone from the EPA even hinting at such a thing. An associate director of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, who was at the conference, was talking only about a relatively small patch of oil in the sand near the wreck. I cornered the EPA man in charge of oil spills and hazardous materials, Kenneth Biglane, who had had long experience chasing oil spills, and presented him with the different versions of where the oil was. "Well, they're probably all right," he said. "I heard reports of divers who went down to investigate the wreck, and the divers likened the scene to a dust storm. The currents just continually swept the sand before their masks, and if you have that active a bottom, then oil that has been deposited will be covered up, uncovered, re-covered." So, like the old joke about New England weather, if you didn't like the data you were getting from the bottom near the wreck, maybe you should just wait a bit and try again. That sort of vanishing-and-reappearing act wasn't unusual, Biglane added. He'd watched the cleanup of the Torrey Canyon's oil in 1968 and then had gone back to the British beaches a year-and-a-half later. "I was told that some of that Torrey Canyon oil was down six meters-eighteen feet-in the sand." If such uncovering and re-covering as Biglane described was in fact going on all over the bottom beneath where the oil had passed, how could anyone, I wondered, expect to get

meaningful data from there about the ongoing effects of the spill? Or prove anything?

ROM THE POINT OF VIEW of that public bugbear, the media, there is something decidedly unexciting about a technical meeting of 1,700 people from twenty-six countries, even if the subject of the meeting is something the press and television have recently been devoting many inches and hours to. The winters of 1976 and 1977 had provided a long string of tanker and oil-barge accidents, groundings, leaks, even a disappearance-and a lot of copy and pictures. In the best of all possible worlds, at least the major news organizations would take the trouble to learn more about oil spills and the likely effects of different kinds of oil spills, so that their coverage would be better the next time a spill was hot news. But the meeting was in New Orleans. a long way away for many organizations; and the conference lasted three days, meaning that whoever went would be out of the office for five days, including travel time, and would spend a good deal of money. The immediate return would probably be only "soft news," feature stuff, background, nothing exciting. All good excuses, but even so, the limited media representation at the conference was worth remarking. The Boston Globe had a reporter there, as might be expected, considering its constituency on the Cape; so did the Washington Post, Long Island's Newsday, the Courier-Post of Camden, New Jersey, the Journal of Commerce, the Newhouse News Service. New Times and the Environment Reporter of Washington and the New York Times Magazine were also represented. So was AP radio and a Little Rock, Arkansas, radio station. For full-time presence on the scene, as far as I



could tell, that was it, aside from the local news organizations. A few others made brief appearances. A few TV spots made the network news, I heard. The major print wire services displayed very little interest in the proceedings; and one of their New Orleans stringers, who showed up once or twice, distinguished himself by remarking blandly in a press conference that this Argo Merchant thing was new to him.

Independent news operations in coastal cities from Alaska to Maine gave the meeting the go-by; none of the big guns in environmental and conservation reporting was there, and none of the major weekly news magazines, either. I wonder if this attitude of the major media organizations-particularly the daily news media-doesn't grossly warp the public's view of the oil-spill problem and affect the way in which it responds to the problem. When an event such as the Argo Merchant spill occurs, most reporters have to do catchup homework under great pressure, and that seems a lousy way to cover an important subject; it takes the minor art of writing a two-paragraph auto-accident story and tries to elevate it to handle major and complicated news. So mainly what comes across well is the flashy part of the story-over and over and overbecause the reporter doesn't have a grasp of the background or feel at home with the science.

New Orleans notes

HIPWRECKS AND GROUNDINGS account for most of the news and for relatively little of the total oil spilled into the environment—no more than 6 percent, probably closer to 3 percent. Much more is "spilled" just to get rid of it: tanker captains flush oil bunkers and bilges with seawater; car owners



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and service-station attendants pour used crankcase oil down the nearest storm drains; with our furnaces and our automobiles we pump into the air waste products that later come down in rain. Industrial wastes in water account for between 5 and 20 percent (depending on who does the estimating) of the oil in the world's oceans; and perhaps as much as a third of the oceans' oil burden is dumped with municipal waste either directly or in river water.

Often this sort of spilling is illegal, so a good deal of effort is being devoted to the practical problem of finding the oil in the water. That's made very obvious by papers given at this conference. Dr. Charles Bates, who is here with the Coast Guard Commandant, says that in American waters tanker captains have a habit of waiting until they're in fog or darkness before they order the cargo tanks rinsed out: then, ploop, it's in the water, and by the time the oil slick is visible the ship that put it there is long gone. What the Coast Guard needed to stop this practice was airborne sensing gear that would produce a photographic image identifiable as oil and nothing but oil-evidence that would stand up in court. The equipment is now in serviceon one airplane, but with more to come. "We were fortunate enough to hit three different cases on the West Coast where guys were doing naughty things in a fog bank or at night," Charles Bates said, "and we were able to prove to the court that the slick behind the ship was oil." That's detective work, and does not involve the floodlights and the trumpets.

OST OF THE IMPORTANT things happening in this field, in fact, involve detective work, The standard, accepted liturgy about oil spill fate and effects states that spilled oil becomes less harmful the longer it weathers in the environment. In general, the lighter fractions of oil are thought to be the most toxic, and they are also the most quickly dispersed, evaporated, and washed away, so presumably the harm that oil can do begins to decline the minute it hits the water. But maybe not. One of the more interesting papers presented at the conference involves an experiment done by researchers at the Virginia Institute of Marine Science. They tested the impacts of two kinds of oil on the life of an estuarine marsh-fresh Louisiana crude versus crude that had been artificially weathered for several days beforehand. The weathered crude proved to be more toxic to life in the marsh than the fresh crude, at least within the first 120 hours after the intentional spill. Even the investigators are buffaloed by this result.

HE PEOPLE WHO CARE about oil's impact in water are not even in agreement on how serious a problem it is or what aspects of it should concern us most: Oiled wildlife? Damaged breeding territory of marine creatures? Longterm effects? Short-term effects? Big spills? Little

spills? The waste of the precious petroleum? The problem is so new we have only begun to sort out our priorities. For example, many of the reporters who are here for the whole conference—and tend to gang together for meals—have an uneasy feeling about the media's emphasis on oily birds. I'm the card-carrying birder in the group, but I must say that I feel uneasy myself.

We know that oily birds, birds killed in spills, are important, and yet we wonder if news presentation hasn't skewed and magnified the importance, all because oiled birds do seem symbolic—and are also marvelously photogenic, especially when held in the oily hands of, let's say, an oily-faced twelve-year-old-girl. One reporter here recalls sourly that during the Argo Merchant event she was rousted from bed in the middle of the night by a phone call from the copy desk, "saying they had this fantastic picture of this

kid holding the first dead bird, and they were using it way up front, and would I please rewrite my story to include a line from the director of the bird rescues, saying how devastated all the birds were, so they could

run their picture."

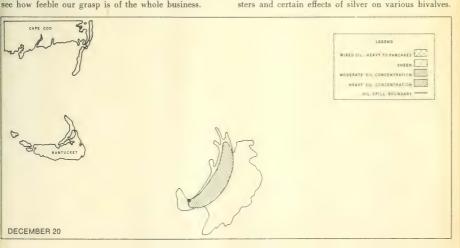
I've begun asking everyone I interview here what they think about oily birds: that is, are the birds truly symbolic of the environmental threat posed by spilled oil in the water, or are they distracting from the real issues? Apparently it's a good question, because none of the answers are predictable. I've got an oil man suggesting that the oily birds may mean quite a lot, and environmentally oriented people suggesting that the birds have been overplayed. Quite a few I've questioned seem baffled, unprepared; they stagger along for a few sentences and then shut down. I sympathize. Raise the oil spill issue to the level of metaphor and see how feeble our grapn is of the whole business.

The problems of ignorance

DID NOT KNOW, when I left New Orleans, just how feeble the grasp was, and recognition came only in easy stages. That summer of 1977—by which time Congress had long since refused funding for more research, and almost everyone had difficulty placing the name Argo Merchant—I visited the Milford, Connecticut, laboratory of the National Marine Fisheries Service. I wanted to talk to a few of the scientists who had studied the samples of marine life collected in and around the area of the spill. After all these months, I thought, they must have a pretty good idea of what and how serious the impact on the marine environment had been, and why. I was wrong.

Four people set aside the better part of an afternoon to accommodate me: Dr. Fred Thurberg—trim, precise, and friendly, a physiologist; Edith Gould, a biochemist, known as Dusty; Dr. Arlene Longwell, a geneticist; and Kenneth Sherman, the regional director of ecosystems studies for the Fisheries Service; he came by car from his office in the Narragansett laboratory.

From the start, they made it clear that they had operated under considerable handicaps throughout the Argo Merchant event. Most marine research laboratories, the one at Milford included, concentrate on special areas of study, and they have full programs that are tied to dates. Papers must be presented at particular professional meetings, or some government agency has paid for research the results of which must be turned over at a certain time. When the Argo Merchant went aground, Fred Thurberg said, the environmental scientists at Milford were "involved in a big study of the effects of cadmium and mercury on lobsters and certain effects of silver on various bivalves.



You have a limited number of staff people and a job to do, and this was an extra job with very limited extra funds and no extra people." In order to do the analyses of samples from the Argo Merchant spill, about half of the dozen staff environmental scientists had to take time from their ongoing studies and work overtime as well; the same was true for three of the five members of the genetics department.

Another difficulty was the limited number of samples available. Bad weather and a shortage of money had restricted the fishing when the oil was in the water in a critical area: the samples that were taken

had to be parceled out for various sorts of work-up. But the most crucial problem involved the state of the art. Dusty Gould, for example, was studying effects of chemicals and metals on the message systems that control metabolism-a new field for marine biologists. "It's almost completely exploratory," she said. "You don't really know quite what to look for. One of the most obvious things to look at in an animal that is under what you suspect is stress is in the pathways of mobilization of energy. When the animal is under a very small environmental challenge, that challenge might make him breathe-consume oxygen-a little bit faster. He can still mobilize his reserves, and one common phenomenon of a challenge of this sort is induction of enzymes. If the activity of the enzymes is way below normal, it generally means a more acute stress, that the animal is unable to mount its metabolic defenses. That's a fairly good rule of thumb."

Discovering through the enzyme activity that a marine animal is stressed is one thing, Dusty Gould went on, but "to pinpoint what toxicant or pollutant is responsible for the stress is something I don't think anyone would care to stick his neck out about. I think the most glaring lack in research of this nature right now-and I don't know that it can be done is to relate, say, body burdens, concentrations in tissues of a specific pollutant-whether it's petroleum hydrocarbons or metals or pesticides to the specific malfunction." The culprit causing the malfunction can't be tracked yet, as it goes about doing its damage in the system-"there are so many shunts and back allevs and runarounds in metabolism. Whenever you're dealing with a living biological organism, if you punch it in one place it goes out in a couple of other different places. So you can set up your experiment designing many, many controls to protect yourself from flak, and yet if you're wise, you still will not say, 'This is the result of such and such.' What we do is resort to hedging phrases-learned hedging phrases like, 'It is not unreasonable to assume.' You cannot say, 'This is so'-not and be honest or accurate."

Dr. Arlene Longwell came to marine genetics only a few years ago, from medical research. A specialist in the genetics of cells, she had studied plants as well as mammals, so she brought to fisheries research a valuable perspective and training—and a certain undisguised astonishment. 'Fisheries biology is not a very large field," she said. "There are far fewer fisheries

biologists and marine biologists studying the ocean than there are, for example, medical researchers or crop-breeders." And as for marine geneticists, she said, "There are far more people working with mice."

When the spill occurred and the resulting scientific demands began, Arlene Longwell was working on genetic aspects of shellfish development-ways of improving the shellfish crop; she was also doing genetic studies of marine animals in the ocean off New York City-the New York Bight, one of the most polluted marine territories on the planet. Ken Sherman asked her to take some time from those projects and examine cod and pollock eggs collected on the Delaware II cruise just before Christmas. "The number of eggs that they collected at the spill site was rather small, and Ken sent me half of those," she said, "so we were able to do what we had to quite quickly." (In fact, microscopic examinations were made of the dissected embryos of only 79 cod and 162 pollock eggs collected in and around the spill.) "The report we prepared on it was limited, since we had no baseline, we had never worked before with cod or with pollock in any form, whether it was laboratory fish or plankton-plankton includes fish eggs-taken at sea.

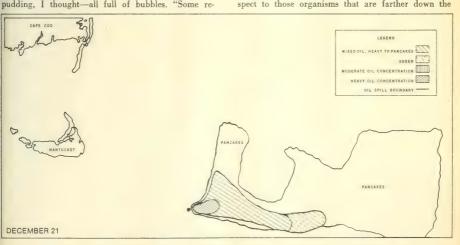
She wanted to show me a batch of photographs of what they found. "I think this is the first time that surface membrane contamination has been depicted in a fish egg. Prior to this," she cautioned, "when experimentalists had attempted to contaminate fish eggs in the laboratory with oil, they had failed. I think after they tried to oil the eggs they probably looked at live specimens. Our eggs were fixed-preserved-at sea before we looked at them. The fixative was good, and it was the appropriate thing to use. But a histologist [tissue specialist] or a cytologist [cell specialist] might say, 'Are you certain that oil wasn't fixed to the egg membrane in the process of fixation?' Now, I think this is not very likely, but I can't prove it on these samples. Also, they fouled the net with oil when they were collecting in the slick. At one collecting station, eggs were lightly fouled, and at the next they were most heavily fouled; at the same time, the net was getting more and more fouled. I don't think the net was responsible for the egg contamination, but we can't be certain about this." With that foreword spoken, she began dealing off enlargements of microphotographs, which showed eggs and embryos magnified thousands of times, even tens of thousands of times. And as the pictures fell, she described what I was looking at. "Two deformed embryos-you see the egg sphere has collapsed here. Here the embryo is deformed. These globs are oil. Another problem in looking at the Argo Merchant cod and pollock eggs was that all the pollock and many of the cod were at the tail-bud and tail-free stages, which are the least likely to suffer maldistribution of chromosomes. After fertilization, you get first cleavage-two cells-then second cleavage-four cells. These are the stages that are very susceptible to irregularities in chromosome division; there are mutagens and carcinogens in oil, and also it produces sec-

indary effects, so these are the stages we like to work with. But there were none of these earlier stages represented except in the cod, and the cod were remarkably better off than the pollock, even though they should have been worse because they were at the earlier stages. However, when you look at fish eggs as plankton, collected from the surface in a net, you're seeing only a small part of the mortality, because after the egg begins to deteriorate, it drops out of the water column, so you don't sample it in plankton. When we estimate mortality and moribundity, using samples taken from the surface, we're seeing only a small part of it." She spoke of the work of Walter Kühnhold, a biologist from the University of Kiel, West Germany; Kühnhold had happened to be at the Fisheries Service's Narragansett lab as a visiting researcher the year that the Argo Merchant event occurred, and consequently his investigations were particularly well known to people in the Fisheries Service. "Kühnhold believes that the oil affects the osmoregulation of the membrane around the embryo-its control over what passes in and out," Dr. Longwell said, "so that a lot of the eggs will be dropping out of the water column even before they're grossly deteriorated." She laid down a photograph of the membrane of an Atlantic mackerel egg, magnified 10,000 times to show its structure in great detail. It had come from a healthy egg collected near Cox's Ledge, well out to sea off Long Island. Now another photograph. "This is a mackerel egg from the transect between Sandy Hook and Rockaway Beach Inlet in the New York Bight. Plankton specialists would say, just from the gross appearance of the egg alone, that this membrane came from a perfectly healthy, normal embryo-and look at the deterioration of the membrane. In the microphotograph, it closely resembled tapioca pudding, I thought-all full of bubbles. "Some researchers believe that oil has a particular affinity for membranes and does do some damage to the membrane itself although no one has worked with membranes on fish eggs.... These are pollock eggs; they were taken as being clean—the normal for pollock. Now this is the pollock at that station 9 near where they found the tar-like slick. This is oil, caked all over here. And this is an antenna of a copepod-a tiny crustacean-caught in the tar on the egg membrane.... To look at the cells of the embryos, I pierce a needle through the egg, and use another needle to tear the embryo off. Then I flatten it on a slide; it tends to flatten into a monolayer of cells, so if the embryo has sixty-four cells, you can look in those sixty-four cells and see what states they're in-how their chromosomes appear, how they are dividing. In the case of the Argo Merchant material, a good portion of the cells were in states of deterioration-even though, looking at the embryo grossly, from the outside of the egg, you'd say it was all right."

"Which, frankly, was the state of the art before Arlene took her genetic background and applied it to our fisheries problems," Ken Sherman said.

ASKED THEM WHAT THEY ALL thought about the damage done by the Argo Merchant spill. "It's clear that we did not have a catastrophic kill—mortality of either adult fish or juvenile fish," Ken Sherman said. "To date, we've had nothing to the contrary from anybody in the fishing industry. Now, with respect to the marine ecosystem, we have to look to the long term, and that's just where we are now."

Quite a lot of gross damage to the ecosystem was evident immediately, on the scene, he said—"with respect to those organisms that are farther down the



food chain than we ordinarily talk about, like the zooplankton. Those were fairly heavily impacted. And the fish eggs and fish larvae that Arlene looked at, they were very heavily impacted. But moving from that kind of damage to an impact on a stock of fish is a giant step." For example, if an oil spill in December and January affects at least 2,000 square miles of ocean, as this one did, and seems to kill a lot of the fish eggs and larvae and zooplankton it comes in contact with, that may mean a great deal in terms of the fishery in five years-and then again it may mean very little. Winter is not a biologically productive time at sea, generally speaking, but there was no way to estimate how many fish eggs and larvae and zooplankton lay in the spill's path. Put in a nutshell, no one knows very much about what happens on Georges Bank and vicinity when oil isn't a major factor, and that question, Ken Sherman said, is only beginning to be addressed. So a reliable assessment of the damage done by the spill just wasn't possible.

He was at the blackboard now, a quickly drawn man of the East Coast at his shoulder. "In order to deal with the kinds of problems that we're talking about it's necessary to have a strategy and an approach. The U.S. has really not had one up to this point. We've got a whole series of studies"-he drew little circles here and there along the coastline of his chalked map-"that are done more or less in vacuo," Various universities and marine institutes, with various specialists, undertake whatever interests them-and for which they can raise funding, so government and the

foundations also play a major role.

"We've not had a focus on this major area," he went on, "except with respect to the ground fish. Largely because of the enormous foreign fishing presence, the National Marine Fisheries Service has had a survey out here with stations located at about fifteen-mile intervals, over this entire piece of continental shelf for about ten years." That's produced valuable population curves for most of the important fish species off the coast, but the Fisheries Service did the sampling only twice a year. In 1977, Ken Sherman said, the survey was at last being done every two months-an improvement, but still not often enough to develop good data on spawning production. The Fisheries Service is filling some of the gaps by getting foreign fishermen -the Soviets and the Poles and the East Germans and the West Germans-to collect samples and data too. "So now we're finally moving into a study of the marine ecosystem. But in the case of the Argo Merchant, we had no baseline physiology for these populations." When the spill occurred, the Fisheries Service had nearly finished laying out a program, which it called Ocean Pulse, for developing those baselines, and it used the event not only to refine the approach but also as a dramatic demonstration of why the baselines were needed. Still, no federal money had been dedicated to Ocean Pulse, eight months after the spill. although Ken Sherman said he was confident that it was in the "tube up in the budget cycle."

Even if the baselines were not specifically known, I said, here in front of me around the table were experienced fisheries scientists who ought at least to have a feel for what they found in the samples they ex-

amined. They wouldn't accept that.

"We have found in some areas some sublethal, nonchronic effects," Fred Thurberg said. "And whether these are significant, I don't know. It's very likely these were transient changes. There were no massive mortalities observed. I think you'll find in the final report for some of our work, in the limited subsequent sampling that was done, we did find that the fish stocks had returned to a 'normal' state-or at least the fish that are in that area now are exhibiting normal hematological profiles, respiratory rates, and so forth.'

I had heard that the most common copeped in the water around Nantucket Shoals-a minute shrimplike animal known as Centropages typicus, favored as food by many of the creatures in its surface environmenthad been "wiped out" by the oil. No, Ken Sherman said; affected, but not wiped out. Then what was the mortality? "Very likely there was no mortality, if we consider the literature on the subject. These organisms are filter feeders, and they seem to have the ability to move petroleum hydrocarbons through their alimentary tracts without any apparent harmful effects on the organisms. They generate a fecal pellet, however, which then presumably is passed on to the food web and could be concentrated in filter feeders on the bottom. Or they could pass this on in the food web if those copepods -there's a high probability, actually-are eaten by larval fish. Then we'd get a problem. This has to be

looked at. It hasn't been looked at yet."

I asked Ken Sherman what he thought was the most important lesson of the Argo Merchant event, and without a second's hesitation he answered, "I'd say the approach that's required to deal with the research problem. Somebody's going to have to deal with that that the ocean environment is a difficult environment to work in. It's multidimensional and it's dynamic." Somebody was developing part of the approach, we all knew-the crisis part; the EPA was beginning a series of regional meetings in which the scientific community and government developed ways to organize and finance rapid, purposeful scientific response to oil spills when bad luck presented good opportunities for studies. But that would not happen often-not nearly so often as the persistent drip-drip-dripping into urban harbors; an oil spill is created by every coastal city every day. Furthermore, it did seem that with all the attention focused in the past twenty years or so on ocean farming and ocean pollution, it shouldn't require a shipwreck off the coast of Massachusetts to get the federal government and scientists moving on concerted research into the ocean environment. I said as much to Ken Sherman, "Marine science," he replied diplomatically, "dealing with marine populations, is relatively new. It's only been recently that enough scientists have recognized that we need to deal with the ecosystem and not single species."

A drop in the ocean

DIDN'T SEE MUCH SIGN of environmental partisanship at the University of Rhode Island symposium, where the Argo Merchant studies were summed up. But count on it, there are those who will be tempted or conditioned to say, two or five or ten years hence, that the Argo Merchant spill did/did not cause major environmental damage. Doubtless even now some partisans are keeping a close watch on New England fish-landing totals, in the belief that if there was/was not a marked impact, fish catches will reflect it. How such conclusions can be drawn or even considered is beyond me-so little is known about normal cycles and production curves and the intricate network of relationships within the huge ocean environment. And that condition is not likely to improve any faster than it has. The Argo Merchant's most important scientific lesson is still being largely ignored by the federal government, and the Ocean Pulse program for concentrated basic research into the marine environment did not, in fact, find its way into the federal budget for fiscal 1979.

Our attention is drawn to the spectacular. Maybe we need another major oil spill off the East Coast. The general attitude seems to be, How important is all this science stuff, anyway? Well, who knows? Just as good a question—in fact, a better one—would be, how unimportant is it? The human community is committed to plunging ahead as if it knew the answers to this and every other question one might ask, and meanwhile its knowledge of reality trails far behind. We pick up our knowledge in very small increments, and of that the studies of the Argo Merchant spill provide a good example; the results, most of them discussed at the Uni-

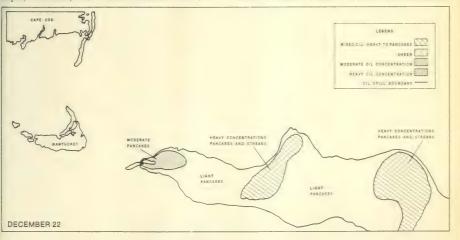
versity of Rhode Island symposium, add fragments to the jigsaw puzzle, no more.

For instance, oil may stick to clay sediments and sink as a result, but it does not stick well to shelly sand, even when an experimenter is trying to make it stick. Predictive mathematical models based on recorded weather patterns and current data can be pretty good on open-ocean spills, if what you want to know is how bad the oil's worst impact could be, but they lack something if more exact predicting is needed. And if a spill happens in a place less well-documented than Nantucket Shoals for current and weather data—a most likely possibility, since that area is one of the best known in the world—then the predicting problem is greatly magnified.

Assessment of the impacts on marine life off Cape Cod is not made any easier by all the ship traffic passing through. The crisis cruise by the Fisheries Service in January, 1977, found petroleum hydrocarbons in water samples at the tip of the Cape, far away from the Argo Merchant's oil. At least in the vicinity of major shipping lanes, petroleum is now part of the normal background noise in the ocean environment off New England.

Walter Kühnhold produced further proof of that. He did a background survey of copepods—those tiny shrimplike creatures so nourishing to larval fish—that had been collected near the Cape some time before the spill and were stored in the archives at Narragansett. His idea was to set a clean standard against which the copepods that ran into the Argo Merchant's oil could be studied. But his randomly chosen samples, he discovered, carried petroleum hydrocarbon residues. There was no clean standard.

In the lab, Kühnhold also exposed cod eggs and larvae to Number 6 fuel oil in water and demonstrated



that it was bad for and often fatal to them. The larvae of a small and important baitfish called the sand launce were apparently badly hurt in the vicinity of the oil, but a population explosion of the sand launce in New England waters continued, even so.

And as for oiled birds, 175 of them were picked up on the beaches of Nantucket Island and Martha's Vineyard between December 20 and January 24 after the spill; most of them were dead or dying. About 1,120 birds of thirteen species were seen near the wreck in the ten days that began with the grounding; most were gulls, and about half the gulls had been oiled to one degree or another. It was assumed that other affected birds-perhaps a great many-had been killed and washed out to sea with the oil, and some probably flew long distances from the scene before they died, or hitched rides on ships because they were too ill to fly; one report said that of ten dead Great Black-backed Gulls that were washed ashore at Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, two carried oil that was identified as having come from the Argo Merchant.

Nothing fancy, in short, just a few observations and figures and educated guesses and conclusions. Science rarely moves in leaps and bounds. It plods, nibbling off a crumb of information here, a bite of data there. Only the headlines about results make science seem to work like magic. And there is an inestimable—indeed, virtually infinite—amount still to be learned about the ocean environment. We know just enough to create competing propaganda—a genre that does not require sturdily factual foundations.

Such impressions began to gel when I went to sea late in the summer after the spill. I'd been told by the director of the Fisheries Service's Woods Hole laboratory that none of the planned government research cruises was designed to do follow-up studies on the spill. In fact, the best the Fisheries Service could do was sneak in an occasional extra station as a vessel passed through the spill area on the way to someplace else. But if I wanted to go on a research cruise anyway, it could be arranged. Having tried unsuccessfully for months to get on the water with scientists doing Argo Merchant work, I was tempted; and the hearty-sounding lab official to whom I spoke by telephone because he was in charge of organizing cruises seemed supremely confident-with good reason, it turned outthat if I did go I would learn a lot. So I signed up for a sea-scallop cruise on the Albatross IV, which left Woods Hole September 6 for ten days, going as far south as Cape Hatteras before heading back.

The work on such a research vessel continues around the clock, weather permitting. At each preselected Fisheries Service "station"—dots on the ocean identified by intersecting radio beams and lit numbers on digital readout panels—a trawl or dredge or sampling net goes over the stern and after a set time is retrieved and emptied on deck. Sometimes the catch includes the animals wanted, sometimes not. The scientists count, measure, examine, and record what's been brought aboard. Samples are saved—in a preserving

fluid or in the freezers. Then another haul comes in, and the process begins again. It's plodding work.

It takes place in an awesome three-dimensional expanse, too, which not only inspires in this environmentalist certain heretical-and not altogether justifiedcomparisons between the size of the Argo Merchant's cargo and the size of the open sea, but also makes one constantly aware that we seekers-for-knowledge are very small creatures bobbing on the surface of enormous forces. Our saving grace is that we can be audacious, that we can even revel in the exploration. The young chief scientist on the cruise is passionate about the sea; it is his personal generator. He stood in the bow on the third deck one calm morning and discoursed enthusiastically on what we saw in the water far below us, pointing out-as delighted as if he'd never been there before-sea turtles and fish and little riffles and patches under which action might be developing for our delectation. And when the wind piped up and bad weather was upon us, he leaped to the door of the lab, shook his fist at the sky, and shouted good-humored insults at the ancient Norse deity, "Hey, Odin, we aren't afraid of you! Odin is a fay-rie!" Still, Odin didn't care-may not even have been tuned to us. One night the sea was so rough that everything on board not tied down was thrown from where it was stowed, and slid, rolled, tumbled, crashed from bulkhead to bulkhead. What a place to do science.

A single scene aboard the Albatross IV distilled for me the magnitude and pace of the enterprise. One of our scientists was doing her doctoral dissertation on Scaphopoda-a class of mollusks-and she needed specimens. The trouble with looking for scaphopods is that they are very small and hard to find, and the act of looking for them-like the act of looking for oil spill impact-is not the same as looking for birds or mushrooms. The chief scientist had added to our schedule for the sake of the scaphopod search a couple of trawls with a special bottom sampler called a Digby, and the scientist in charge of the researcher's watch had also designed a makeshift pipe-dredge that attached to the mouth of the scallop trawl. So she had plenty of bottom mud to examine. "What does a scaphopod look like?" I asked her. "Looks like an elephant's tusk about this long"-she held thumb and forefinger about a quarter-inch apart.

Riding in the center of an almost featureless 360-degree circle, we put out a Digby trawl, which is two feet wide at its mouth, or a pipe-dredge a couple of inches across at its open end, and they dragged along a bottom we couldn't see, in hopes of happening to scoop out a tiny, horn-shaped animal. And we'd get the sediment sample on deck, and the researcher crouched over it there, or took it to our work table, where for an hour, two hours, she washed the mud through screens of different sizes and paused after each wash to poke slowly with a pair of tweezers through the shell fragments and sand. She worked doggedly, mostly alone, holding the table edge with one hand to brace herself against the swell of the sea.



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THE OTHER ZIONISM

commodating Jew and Arab in Palestine

by I. F. Stone

THE MAIN CURRENT of Zionism has always nourished itself on the illusion that the Jews were "a people without a land" returning to "a land without eople." But there was from the beginning the movement another Zionism, now almost gotten, except by scholars, that was preed, from the deepest ethical motives, to e up to the reality that Palestine was not empty land but contained another and dred people. They were a lonely handful n, and they are a lonelier one now, when pendulum of power has swung to the far tht, to the ultra-nationalists, with their old der, Menachem Begin, in office.

Perhaps never more than now has this Other mism seemed more like a voice in the polit-I wilderness, but the time may be coming en more and more Israelis and Jews will sh these voices had been heard, and when ir message will take on renewed life and saning if there is to be peace and Israel

o survive.

N THEIR TIME, the spokesmen for this Other Zionism were not obscure and peripheral figures, but among the most re-Lsplendent names in the history of the Rern. They were among the greatest of the inkers and the pioneers who prepared the y for the reestablishment of Israel. One of em, Ahad Ha Am, was the foremost philosher to take part in the rebirth of Hebrew a living language in our time. Among these her Zionists was his disciple, the San Fransco-born American rabbi Judah L. Magnes,

who emigrated to Palestine in 1922. His monumental achievement was in establishing the Hebrew University in Jerusalem in 1925. He served as its president until his death in 1948.

Ahad Ha Am, a Russian Jewish intellectual, played a role in obtaining the Balfour Declaration, by which the British government pledged itself in 1917 to establish in Palestine "a national home for the Jewish people." Ahad Ha Am was also one of the few in the Zionist movement who stressed the parallel obligation expressed in the Declaration "that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine." Ahad Ha Am called himself a "cultural Zionist," He wanted the political aims of Zionism limited, as his biography in the Encyclopaedia Judaica expresses it, by "consideration for the national rights of the Palestinian Arabs." This was a note rarely if ever struck by the spokesmen for main-line Zionism. These regarded the pledge to the Palestinian Arabs as a kind of British imperialist trick and insisted on reading the Balfour Declaration as a promise not to create a Jewish national home in Palestine but to turn all Palestine into a Jewish state.

Four years after the Balfour Declaration was promulgated, Ahad Ha Am expanded his views on it in a preface to the Berlin edition of his book At the Cross Ways. He wrote then that the historical right of the Jewish people to a national home in Palestine "does not invalidate the right of the rest of the land's inhabitants." He recognized that they have "a genuine right to the land due to generations of residence and work upon it." For them "too,"

I. F. Stone is a veteran American newspaperman. In the spring of 1946 he traveled with survivors of the Holocaust and wrote about their illegal emigration from Eastern Europe to Palestine. More recently he has been speaking out with similar sympathy for Palestinian rejugees. This article (@ 1978 by I. F. Stone) will be the epilogue to his book Underground to Palestine. originally published in 1946, which Pantheon Books is reissuing in November.

I. F. Stone THE OTHER ZIONISM Ahad Ha Am went on, "this country is a national home and they have the right to develop their national potentialities to the uttermost." He felt that this "makes Palestine into a common possession of different peoples."

This was why, Ahad Ha Am explained, the British government "promised to facilitate the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people and not, as was proposed to it, the reconstruction of Palestine as the National Home for the Jewish people." Ahad Ha Am said the purpose of the Balfour Declaration was twofold: 1) to establish a Jewish National Home there, but 2) also to deny "any right to deprive the present inhabitants of their rights" and any intention "of making the Jewish people the sole ruler of the country."

Ahad Ha Am died in 1927. But his younger American disciple, Magnes, followed in his footsteps. He made a lifelong effort to bring Arabs and Jews together, and to work for a binational state in which the national rights and aspirations of both peoples would be safeguarded by fundamental constitutional guarnetees. In such a state the constitution, regardless of which was at any time in the majority, would recognize two nations within the one state, with full rights to cultural autonomy, fostered by two official languages, Arabic and Hebrew.

The considerations that led Magnes all his life to espouse this view were movingly set forth in his address opening the Hebrew University in Jerusalem for its 1929-30 academic year. This old address reads with fresh meaning and pathos in the wake of the South Lebanese invasion and the use by the Israeli army of cluster bombs against the civilian population. "One of the greatest cultural duties of the Jewish people," Magnes said then, "is the attempt to enter the Promised Land, not by means of conquest as Joshua, but through peaceful and cultural means, through hard work, sacrifice, love, and with a decision not to do anything which cannot be justified before the world conscience."

Nationalist and universalist

HERE WAS MUCH in the same spirit in the writings and example of an earlier pioneer, A. D. Gordon, who died in 1922, the year Magnes first settled in Palestine. Gordon was a Tolstoyan Zionist who left his family in Russia in 1904 to live in

Palestine. He believed that the Jews cou reestablish a nation in Palestine only if the began to build it, literally, with their ow hands. Though he was already forty-eigl years of age when he emigrated, and a write and philosopher hitherto unused to physic labor, he set out to live as he believed. "H worked," says his biography in the Encycl paedia Judaica, "as a manual laborer in th vineyards and orange groves of Petah Tikva and Rishon le-Zion"-two of the oldest Jev ish farming settlements in Palestine-"and after 1912, in various villages in Galilee, su fering all the tribulations of the pioneers malaria, unemployment, hunger, and insect rity." He lies buried near the villages amon which he worked, and I remember, on my fire visit to Palestine in 1945, standing beside h grave under the willows in the rustic peace the little cemetery outside Degania, when the Jordan reemerges from the Sea of Galilee Gordon is perhaps the single most inspirin figure among all the early pioneers, and th younger people beside whom he worked fe his saintly quality.

Gordon was a secular mystic, a nationalis who was also a universalist. This is how h himself saw the mission of the nation h helped to resurrect. "We were the first to proclaim," Gordon wrote of the Jews, "that ma is created in the image of God. We must g further and say: the nation must be create in the image of God. Not because we are better than others, but because we have born upon our shoulders and suffered all whic calls for this. It is by paying the price of to ments the like of which the world has neve known"—the Holocaust was still beyond eve his vision—"that we have won the right to b the first in this work of creation."

In Gordon's opinion the test, the crucia test, of the Jews would be their attitude towar the Arabs. "Our attitude toward them," h wrote, "must be one of humanity, of more courage which remains on the highest plane even if the behavior of the other side is not al that is desired. Indeed," he concluded, "thei hostility is all the more reason for our humanity."

Gordon's approach was rather singular. In an age of socialism, nationalism, and skepticism, his first consideration was the redemption of the individual. He once wrote, "Ou road leads to nature through the medium ophysical labor." Hence his has been calle "the religion of labor." He felt, as a biographer put it, that "God cannot be known, but he can be experienced and lived." He felt that the transformation of society must be gin with the transformation of the individual

^{*} From an English translation by Judah L. Mag nes in his own book, *Like All the Nations?*, published in Jerusalem in 1930.

he rejected utilitarianism and Marxism. Gordon, though a nationalist, the nation "the intermediary between the individual humanity as a whole." In his view, "each every nation must see itself as a unit rensible for the fate of humanity and for attainment of universal justice." From it followed that "the relationship between Iews and the Arabs in Palestine was imtant because if the Jews were to re-create ir nation as a just nation this could not done on the basis of injustice." The Jews, us view, had a right to return "to Palestine I become once again a part of it, but the ibs were part of it, too."* Gordon believed, his biographer in the Encyclopaedia Juca expresses it, that "a people incarnates

Gordon as summarized by Susan Lee Hattis in doctoral thesis at the University of Geneva, Bi-National Idea in Palestine During Manrry Times (Shikmona Publishing Company, isalem, 1970). humanity only to the extent to which it obeys the moral law."

In this, Gordon saw eye to eye with the Prophets and with Ahad Ha Am. For Gordon, the Arab problem was central. He recognized that the Arabs were "a living nation, though not a free one" (he was writing in 1919, remember), and that like it or not they would be "partners with us in the political and social life" of the country. He saw Arab-Jewish relations as "a great moment" because "here we have the first lesson and the first practical exercise in the life of brotherhood between nations." He saw this as an essential test "in every one of us," that is, the Jews, "individually," and concluded that "if we shall aim at being more human, more alive, we will find the correct relationships to man and the nations in general and to the Arabs in particular." The test of Jewish humanity was to be in the Jewish attitude toward the Arabs.

Nor did Gordon see this relationship purely

"The Jews, in [Gordon's] view, had a right to return 'to Palestine and become once again a part of it, but the Arabs were part of it, too."



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in terms of mystic vision. He translated it into terms of the land question, fearing the coming dispossession of the Arab peasant. In 1922, when drafting statutes for the guidance of Zionist labor settlements, he included a provision long forgotten:

Wherever settlements are founded, a specific share of the land must be assigned to the Arabs from the outset. The distribution of sites should be equitable so that not only the welfare of the Jewish settler but equally that of the resident Arabs will be safeguarded. The settlement has the moral obligation to assist the Arabs in any way it can. This is the only proper and fruitful way to establish good neighborly relations with the Arabs.*

This may have seemed quixotic at the time and soon became a dead letter, but it held the key to fraternity and peace.

The search for friendship

SIMILAR MESSAGE came from a very different sector of European Jewry, from the German Jewish philosopher Martin Buber. He too was influenced by Ahad Ha Am. He became a Zionist as early as 1898, but for him Zionism was to be different from all other nationalisms. It was to be Der Heilige Weg, the Holy Way. This was the title of a book he published in 1919 in his native Germany. In it he espoused a "Hebrew humanism."** He, too, saw relations with the Arabs as crucial. In his writings he "emphasized"—as his biographer in the Encyclopaedia Judaica phrased it-"that Zionism should address itself to the needs of the Arabs." He set forth the germ of the idea of a binational state as early as 1921, in a proposal to the Zionist Congress held that year. He wanted the Congress officially to proclaim "its desire to live in peace and brotherhood with the Arab people and to develop the common homeland into a republic in which both peoples will have the possibility of free development,"

After Hitler came to power in 1933, Buber stayed on in Germany for five terrifying years, as long as he could help maintain the morale of his fellow Jews. When the new regime closed the doors of German universities to "non-Aryans," Buber helped to organize and became the head of a communal organization to

provide higher education for German Jewi youth. He made himself the focus of a spiritude resistance by traveling about the country leturing to the Jewish communities. In 193 when the regime forbade him to speak at Jewish gatherings, he found a way to evade the order through the Quakers. The Germa Friends invited him to speak at their meetings, which were open to all, including Jew This, too, was soon forbidden. In 1938 Bubemigrated to Palestine. There I once had the privilege of speaking with him after the was He had the aura of a Hebrew prophet.

In Palestine Buber made the search for Arab-Jewish friendship one of his main cocerns. Even after the outbreak of the fir Arab-Jewish war in 1948, Buber "called for a harnessing of nationalistic impulses and solution based on compromise between the two peoples." He was a close friend of Mannes and taught at the Hebrew University unthis death in 1965. His lovely German stymakes his works among the treasures of Geman literature, and he belongs to the Othe Germany as well as to the Other Zionism.

One of the earliest figures in the Other Zior ism was Moshe Smilansky (1874-1953). Th son of a tenant farmer living near Kiev in Rus sia, Smilansky emigrated to Palestine in 1890 He was active as a farmer, writer, and Zionis He, too, was among the binationalists. He or posed the movement to restrict employment i Jewish colonies and fields to Jewish labor. H had the distinction of being the first moder Hebrew writer to write about the Arabs amon whom he settled. Under the pen name of Ha waja Mussa, he published amiable short std ries about Arab life before World War These stories, "the first of their kind in Jewis literature," says the Encyclopaedia Judaica reveal "to the Jewish reader a new world-ex otic, colorful, throbbing with its own ric humanity."

NOTHER FIGURE, out of that sam pioneering generation, was the agror omist Hayim Kalwariski-Margolis, warm and ebullient man, whom I me on my first visit to Palestine in 1945; his wa the only Jewish home in which I encountere Arab intellectuals. By 1945 he had alread spent fifty years in Palestine devoted to Jewish resettlement and Arab-Jewish friendship After leaving his native village in Russian Poland, Kalwariski prepared himself for life in Palestine by studying agronomy in France athe University of Montpellier. On his graduation in 1895 he emigrated to the Holy Land

There he became a teacher at the new Mikv

^{*}Translated from the Hebrew by Hattis, op. cit., from the Collected Works of Aharon David Gordon (Zionist Publications, Jerusalem, 1952-54).

^{**}Quoted from Studies in Nationalism, Judaism and Universalism, edited by Raphael Loewe (Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, 1966).

nel Agricultural School, the first of its kind Palestine.

Many of the earliest and most famous prerld War I settlements in Galilee owe much
Kalwariski for their foundation and sural. To protect these colonies, Kalwariski
ped to organize the legendary Ha-Shomer,
Jewish armed watchmen's organization,
m which the Haganah, the underground
'defense force of the Jewish community,
mately developed. He also pioneered in the
rch for better relations with their Arab
ghbors. He persuaded the Baron Edmond
Rothschild to establish a Hebrew-Arab
ool, the first of its kind, for the children
the Arab village of Ja'uni near the Jewish
age of Rosh Pina in Galilee.

Kalwariski played a part in a whole series attempts to establish amicable relations ween the rising forces of Arab and Jewish ionalism. As early as 1912 he arranged etings in Damascus and Beirut between the nous Zionist leader Nahum Sokolow and ab nationalists, After World War I, King isal I, who had led the Arab revolt against Turks, paid Kalwariski an unusual tribute. lwariski was invited by the newly crowned ig in Damascus and the presidium of the -Syrian Congress "to suggest proposals for regulation of Jewish-Arab relations in lestine." In 1922 Kalwariski participated Arab-Jewish negotiations in Cairo, which re discontinued "because of the opposition the British government," (Ernest Bevin, as reign Minister, similarly upset plans for a ret meeting in Cairo after World War II, which the Egyptians hoped to mediate the ab-Jewish conflict in Palestine. Bevin orted the meetings by threatening to make public and so embarrass the Arab particints.)

In those years Kalwariski was not acting erely as an unauthorized Zionist heretic. He s one of the three Jewish members of the ab-Jewish Advisory Council set up for Paline by the first British High Commissioner, Herbert Samuel, under the post-World ar I British mandatory government of Paline established by the League of Nations. alwariski also served on the executive of the t'ad Le'umi, or National Council, which was kind of unofficial governing body of the Paltinian Jewish community between the two orld wars. From 1923 to 1927 he directed the fice of Arab Affairs of the Zionist Executive. 1929, after the Arab uprising in that year, was appointed head of the combined office t up by the Jewish Agency and the Va'ad 'umi to deal with Arab-Jewish tensions.

Kalwariski did not limit his activities to

these official Zionist bodies. He was a leading figure in a series of maverick organizations established in the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties to bring about Arab-Jewish reconciliation. These all, in one form or another, advocated a binational state.* Though these were all politically marginal movements, with little impact on majority opinion, they attracted many of the best minds and most illustrious intellectuals of the Jewish community. The earliest was the Berit Shalom (Covenant of Peace). It was formed in 1925 by such leading pioneers and intellectuals as Arthur Ruppin, Hans Kohn, Gershom Scholem—an outstanding authority on Jewish mysticism-and Kalwariski. This was the first organization to call for the establishment of a binational state in Palestine and it was bitterly attacked by most of the Zionist parties, especially by the rightwing Revisionist Zionist party to which Prime Minister Begin belongs. Berit Shalom was attacked as "defeatist," but the attacks, as is usual in controversy, evaded the point:

Berit Shalom had no ideology; binationalism, they said, is not the ideal but the reality, and if this reality is not grasped Zionism will fail. They were not defeatists who were ready to make any concession for the achievement of peace, they simply realized that the Arabs were justified in fearing a Zionism which spoke in terms of a Iewish majority and a Iewish state. Their belief was that one need not be a maximalist, i.e., demand mass immigration and a state, to be a faithful Zionist. ... What was vital was a recognition that both nations were in Palestine as of right.**

The Berit Shalom lasted until the early Thirties. It was succeeded by three similar organizations: Kedma Mizrachi (Forward to the East) in the Thirties; the League of Arab-Jewish Rapprochement, established in 1939; and then, in 1942, by the last and most important binationalist group, flud, which means Unity in Hebrew, and here denotes unity with the Arabs. Kalwariski played a leading role in all these organizations.

HESE JEWISH BINATIONALIST groups, as their Zionist adversaries derisively pointed out, rarely if ever attracted Arab support. But the League of Arab-Jewish Rapprochement achieved a break
*I want to acknowledge my debt to Ms. Hattis and to recommend her book, already cited, for those who wish a fuller understanding of the binational movement. The book is the only one of its kind and it is written with a sympathetic and compassionate objectivity.

"'The imperialist policy plays with us both, with the Arabs and the Jews, and there is no other way except unity and working hand in hand.""
—Fauzi Darwish el-Husseini

^{**} Hattis, op. cit.

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through in 1946. It came in Haifa, one of the three major cities of Palestine. The scene was significant. It could not have come in Jerusalem, where Arabs and Jews lived apart, or in Tel Aviv, which was all Jewish. But in Haifa the two communities had over the years achieved a binational form of government that was a miniature of what a binational Palestine could have been. The two peoples rotated the municipal offices between them. When the mayor was an Arab, the vice-mayor was a Jew, and vice versa. There in 1946 a leading Arab intellectual declared himself for a binational Palestine.

This maverick. Fauzi Darwish el-Husseini. was a member of the most influential Arab clan in Palestine. the Husseinis. He was a cousin of the Mufti of Jerusalem, Hajj Amin el-Husseini. the bitterest opponent of Zionism in his time. The Mufti went over to the Axis in World War II. But his cousin, at a public meeting in Haifa in 1946, expressed his readiness for Arab-Jewish cooperation. He said the obstacles were great but that there was a way. He called for an Arab-Jewish agreement, under the auspices of the United Nations, for a "binational independent Palestine," which would in turn link itself by "an alliance with the Arab neighboring countries." "

Fauzi amplified his views in a talk before an Arab-Jewish gathering in the home of Kalwariski a few days later. Fauzi said he had taken part in the Arab uprising of 1929 as a follower of his cousin, the Mufti. but had begun to realize "that this road has no purpose. Experience has proven," Fauzi went on, "that the official policy of both sides brings only damage and suffering to both." He said that in Palestine "the Jews and Arabs once lived in friendship and cooperation," and added that "there are Jews and Arabs from the older generation who nursed from the same mother. He said: "The imperialist policy plays with us both, with the Arabs and the Jews, and there is no other way except unity and working hand

Fauzi el-Husseini stressed that the moderates must organize. "A club must be set up immediately in Jerusalem to acquire friends, to begin producing a written organ, to visit other cities for propaganda and making ties." An Arab organization was formed called the Falastin al-Jedida (the New Palestine), and on November 11, 1946, five of its leading members signed an agreement with the League for Jewish-Arab Rapprochement and Cooperation.

The two sides agreed to "full cooperation Is tween the two nations in all fields on the bas of political equality between the two nation in Palestine as a means to obtaining the ind pendence of the country...and the joining of the shared and independent Palestine in a alliance with the neighboring countries in the future." They even reached agreement on the thorniest problem of all—Jewish immigration. This was to be regulated "according to the a sorptive capacity of the country." **

But this at first promising beginning wa brought to an end twelve days later when Fau Darwish el-Husseini was murdered by ul known Arab nationalists. Never before since | had a Palestinian Arab leader dare openly to negotiate with the Jews and sign a agreement with them. Another cousin, Jam. Husseini, a leader of the Arab anti-Zionist was quoted in the Egyptian paper Akbar of Yom as saying a few days after Fauzi's death "My cousin stumbled and has received hi proper punishment." According to one in formed source, all other Arabs who had joine with him "were murdered by Arab extremist one after the other." How much agony coul have been spared both peoples had Fauzi suc ceeded, Four Arab-Jewish wars would hav been prevented. Who knows how many mor will be fought before both sides see the ine capable choice between coexistence and mu tual extinction?

A question of balance

OOKING BACKWARD, the basic problem between the two nationalism was so acute that it would have been miraculous if the moderates had wo out and resolved the issue peacefully. The basi question was Jewish immigration, which gree so rapidly after the rise of Hitler to power 1933 that the Arabs feared—quite rightly, a it turned out—that they might soon be swamped and become a minority in what the regarded as their own land. They protestes that they were being asked to pay the price for persecution of the Jews in Nazi German.

^{*}From the text as printed July 25, 1946, in the Hebrew daily Al Ha Mishmar, organ of the then binationalist Hashomer Hatzair wing of the Zionist movement, translated in Hattis, op. cit.

Hattis from Aharon Cohen's Israel and the Ara Israel and the Ara Israel and the Ara Israel Hattis From Aharon Cohen's Israel and the Ara Israel Hattis School and Israel Market Hattis Israel Hattis I

Quoted in Norman bentwe his arther at thus in the Encyclopaedia of Zionism and Israel. Ben wich was at one time Attorney General of the Britis mandatory government of Palestine, and sympathetic to the binationalists. But his statement that Fau and his group were actually members of Ihud is no affirmed in Ms. Hattis's back.

in Eastern Europe. But from the Zionist at of view, immigration with the rise of ler had become a life-or-death question for

Jewish people.

ven before World War II, it became clear t many millions of Jews-indeed, the 6 milwho died in the Holocaust—could only saved by being moved out of Europe before ler unleashed the war. The case was stated 1 passionate eloquence and prophetic vision the poet Vladimir Jabotinsky, founding far of the Revisionists, the extreme nationalist it wing of the Zionist movement, in his imony in 1937 before the Royal Commis-1 in London set up under the chairmanship Lord Peel to investigate the Arab uprising 1936. Jabotinsky, speaking more truly than could have known, said the Jews in Central l Eastern Europe were "facing an elemental amity, a kind of social earthquake." Jaboky despaired of "really bringing before a picture of what that Jewish hell looks "But, he said, "we have got to save milas." The number might be "one-third of Jewish race, half of the Jewish race, or a arter of the Jewish race." And he recognized t "if the process of evacuation is allowed develop, as it ought to be allowed to deop, there will soon be reached a moment en the Jews will become a majority in Paline.

This, of course, is what the Arabs feared, I this was the root cause of the Arab uping that the Peel Commission was set up to 'estigate. "I have the profoundest feeling the Arab case," Jabotinsky told the comssion. But, he added, "no tribunal has ever I the luck of trying a case where all the tice was on the side of one party and the ier party had no case whatsoever." He ought the determining consideration should "the decisive terrible balance of need." He d there was no question of "ousting the abs," but that Palestine "on both sides of : Jordan" could hold many millions more of th Jews and Arabs. He asked for a Jewish te, with rights of unlimited immigration, d argued that the Arabs already had several tional states and soon were to have many ore.* This, in substance, has remained the sic argument of the main-line Zionists to this y. The Palestinian Arabs, in effect, were to ar the burden of the crisis created by Hitler d the unwillingness of the Western powers, cluding the United States, to open their ors in time to the doomed masses of Euroan Jewry.

*The full text of his moving appeal may be and in Arthur Hertzberg's The Zionist Idea atheneum, New York, 1969).

The legacy of the Other Zionism

THE MAJORITY ELEMENTS in Zionism finally adopted the Jewish-state demand of the right-wing revisionists in December, 1942, at the Biltmore Conference in New York. Even then, as the article on the Biltmore Program in the Encyclopaedia of Zionism and Israel explains, "Non-Zionist groups such as the American Jewish Committee regarded the Biltmore Program as a victory for the 'extreme' Zionist position, since it called for an independent Jewish Palestine rather than the mere lifting of barriers to future Jewish immigration." But only a Jewish state would allow unlimited immigration of Jews: this was the dilemma. At the time the Biltmore Program was adopted, the Holocaust was still a well-kept secret. The first leak to the outside world, according to Raul Hilberg's monumental and heartbreaking account, The Destruction of the European Jews, was picked up by a Swedish diplomat on the Warsaw-Berlin express from a talkative Nazi official in the summer of 1942. But his report was kept secret by his own government. The full dimensions of the catastrophe were not "even imagined," Ms. Hattis writes of the Biltmore Conference, "and most Zionists were thinking and speaking in terms of millions of Jewish

Even so, resistance to a Jewish state was still a powerful undercurrent in the movement. The vote at the Biltmore was 21 to 4 for the new program. The four negative votes were cast by Hashomer Hatzair, the Marxist Zionists, who called instead for a binationalist Palestine. They argued that the alternative to binationalism would be partition, and partition would mean war with the Arabs... Events

soon proved they were right.

Four months before the Biltmore Conference, a group of Zionist dissidents, among them two American Jews, Judah Magnes and Henrietta Szold, founded Ihud (Unity), an organization whose purpose was to establish friendly contact with the Arabs and to work

for a hinational solution.

Magnes testified for Ihud in 1947 before the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine in favor of a binational state. After the United Nations had voted for the partition of Palestine between an Arab and a Jewish state, with economic and other links between them, Magnes pressed for the establishment of a Semitic Confederation, including Israel, as a means of preventing the war he saw would result. Again, he was unsuccessful. With the 1948 war and the establishment of a Jewish "No matter what the choice, the two peoples must live together, either in the same Palestinian state or side by side in two Palestinian states," I. F. Stone
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state, the binational movement came to an end, but not the Other Zionism, which continued to struggle for justice to the Arabs in Israel, as later in the occupied territories, and for Arab-Jewish reconciliation.

Of the Other Zionist pioneers, Smilansky lived to make a last passionate cry for justice to the Arabs shortly before he died in 1953. The occasion was the passage by the Knesset of the Land Requisition Law of 1953, which legalized the expropriation of Arab lands. He wrote:

When we came back to our country after having been evicted 2,000 years ago, we called ourselves "daring" and we rightly complained before the whole world that the gates of the country were shut. And now when they [Arab refugees] dared to return to their country where they lived for 1,000 years before they were evicted or fled, they are called "infiltrees" and shot in cold blood. Where are you, Jews? Why do we not at least, with a generous hand, pay compensation to these miserable people? ... And do we sin only against the refugees? Do we not treat the Arabs who remain with us as second-class citizens? . . . Did a single Jewish farmer raise his hand in the parliament in opposition to a law that deprived Arab peasants of their land? ... How does it sit solitary, in the city of Jerusalem, the Jewish conscience?

Yet the center of moral gravity in the Zionist movement has moved steadily rightward. It is hard to find any trace of that prophetic ethic and that compassion in Prime Minister Begin. He symbolizes what Hans Kohn, another of the early binationalists and a noted historian of nationalism, once called the moral "'double-bookkeeping' that is so widely accepted in modern nationalism everywhere—a twofold scale of moral judgment, defining the same action as right for oneself but wrong in the neighbor," "

OTHING COULD POINT UP MORE the contrast between the Smilansky view and Begin's than a footnote Begin appended to his story of the Deir Yassin massacre in his book *The Revolt: Story of the Irgun*. Begin defends the way the Irgun wiped out the Arab village of Deir Yassin near Jerusalem in the 1948 war as a military necessity.

He even claims that the Irgun sacrificed the lement of surprise to warn the villagers the a tack was coming. But in a footnote he not with undisguised satisfaction that the "wil tales of Irgun butchery" that resulted were sterrifying that Arabs throughout Palestir "were seized with limitless panic and started flee for their lives. This mass flight soon turns into a mad, uncontrollable stampede. Of the about 800,000 Arabs who lived on the presenterritory of the state of Israel, only son 165,000 are still living there. The political are conomic significance of this development ca hardly be overestimated." Neither can Begin cold-blooded nationalistic calculation.

There is no greater, more fundamental, ar longstanding threat to Israel's survival that such an attitude toward the Arabs amor whom the Israelis must find a way to live. D spite the changes wrought by thirty years development and four wars, it is remarkab how little the situation has altered since th days when the Other Zionism was still pleadir for a binationalist solution. The choice is still Either a life in common or a partitioned Pa estine. Nothing could more dramatically der onstrate that the same old choice is inescapab than Begin's conduct in office. Though the government he heads controls all of Palestin west of the Jordan, he will not declare the occupied territories part of Israel, lest he ther by transform the present Jewish state into Arab-Jewish state in which the Arabs mig be, or soon become, the majority. Begin I equally unwilling to accept the only just a ternative and allow the Palestinians to build life of their own in the so-called occupied to ritories. The Arabs fear that he plans instead to encroach on the land left them by expaning Jewish settlements and gradually forcing more Arabs to emigrate.

No matter what the choice, the two people must live together, either in the same Paestinian state or side by side in two Palestinia states. But either solution requires a revival I the Other Zionism, a recognition that two peples-not one-occupy the same land and ha the same rights. This is the path to reconcili tion, and reconciliation alone can guarant: Israel's survival. Israel can exhaust itself new wars. It can commit suicide. It can pil down the pillars on itself and its neighbors. Bt it can live only by reviving that spirit of fiternity and justice and conciliation that the Prophets preached, and the Other Zionis sought to apply. To go back and study to Other Zionism is for dissidents like myself draw comfort in loneliness, to discover free sources of moral strength, and to find the secul

f Israel's survival.

HARPER'S SEPTEMBER 1978

^{*}This quotation and the quotation from Smilansky are taken from an article on "Zion and the Jewish National Idea," by Hans Kohn, published in 1958 in the Menorah Journal, now defunct but once the leading journal of Jewish culture in America.

IBM Reports

Information: a matter of life.

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IVAN ILLITCH'S SYLLOGISM

by Amoz Oz

When Ivan Illitch Golovin was wrestling with the knowledge of his approaching death, in a sudden moment of panic he happened to recall a syllogism that he had learned at school:

Every man is mortal: Caius is a man: Therefore Caius is mortal.

"But the subject is Caius!" exclaimed Ivan Illitch. "Caius, not me! Did Caius play with a teddy bear when he was a child, and fall asleep hugging it? Did Caius know how to melt his nanny's heart by his endearing ways? Was he as good at cards as I am? Could he conduct such a skillful cross-examination that you could hear a pin drop in the courtroom? So let Caius die!"

Tolstoy, however, in his usual way, being long-suffering and merciful like a comfortable village god, made fun of Ivan Illitch's pride and nodded patronizingly at the vanity and folly that filled his bureaucratic soul. Until, in the wretched man's last moments and the last pages of the story, the gates of mercy and salvation were finally opened for Ivan Illitch and he came to terms with his death and with the universe and died peacefully.

But before the story develops this Christian twist, Ivan Illitch seems to rebel against his death on the basis of a simple, stubborn argument, a kind of inner syllogism, which, if it were expressed in words, would take some

such form as this:

Everyman is indeed mortal; But I am not everyman—I am me:

Or perhaps:

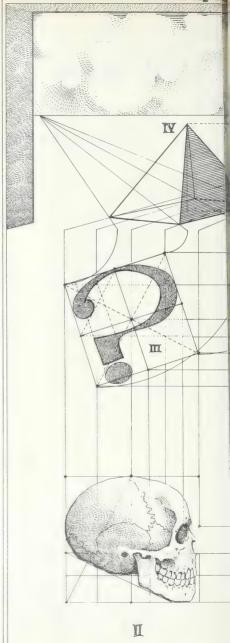
Everyone who has ever died since the creation of the world has been someone else; I am not someone else—I am me: Therefore I do not consent to die.

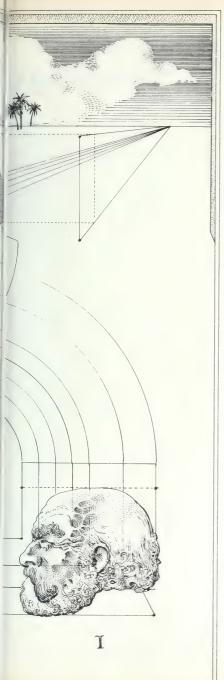
Image, prestige, property and position, achievement, career, the criminal law, formal logic itself, according to Tolstoy, are all sinful; they all come from the decadent West, from the Devil, from the miasma of the Germans, et cetera. God, says Tolstoy, is perceived "beyond all logic," by means of simple, enduring "rural truths" such as the cycle of birth and death, the cycle of water, of the seasons, sowing, the earth itself, the womb and the tomb. It is to these warm, compassionate Slavic truths that the distant lights are calling us. Let Ivan Illitch. therefore, rest in peace, reconciled to his fate, and we must all wait humbly and compassionately for our time to come. As befits us.

But surely it is precisely there, in the realm of those "rural truths," that Ivan Illitch's inner syllogism has supreme validity! After all, I am not everyman! I am not Caius! And I do not want, I do not consent, to die, except perhaps at a time that is acceptable to me and only after I have received one or two answers or assurances!

Consequently we hereby deprive the late Ivan Illitch Golovin of his Christian reconciliation and wipe away the sanctimonius holy water that Tolstoy sprinkled on his tormented soul. We appeal against his pardon and demand justice.

His case must be reopened. The proper court must be found. The issue is still open.





AND SO THE SIMPLE QUESTION PRESENTS ITSELF

If I happen to be very busy, chain-smoking, running around, making a list of things to be done, crossing off problems that have been solved, adding to the list new problems that have arisen, and meanwhile finding time to deal with letters and requests and telephone messages, dismantling a leaky tap, replacing the washer, screwing it up tight, not forgetting that I must call in at the laundry without delay, set down my thoughts about reforms and drop them in to the secretary of the Minister of Education and Culture, then Aunt Cheshka for the iced cake, that between the meeting of the Peace Council and the encounter with the lady professor from Montevideo I must change my shirt—the collar is already grubby with sweat—and also that I must not miss the afternoon news because at the bus stop people were saying something about concentrations of troops, and that I must see the dentist about a filling, mend the strap of my sandal, smoke a little less, get a little more done, time is flying, make up my mind at last about the dustjacket and arrive at an opinion about arbitrary arrests, go and give my condolences to Selig and Slava without letting myself in for editing the memorial volume, glance at the evening paper, to react or not to react to the contemptible Dr. Schuster's latest insult, send for a man to mend the fridge, be tactful to the elderly Kibbutz Movement organizer who keeps talking to me as he accompanies me to the next corner and then the next and further still, ignore the toothache, which is getting worse, pass-alone at last-the crushed dog with its brains spattered on the road, realize suddenly that I have missed the change of colors, this morning was blue and white and blazing, whereas the evening is dark gray and damp, a sea breeze has blown up, clouds are gathering, when did all this happen, in an oblong of light in an alley window I saw a woman pull her dress up over her head, but I walked past smoking, preoccupied and solemn, I did not stop, her thighs slipped past and I felt nothing. There must have been birds here and there on my way, I did not hear them, bells must have rung, without my noticing, someone must be waiting for me. Somewhere a married woman with four children has decided she has had enough and there is no point, and committed suicide with an ordinary pair of scissors, so it says in the evening paper, which I read standing up, in the bus, with my eyes watering from other people's smoke and my own, and it also says that the situation may deteriorate. In a moment we shall hear the six o'clock news. Perhaps the Syrian artillery has begun a massive bombardment, and the air force has wiped it off the face of the earth. Or else this time our army has acted on early intelligence warnings and destroyed the enemy forces at a single sudden blow and is now penetrating the outskirts of Damascus. Quiet, please. Let me hear. I don't want to miss any more. The situation is getting worse, and something has got to happen.

Amoz Oz, a prominent Israeli writer, has had three novels and two collections of short fiction published in English—all translated by Nicholas de Lange, who did these two pieces—most recently, The Hill of Evil Counsel.

WELCOME TO THE ARROW CATCHERS FAIR

A short story

by Lewis Norda

HE USUAL LONG BANNER with red lettering had been strung from tree to tree on the pasture's edge: WELCOME TO THE ARROW CATCHER FAIR. The Indian was shooting arrows, first from a small straight bow of hardwood, then from stronger, surer bows, and the Arrow Catcher was catching them. A crowd of spectators had gathered, but not so large a crowd as would congregate later.

Miss Golden Rondelle, the Arrow Catcher's sister, cursed softly the two of them, "You low-lifed fugitive from the Indian Removal Bill, Redboy, if you shoot one more arrow at that sweet child, gotdoggit, I'll ... " And, still softly, "Arrow Catcher, I swear before the tomb of Tishomingo I wish I'd never paid for your shock therapy, you dried up little schizo-phrenic fart, you...." There were a few snickers from the nearest spectators, but not many. Her voice was soft, and this was a familiar curse, one that had lasted three years longer than three-quarters of a century, a curse spanning all those years since, in a wooded glen of wild pecan and tupelo and sweet gum, a fiveyear-old child at the turning of the century caught his first arrow and became the Arrow Catcher. Of the three the Arrow Catcher was youngest, the baby: he was eighty-three.

The fairgrounds covered a five-acre tract of flat but various ground, the well-mown bank of Roebuck Lake. Chickasaws in dugouts once floated upon these cypress-darkened waters past the single white-man's cabin and, pointing, named the spot in their own tongue, biccauhggli, a word that once meant perhaps "home in the woods" and later became the name of the town standing upon this site, Big Ugly, Mississippi.

There were camp tables and card tables and sawhorses laid with clean boards and covered with white tablecloths. Women set out hot casseroles and bowls of steaming vegetables and platters of sliced meats and fruit. There were Methodist folding chairs and Baptist coffee urns, there were plastic dispensers of iced tea and Kool Aid, there were stacks of paper plates and boxes of plastic forks. There was a bluegrass band from Memphis, and the

community's Bicentennial flag was flyir Charles Kuralt was rumored to be in tov

There were bows and arrows everywher straight bows, recurved bows, hardwoods, fil glass, laminations, longbows of yew, flat bo of lemonwood, steel bows with metal sight stabilized bows, twins, monos, balls, and or riggers. There were all manner of arche young and old, blind and sighted, crippl and crazy, those in uniforms and those ne naked, Robin Hoods and college girls, so shooters and practitioners of Zen, wheelcha archers and power archers, all of them teams of two, an archer and a catcher, and each team at least one who was willing to k for the right to enter this competition and least one willing to be killed for that right.

Or so most of them probably told theis elves, though it was not true. Competition the Arrow Catcher Fair required rubber-tipp blunts, and while an arrow from a strong be could knock a man down, injuries were rat Most "misses" never touched the catcher, sin a proper catch required at least a partial turing of the body, and arrow burns on the palrand fingers were the most common injur Resin helped prevent blisters. The Arro Catcher Fair was, all agreed, no threat to the alth of Mississippians; the true threat, a cording to local wags, was the annual Smu Dipping Convention in Grenada.

he first elimination trials we over. Last year's champion had be put away early, an arrow catcher about sixty-five and his archer gran son. A youthful team from Montana made the first and second cuts and was as impressia as the rumors that preceded it here. The were other hopefuls as well, including a number of local teams.

The crowds grew larger, most of their number only spectators. Couples and families gatered on the grounds, a sweet hint of marijuan smoke hung in the air. Here a young moth dangled a careless foot in the cool lake's edg there clustered a family beneath a spreadir cottonwood. The women's competition was a



Lewis Nordan lives in Arkansas. His short story "Rat Song" appeared in the January, 1978, issue of Harper's. ady finished; mixed team competition was its last round. Charles Kuralt's CBS van d been spotted for certain, and-so another mor had it-the governor of the state was the grounds again this year.

The Montana team continued to practice, e archer standing at some forty vards' disnce from his catcher. The archer drew and e arrow was gone. The catcher did not watch e arrow because he could not, he watched ily a furrow in the atmosphere where he new it flew. He did not feel his body turn ft at thirty degrees because now the turning as reflexive, he did not know how he knew make his sudden move toward the colored ensity which was the arrow because that too as reflex, he did not know how he plucked e arrow from the air and held it vibrating his astonished hand. There was a small, sultory round of applause from a group who appened to be standing nearby. The Montana tcher tossed the arrow aside and waited for e next.

THE SCENE WAS REPEATED many times throughout the little fairgrounds, archers and catchers performing for each other. But it was not these moments of ractice or even the more tense moments of ampetition that were the true center of the ay. The center was the blood and flesh of the tree ancients who were the original of this elebration, Redboy, Arrow Catcher, and Miss olden, launching and catching and cursing, ie first three human hearts to have quickened hen the first wobbly arrow flew, a sharpened ick merely, almost fourscore years before om the Indian's homemade bow.

Golden's brother lost his real name at the ge of five when he became the Arrow Catcher, nd though Golden remembered her brother's irth that summer long ago on the mosquitooud sleeping porch of their home where her chizophrenic helpless mother lay upon a matress stuffed with the down of fowls killed and lucked by Golden herself and beneath a clean omforter stitched with muscadines by Goldn's grandmother during the Mexican war, she vas not certain she remembered her brother's ame. It might have been Gilbert. He had been he Arrow Catcher too long to remember.

She remembered her father as a quiet, gentle host who long ago slipped away from her nother's bedside and madness and was forgoten, who left before Arrow Catcher was born, nd she remembered her mother only in bed, sually crying. Her memories survived from a ime when the railroad came to Big Ugly. Her nother, beautiful and schizophrenic for many years before Mississippi even had a name for "Arrow the problem, lay abed and wept and believed from the year 1894 until the day of her death that she herself was the train for which tracks were being laid near their home. "Chuffachuffa," that sick woman called during hard labor. "Chooooo chooooooo," she had cried in childbirth. She believed also that in the large old drafty house in which she lay there were narrow-gage rails on which in time of emergency she might fit her wheels and escape calamity, fire for example, or flood, both of which she expected almost daily. As a girl Golden sought and sought the tracks that her mother supposed lay upon their floors and never found them. For this folly she hated her mother. "Clickety-clack, clickety-clack," the poor woman said, considering her escape. Golden hid in a cedar wardrobe and wished she understood. "Clickety-clack, clicketyclack."

Golden hated the railroad, the real one, the felling of the trees and the raising of great blackened timbers from which bark had been hacked for depot shingles, the timbers that would become the columns for the trestle across Roebuck, the iron and the hammers that made and laid the rails, the section gangs of bare-chested men, white and black, the oak that became the cross-ties and the rock that became the ballast, where in the clash and clatter and clutter and enormity of its building her mother's mind would steal quietly out of town and never be heard from again and in which her brother would catch his first arrow and become the Arrow Catcher.

It was in one of the years of the railroad's construction that Golden would first curse the Indian. "Listen to me, you no-count redskin," the child-woman would say, cursing above the trundle and thunder of construction, the clink of steel upon steel chiming in her brain as the rails went down, the first arrow from the first little willow bow already in flight as she spoke, and yet hardly an arrow at all, a sharpened branch of wild pecan in wobbly career toward the little white boy's bare frail breast, "if one of those pecan arrows hits my little brother, son," she would say on that morning of a leafy-warm mid-June when the Mississippi Delta air was already dense and heavy and sweet with humidity and honeysuckle, won't be able to trade your greasy scalp and nappy ass together for a handful of strung beads, so gotdoggit, Redboy, just be careful."

The five-year-old boy, her brother, already at so early an age beginning to withdraw like his mother into a strange quiet netherworld into which no one else, except perhaps the Indian, successfully entered, picked the arrow

Catcher . . . that renegade is going to shoot a hole through you one of these days big enough for a hen turkey to jump through and where please tell me will you be then?' "



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from the air like a bursting-ripe wild plum from a laden tree, and became in that moment the Arrow Catcher.

The red boy, older than the others but no one knew how old except that he was old enough to smell worse than the white children and most of the black ones, fitted another crude barreled shaft of pecan onto his bowstring and loosed a second shot.

Golden Rondelle cursed him again. "You useless low-class wild Indian salvage bastard," she cried, "shame on your shameful red ass shooting sticks at that sweet little child, you are shameful and useless as tits on a boar hog shooting arrows at that child."

The quiet small hand of the Arrow Catcher collected the second speeding shaft from the air as easily as he might a fat late-summer

firefly lazy with August.

The Indian child, handing his bow and a little clutch of arrows to Golden Rondelle, unhitched and took down his tattered filthy breeches to urinate into the lespedeza. "Hold my quiver, Goldie," he said. "I got to dreen my lizard."

EDBOY NO LONGER STANK, and his clothes were neither tattered nor dirty. Today at the Arrow Catcher Fair he was a quiet ancient little man, almost black and no more than five-feet-fourinches tall, the tight mahogany of his skin rendering his face almost invisible in contrast to the brilliance of his false teeth. He wore a carefully tailored sport jacket of a fashionable cut, deep burgundy in color. The lenses of his sunglasses were also shaded burgundy. In his hands he held his best bow, a recurved composite with an ebony grip and a fifty-fivepound draw weight. A leather ground-quiver of new arrows was stuck by its spike into the earth nearby.

"Arrow Catcher," said Golden Rondelle, trying again to remember whether they had named the child Gilbert and remembering only the down mattress and the unbleached muslin sheets and the comforter and remembering also the perfect little child, her brother, who had issued from her mother's body as Golden brought forth sweet artesian water drawn up from the cistern in a zinc bucket, remembering also the midwife, whom Golden called the granny-woman, the near-blind black woman who made the delivery, and remembering the clean glass jar of afterbirth and the placenta, which frightened her because she did not know what it was, and the strong white thread that cut the fleshy cord from her brother's body, "that renegade is going to shoot a hole through

you one of these days big enough for a hy turkey to jump through and where please to me will you be then? Dead is where so do bother to make reply, I don't want to know

"Hush up now, Miss Sister," the Arro Catcher said, or might have said if he st spoke, as he had not for sixty-five years, b saying as much to Golden in his unspeakir as other men said with a million words, spea ing perhaps through his beatific smile. "Hunow, Miss Sister, it's all right."

"Gotdoggit, Arrow Catcher," she said, "yo were blessed from birth with the lowest bloc pressure on the planet Earth and not enoug

sense to crap in a hole."

"Step back, Goldie," the Indian said, poli as always. "You don't want to give the be reservations."

"Don't you get ironical with me, Redboy she said, "because I have no reservations wha soever about turning your hide into a Chick saw hook rug and selling it in Oklahoma. An don't shoot another arrow at that white bo until I say so, do you understand me, or I' make you think the Trail of Tears was th Amtrak Special to Miami, Gotdog. I can stand an aboriginal."

The Indian chose an arrow from the groun quiver and inspected its fletching. Real featl ers, four of them, and thick enough to slo the arrow drastically upon its leaving the boy He liked to give the Arrow Catcher a few of these first, once he had started using the heav bow. The sleek shafts with three narrow strip of plastic fletching would come later. Then h would alternate a few, some slow arrow among the swiftest. Therein lay the Arrov Catcher's true genius and mastery of time an space and the bodily organs. There was th reason the competition halted when the Arroy Catcher began work, and there was the reaso the Arrow Catcher and the Indian were neve a part of the competition and were never ex pected to be. Therein lay the artistry to whic young men whose aspirations lay in the fiel of arrow catching aspired. He held the share lovingly in his hand, turning it. The bladeand this also was a difference between th Arrow Catcher and the rest-the blade that the Indian held and that the Arrow Catche would catch was a bodkin, a triple-edge hunters' blade, solid sharp steel.

"Don't you do it, Redboy, don't you eve think about it. Don't lay one more arrow o that string."

"Aw Goldie, come on now, hell," the India said, "give the boy time to think."

"Move back, Miss Sister," the Arrow Catcher might have said, though there was no sound "move back, please'm."



If you shoot that arrow, Redboy ..." 'he arrow was already gone. The bow from ise string the arrow flew was a precision rument, a slender core of cedar laminated 1 fiber glass, and the arrow was not hardd but a twenty-eight-inch tube of alumi-1, a flu-flu arrow with three red fat turkey hers and a vellow cock feather, an ariel ting shaft, slow but with this bow faster anything he had yet shot today. The w was in flight as the curse organized itself colden Rondelle's brain and upon her lips. ... I'll fix you so ...'

n near-invisible flight the arrow traveled thirty brief yards that it would travel been its anchor point at the Indian's chin and destination in the Arrow Catcher's hand neart, the thick fletching bustling and rufg against the air like a small covey of quail

ng from sorghum . . .

... your scalp won't sell for low-grade food . . ."

.. not even quite visible, the shaft of aluum, merely a disturbance of the atmoere, not only to Golden Rondelle but to her ther the Arrow Catcher, who both saw and not see, heard and did not hear the flurry bustle and rush and flutter of tumultuous siping feathers, and yet not invisible quite, jething there in the sun, metallic and swift formless, a thickening . . .

... I'll sell your scalp to a chiropractor

n Ohio license plates . . . "

.. and the Arrow Catcher, now as she ched him, seeing and not seeing, hearing the first time distinctly the shaft bearing ening down upon him, turned, only slightly, his left, dropping his shoulder, the left ulder, ever so slightly, and grasped in a fect marriage of firmness and gentleness, one lifts a warm speckled egg from beneath old hen, in the smallest portion of a danous second, the hurtling aluminum streak. was no longer the whispering whistling ering mystery it had been one second earin the air. It was a quick momentary hum I drone upon his hand's flesh and in his ear I then nothing, a shaft of aluminum, a lkin, four bright feathers. He tossed the ow aside.

Golden was finished. Not all of the curse t passed through her mind was ever aclly formed upon her tongue; there had been time. The curse faltered and sputtered to alt, stopped. Her little brother was safe. 'Let's go grab us a bite of that chicken and ato salad," said the Indian.

'I'm not eating fried chicken with an abginal, I can guarantee you that, Little aver," said Golden Rondelle.

HEY STOPPED NOW and ate without "The crowd was speaking. The crowd around them began to disperse. On the public address there was an announcement for qualifiers in the late rounds and then another announcement concerning novelty events.

The Arrow Catcher and the Indian sat facing different directions, eating little and taking no coffee or tea, no stimulants. They rested and said nothing. Miss Golden sat apart from them, as she always did when the Indian was near, but in a position to see them both. She ate two helpings of bean salad with red onions.

The final arrows of the competition were shot and caught, the young Montana team progressing through the final round but losing, as expected, to an experienced pair of brothers from Bellafontaine. The bluegrass group was better than last year's, an energetic combination of banjos and harmonicas and guitars and a very tall young man with a washboard of elaborate design. Bisquick was the name printed on the drums.

Later the lieutenant governor was introduced from the bandstand and was helped up to the microphone. He was received with polite applause, and when the microphone and speakers stopped squealing he began his annual address, "Welcome, friends, welcome to the Arrow Catcher Fair." As it became clear to the audience that the band was taking a break, there was a good deal of milling around and moving away from the platform to other parts

of the grounds.

Still, some remained, and there was something about the speech that caught the ear of Miss Golden Rondelle. At first she could not hear well, so she turned and stood up, moving away from the Indian and the Arrow Catcher toward the speaker. She dropped the rest of the bean salad into a trash barrel. A few others had begun to listen as well, more than a few, a great many, though they had not intended to listen. The crowd moved back to the places where they had stood or sat for Bisquick and could not believe what they were seeing and hearing. The lieutenant governor was drunk and, whatever his subject, he was warming to it quickly. Charles Kuralt and CBS were filming and taping.

The lieutenant governor pointed across the fairgrounds at the raised flag of the Bicentennial. He spoke of the people of this great and solemn state-sovereign state, he had meant to say, correcting himself, then reneging on the correction and saying solemn again and again.

Miss Golden was at last close enough to hear, and now the noises of the crowd were dumbstruck. They were both moved to laughter and unable to laugh. They were silent and horrified, they were mass silence masking hysteria."



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quieting rapidly. The lieutenant governor had found his proper distance from the microphone and his voice rocked the Arrow Catcher Fair like a calliope. Many were listening now, and others were on their way. The speech continued, wildly, the lieutenant governor borrowing freely from the Sermon on the Mount and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and anything else that came to mind. "Hernando by-God de Soto," she heard him say, "Hernando buggering de Soto," he was saying, "great spic founder of this solemn state . . ." This was not the first time the lieutenant governor had embarrassed the state but it was the first time on national television and, as everyone must correctly have supposed, it would be the last time he would embarrass anyone ever again, for could there be any doubt that the governor would have him executed?

"...led a band of eccentric white men through this stinking buckshot and gumbo shithole that tries to pass for the real world and began," he said, "by mating with the abominable Chickasaw and Choctaw to people our solemn shores with lunatics, made these alluvial fields and pastures and piney woods and swamps and bearcats and all our abominations of geography America's first and last rich stronghold of lunacy and feeble-mindedness and dwarfism in a proud and unhappy land..."

The crowd was dumbstruck. They were both moved to laughter and unable to laugh. They were silent and horrified, they were mass silence masking hysteria. Every man and woman among them was scandalized and stood in dread of some unnamed impending doom about to fall like acid rain upon the state and this pasture. Those who liked the lieutenant governor and those who despised him were equally scandalized and horrified, those who voted for him and those who had threatened him with homicide. It was a dark day for the Arrow Catcher Fair.

"... proud of our individualism in Mississippi," he was saying, "individually, man for man, woman for woman, child for child, the most individually obscene and corrupt populace and geography, save only Los Angeles and Gary, Indiana, in an entire obscene civilization..."

To all who watched and listened, it was finally clear: this was no ordinary drunken scene at a fair. This was no ordinary exhibition of a failed man and a ruined rummy politician. This was the ugly deliberate song of a mortally wounded political swan, a deliberate humiliation of the governor and of the entire state. "This is Charles Kuralt" was the phrase which in this crowd every mind's ear heard

upon every mind's evening news, "on the road. Welcome to the Arrow Catcher Fair Someone rushed from the crowd to find of whether the governor had yet left the fagrounds. A large red-haired, red-faced mastood reduced to tears, begging Charles Kuraplease to stop the cameras.

"... proud," the lieutenant governor w saying, "of our individualism, proud of opain, we are proud of our neurotic roman cism and our feelings of inferiority, proud our pathetic apologies and of our pathet failures to apologize, proud of the blood stains of our guilt, we are proud of our psechotic rage never to question or wonder are always to justify and create..."

A shout came from the crowd. The govern-was on his way, someone cried. Make way f the governor. There was a sudden release the silent storm inside the crowd, a partirelease anyway, a flurry of whispers and u certain movement and coughing. "Come of down, Lee," an older man at the foot of the platform said to the speaker, "come on downman, that's enough, godamighty." But the lieutenant governor did not stop.

"... proud," he said again, pointing aga irrationally at the flag and again no less car less of historical accuracy, "to have becon inhabitants of this blessed land of perve sity, founded by an insane Spaniard in h insane and successful discovery of that migh iest of insane rivers, insane father of insar waters, potent puissant pregnant pointless pi sant stream! That very snakish flood in which God's own unholy self of the Holy Ghost r sides, yea verily I say unto you, even un this day in the form of an alligator gar, molde from the Mississippi clay by God's own might hand upon Christ's eternal wheel in prescies anticipation of our present governor's mir and soul and face. I have a dream, brother and sisters, I have a dream . . . "

Two state troopers in uniform mounts the bandstand and tried to lead him gent away. He would not be led. Both trooper trying not to face the whirring cameras, we embarrassed literally to tears. They tugged him and he would not move. There was scuffle, a brief struggle, which the lieutenar governor won because the troopers were u sure what to do, how much force to use. "Tur off the camera, Mr. Kuralt, please Jesus ju turn it off," one of the troopers begged, d rectly into the microphone, but the film key rolling.

Unnoticed, across the pasture, the India and the Arrow Catcher had begun work again shooting arrows and catching them. Golde Rondelle, in these first stirrings of a reco on of the futility of her own bitterness, forgotten to watch out for her brother.

was not there to curse them.

... I have a dream," said the lieutenant ernor, kicking at those who would restrain , "of the scaly, snouted gar-God and lifeer and life-destroyer of all Mississippians merged in the bloody rivers of our lands hearts..." He held the microphone in a sionate triumphant death-grip, the state pers tugging hopelessly at his shirt. The ernor of the state, a handsome man in a te Prince Albert suit, mounted the platn, grappling with the lieutenant governor the microphone, but in the confusion could wrest it from him. One of the troopers, denly feeling sorry for the lieutenant govor, began to fight on his side. Fists flew, e of them yet touching the lieutenant gov-

... eternal sustainer of our inherited alal madness and more green-headed mallard kes in the rice brakes than you can shake titty stick at, hand me up that Co-Cola botsonny, I got to dreench my weasle..." lis words were becoming incoherent now crazy and something in them and behind m—it was the distant but very real sound

diesel freight which Golden did not know that she heard—made her remember what had forgotten, the Indian and her little

ther.

rantic, she looked behind her, far across astonished flood of faces, and saw the two hem. "Arrow Catcher!" she screamed, aldy pushing through the crowd. "Redboy!" ple stepped aside for her, she bumped inst them roughly, making her way. "Reddon't do it! Arrow Catcher! This is the

ir of your death!"

In the bandstand there was a second, more lent struggle, and this time the speaker was dued. He fell to the platform, kicking and ng and cursing. The microphone crashed the earth, the amplifier screaming, the lieuant governor grabbing for it and pulling o him where he lay. Several men fell on of the downed lieutenant governor, the troopers and the governor among them, ffling and scratching and punching. "Godnn this very delta earth beneath our feet," med the calliope voice of the amplifiers, oddamn these spreading trees, goddamn se matchless Mississippi blue skies." These re the last words audible in the struggle. The train was approaching the trestle. Golds only thought was of death; she could not

'It is the hour of your death, dear Linn," she cried to her brother. "Don't release the arrow, Redboy, or Lincoln will die!" So that was the child-man's name, she thought, her brother's name. Lincoln, not Gilbert. She had remembered. It seemed impossible that she should ever have forgotten.

She shoved and jostled and bumped and pushed. The crowd opened for her but slowly. Lincoln had caught two arrows since she started making her way toward him. At last she broke through the unsteady crust of the crowd's edge and began running, as fast as she could, old woman with the yellow hoot and rumble of the diesel in her ears, across the pasture, straight for her brother. She was still screaming. Lincoln had caught another arrow.

"Too late the Indian saw Golden Rondelle move into the tunnel of his pinpoint-focused vision, the narrow squinty line of sight that was the concentrated entirety of his attention."

HERE WAS TIME somehow to wonder at the coincidence of the lieutenant governor's insane speech and the approach of the train to the trestle. She wondered whether it was really a coincidence at all that these two things should happen just as she remembered her brother's name. She believed rather that on this instant she had suddenly become old enough and wise enough and bitter enough to swim beyond her lost childhood and bitterness and to take all the earth's available phenomena, natural, mechanical, and political, and shape them into meaning. The speech from the platform had made her old enough; the approach of the freight translated the lieutenant governor's human voice to the voice of memory. She ran toward her brother, screaming. She reached him, calling his name, Lincoln Lincoln Lincoln. She touched him.

As she did, as her hand felt the soft fabric of his shirt and felt through the fabric the tense little muscles of her brother's shoulder, she thought, Uh-oh. She thought, I shouldn't have done this. Redboy has not seen me, he sees nothing but his target. He hears nothing. An arrow will be leaving his bow soon and my hand on this little shoulder may distract, may prevent my brother from catching it. She wondered if the arrow would hit her brother, or if it would hit herself. It could scarcely be hoped to miss both of them. Or could it? He had never missed before, not once in decades. But he had never been touched upon the shoulder while trying. Oh dear, oh shit.

Too late the Indian saw Golden Rondelle move into the tunnel of his pinpoint-focused vision, the narrow squinty line of sight that was the concentrated entirety of his attention. Too late he saw that the bowstring was no longer in his fingertips. that the arrow was already inexorably launched.



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The arrow carried a broadhead, a razor-sharp hunting blade of triangular shape, and the fletching was sleek swift plastic. She thought, though there was no time for thought, that the sound of the train, both the remembered steam engine in her mind and the yellow diesel not forty yards away on the trestle, was the sound of her pathetic mother's voice: "Chuffa-chuffa," during labor. "Choooooo chooooooo," during birth. "Clickety-clack," in her imagined escape from fire and flood and probably from everything else that this handkerchief-sized spot of earth had meant to her.

As the train approached the trestle, Golden thought that not far from here where we stand waiting upon death or salvation there are children waiting. If children were today, the same as they had been so many years ago, they were hiding in the great ditch bordering the tracks, waiting in lespedeza and Johnson grass and wild chinaberries, children black and white and even red, boys and girls, waiting for the train to slow almost to stopping before it crossed the Roebuck trestle. There were children, she thought, at this moment waiting until the last possible second to rush from their hiding to grab the cold ladder of a boxcar, to pull themselves shrieking and squealing and swinging aboard. These children would, as Golden and Redboy and Lincoln had done, ride the train across the trestle triumphant and then, like the lieutenant governor, jump suicidal to safety before the train took speed again on the other side.

The voice of the train was the voice of her mother naming rivers, as sometimes for hours she would do, the rivers and tributaries of Mississippi, most of them with Chickasaw and Choctaw names, the rivers she would cross when all the trestles were built and she would be allowed to roll free at last from the bed of her affliction and confusion and from the geography that had confused her. "Coldwater," the woman-train would begin, slowly, "Yazoo," still slowly, "Yazoo, Yocona," heaving, straining for even the smallest increase of speed, "Yocona, Skuna, Bogue, Hickahala," faster now, faster and faster, sobbing deeply and more deeply, "Hickahala, Hickahala, Yalobusha Yalobusha Tallahatchie Tallahatchie whooooo whooooooo!" faster and faster, into the final register, crossing at full tilt the mighty river at Greenville, not even bothering to slow down for the trestle, "Tallahatchie Tallahatchie Mississippi Mississippi Mississippi, whooooo whooooooo!" headed west, westward westward forever and away.

And if there are children there today, she thought, waiting in their secret ditch for the

train, this vellow diesel, was there not in the reeds among them a little girl, as co she had been, whose mother was too sick en to tell her she was pretty? Was there in reedy ditch or on the boxcar's rusty lace one who, like Golden Rondelle, reared mother and was not reared by her? reared her brother and forgot her father forgot her brother's name? and before a child who watched, still holding the a bucket so heavy with sweet water that it into her little palm, her brother's pair emergence like that of a train from a t nel unimaginably deep and dangerous? a cl whom first she would protect as a man-cl and then, as he joined his mother, and so how also the Indian, in a netherworld in wh he might escape his original emergence, r tect him as a child-man? Was there a child the blackberry vines this moment as the row flew who found for so many years source from which to draw either strength sweetness and so drew it from within hers from the deep cistern of heart behind sweet face which no mother ever told her v beautiful, though then it was and even as arrow continued in its flight remained drawing from this deep but finite source, replenished and unreplenishable, until she came almost as crazy as her mother and bro er? And yet a child who, after so long, love her brother and loved, at least in t insane moment, the strange memory of strange sick mother and felt, painfully, emotion for the Indian that she had carr inside her for so long and which even n in its sweetness she found impossible to g a name, knowing, however, something of t emotion because for so many years she h seen it shared between Lincoln and the Ind in their dangerous necessary game of habit love made possible by death's terrible, sw omnipresence.

Golden watched, though there was no ti to watch, and saw, though even the slow rows were invisible, the loosed arrow as it l its place upon the bow and string, this fast and most dangerous of arrows. It seemed bend upon the bow, first right then left, th to straighten itself in flight. Oh, this sw arrow was a deadly arrow and, as it slamn shut the distance between the archer and catcher and as her fingers' grip tightened on her brother's shoulder, she remember that the Indian's name was Gilbert. So, thought, that was why she had been mixed So Gilbert is the Indian's name, she though Hmm. Well, it's not a bad name, not at It's a nice name. But it's a damn strar name for an Indian.

HARPER'S SEPTEMBER 1978

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe



The Coffee Break

"Come on, ya hincty bastid, gimme another toke.
I gotta prove out my cash, run my checks, clear my terminal, and do my overnight balance when we get back."

RFK ENSHRINED

by Walter Karp

Robert Kennedy and His Times. by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. 1,066 pages, illustrated. Houghton Mifflin, \$19.95.

N THE LAST TWO YEARS of his brief and stormy life, Robert Kennedy showed a remarkable ability to arouse extravagant political hopes. California grape-pickers came to look upon him as the savior of their race. Rebellious ghetto youths, bitter and disaffected, saw in him a kindred spirit. Young left-wing journalists, who think bankers rule America, believed that he, and he alone, would prove the glorious exception to the iron rule of the capitalists.

Such hopes were all the more extraordinary because they rested on such fragile foundations. Most of what Kennedy had actually done in his life his most ardent admirers were heartily ashamed of. They hailed him as the harbinger of peace, yet a few years before he had been a Cold War bravo of an uncommonly bellicose kind. They saw him as the one man who could lead America out of its longstanding domestic stalemate, yet a few years before he believed that jailing racketeers was the most pressing domestic task before the country. Erasing the inconvenient past, some of Kennedy's admirers spoke of his "conversion": sometime around 1966 he abruptly ceased to be the Kennedy they detested and became the Kennedy they wished him to be. Others spoke of his rapid and astonishing "growth" and claimed for him a unique capacity to learn, to change, and to experience. Just what he had become none of his admirers could say for certain. To one, he was "existential man, defining himself by his actions." To another, "there was something about him-a modern spirit -that reflected the tempo of the times." By 1968 Kennedy had ceased to be, for his admirers, a man of flesh and blood, and had become a sort of pure potentiality, the locus of hope itself.

That was the faith that sustained Kennedy's followers during the last few years of his life. Now, ten years after Kennedy's assassination, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., one of his closest advisers, has attempted, in a voluminous biography, a massive vindication of that faith. The task is worthy of Schl singer's ingenuity, for there are tw formidable barriers to the belief th Robert Kennedy had been the mo promising politician of the age, "tl most creative man in American publ life," according to Schlesinger, Th first is common sense, which holds the while people change they still rema recognizably the same. That a man w change drastically between the age thirty-seven, when Robert Kennedy w manifestly the early, unpromising Bo by (this was 1962), and the age forty-one the world will accept b grudgingly. The second barrier is of elementary political understandin That the sharp alteration in Kennedy



Walter Karp is a political writer whose books include Indispensable Enemies and The Politics of War, a recently completed study of American foreign policy.

lic character and opinions took when it served his Presidential vitions suggests—to put it mildly—political calculation played a part that alteration. Protecting Robert medy's reputation from the inroads common sense and political underding dictates the strategy of Schleger's book. What was truly singular ut Kennedy—and he was a singular re—is precisely what his biograris at pains to conceal.

chlesinger's strategy is fully reled in his treatment of the first imtant episode in Kennedy's political er: his decision to join the subcomtee staff of Sen. Joe McCarthy, then he crest of his noxious career. Other airing Kennedy biographers have ited the episode with candor. They dily admit that Bobby had once n a narrow and surly young man of rkedly illiberal views before becom-, many years later, someone differand better. In Schlesinger's acnt, however, Kennedy's youthful itics do not even enter the matter. learn in detail how Bobby's father him the job; Joe Kennedy knew Carthy, liked him, contributed to his apaign, and so forth. Once hired, desinger's youthful job-hunter-for t is all he appears to be in this acint-writes a "sober report" on Al-I commerce with Red China during Korean war, a report that McCar-, in contrast to his sober young aide. ned into blaring, unsober headlines. July, 1953, his report completed, nnedy resigns. After quoting some ical comments Kennedy published out McCarthy several years later, en his association with the Senator I become a political encumbrance, ilesinger concludes that although nnedy "had initially shared McCar-'s concern about Communist infiltion"-Schlesinger's sole, glossing erence to the chief point about the sode-he resigned because he owed debt to his own inner standards" of bity.

The object of all this obfuscation is in. Our faith in the metamorphosed nnedy depends on leaving the polition of the unreconstructed nnedy as vague and as shadowy as alesinger can keep them. That is y, in the 200 pages he devotes to nnedy's life before becoming attory general, Schlesinger does not cite, alone examine, a single one of Ken-

nedy's speeches on the Cold War, remarkable addresses in which Kennedy virtually recommended the global struggle against Communism as a means of regenerating an allegedly flabby citizenry and of ridding our politics of "confusion" and "perplexities," as Kennedy himself put it in 1961, the same year in which he privately urged his brother to declare a national emergency, put the government on a war footing, and unleash all his "emergency" powers in order to prosecute more effectively the life-and-death struggle against Communism in general and Cuba in particular.

Schlesinger does well to pass over Kennedy's vision of a free people that "toughened" into a clenched fist, a free republic that turned into an armed camp. Such a vision reveals the repugnance for democratic politics and the reckless disdain for the requirements of liberty that Kennedy manifested throughout his career: in his determination as attorney general to use and abuse electronic surveillance (he innocently thought the FBI was using informers, not "bugs," according to Schlesinger); in his efforts to persuade the electorate by every device of cheap publicity that venerable constitutional safeguards crippled government efforts to defeat the nation's chief domestic menace, namely a bunch of Mafia mobsters; in his willingness to harass and bully newsmen, whose stories embarrassed his Presidential brother; in his efforts to impede, as far as he could, one of the great grass-roots movements in our history, the Southern civil-rights campaign led by Martin Luther King (the Kennedys' "good intentions" toward the civil-rights movement, notes Schlesinger, "were not solving many problems"). It was manifest, too, in his post-"conversion" efort to liberate black ghetto-dwellers in Brooklyn by putting them in the charge of Wall Street magnates sporting "Give a damn" buttons. Kennedy's disdain for democratic politics not only never waned, it eventually became an important part of his later appeal.

HE MCCARTHY EPISODE also reveals the other half of Schlesinger's grand strategy. The same month that Kennedy resigned from McCarthy's subcommittee staff, Democratic committee members

began a six-month boycott of the committee, at the conclusion of which they rehired Kennedy as minority counsel. The connection is obvious, but Schlesinger does not make it: Kennedy's "inner standards" prompted him to resign just when Democratic party leaders decided to pull the rug out from under McCarthy. Schlesinger has attributed to Kennedy's allegedly awakening conscience what he owed to simple political calculation-keeping in step with the leaders of his party. That calculation was entirely characteristic of him. From the outset of his career to the end of his life, the fixed stars of all Robert Kennedy's political calculations were the interests and opinions of Democratic party leaders. So precarious is Bobby's reputation, however, that Schlesinger dares not concede that he was even ambitious. In his detailed account of Kennedy's career after his brother's assassination, Schlesinger never says outright what was obvious to everyone: that Kennedy wanted to be President of the United States in 1972, when Lyndon Johnson was due to step down. Does Schlesinger think Presidential ambition dishonorable? Of course not. In Kennedy's case, however, that otherwise laudable ambition accounts all too fully for his subsequent "growth" and "conversion."

In 1964 the road to the White House lay wide open for Bobby. Democratic leaders were as eager to see the "heir apparent" become President as they had been to elevate his brother. Indeed. the party syndicate's backing was what made Kennedy the "heir apparent" in the first place. Seeking ways to solidify his position, Kennedy had toyed with the idea of forcing himself on the 1964 ticket as Lyndon Johnson's running mate. "Most of the major leaders in the North want me—all of them, really," Kennedy remarked at the time to a Newsweek reporter, a quote missing from Schlesinger's biography. When Johnson rudely scotched Kennedy's plans, New York's machine Democrats rallied to support him in his successful bid for a Senate seat.

The only obstacle to Kennedy's ambitions was the deep distrust his political record had aroused among liberals and reformers in the Democratic party. His obvious task was to win them to his banner without unduly disturbing the Democratic oligarchy, a task that almost every White House—bound Democratic or the state of the state o

Fire over England

by John Letts

Twice since the Norman Conquest has Britain stood in danger of invasion from abroad: from Hitler in 1940 – and from the Armada in 1588. But just how real was the Spanish threat? Was the Catholic conspiracy to be taken seriously? Did a Spanish army actually embark? And was the issue ever in genuine doubt?

In The Great Enterprise: The History of the Spanish Armada, Stephen Usherwood makes the story more vivid than ever before by telling it stage by stage, from the English and the Spanish sides, from both public and secret papers.

It is a method which clarifies a complicated narrative and amply justifies a new book on this well-studied subject. In it, we see how the smouldering suspicion of the Catholic world burst into flame the moment Mary, Queen of Scots, was executed (exactly the pretext that Philip II had been awaiting). The ageing Spanish King, governing his great machine 'without Council of State and without ministers', at once began to lay his plans to exact retribution; carefully and deliberately manoeuvering the powerful, autocratic and quick-tempered Pope into a central position both as figurehead and paymaster.

The documents show how Walsing-ham's agents abroad reported 'The King of Spain's designments' surprisingly accurately, and how the letters from the sea captains fed back constant new information and encouragement to England's Queen and council - 'As few as we are, if the King of Spain's forces be not hundreds, we will make good sport with them . . . ' wrote Drake in a typical letter.

By May of 1588, both sides were desperately attempting to pinpoint the best site for a landing, although the full reports and letters of Philip's conscientious leader, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, reflect from the start constant misgivings about the wisdom of the Great Enterprise. Supplies were difficult, reinforcement virtually impossible and the weather uncertain. But the juggernaut rolled relentlessly on, unstoppable, in conditions appalling for both sides, but ultimately fatal for the Spanish – as Howard remarked 'Such summer season saw I never the like'.

Through the battle itself, up the Channel and into the North Sea, the



The invincible Armada in combat with the English fleet. Engraving by Hogenberg.

counterpoint continues; sad, cheerful, desperate, brave by turns. Here the outcome can be clearly traced in the rival official reports: Howard, the Lord High Admiral, to the Privy Council, and Medina Sidonia to Philip. Innumerable

small touches give us a very true pis of how the sailors fought, of how lived, even how they were paid (gr ingly, from budgets stretched far breaking point).

Finally, the aftermath: Francisco

Beautifu



llar, and his galleon the San Pedro, e survivors both of the battle in the nnel and the perilous voyage round inhospitable coast of Scotland, dering at last on the wild Mayo it. This vivid new approach to an old y closes with his terrifying account of wreck, and his hair-raising escape ugh the primitive, savage and mainly tile territories of Ireland – an ungettable vignette of the bleak horrors war, shipwreck and privation.

ive Untruths about The Folio Society

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Three-colour lithograph by Elisabeth Frink for The Odyssey.

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ocrat has had to fulfill since 1896. By early 1966, therefore, Kennedy began to manifest in dramatic ways what Schlesinger calls his growing "identification" with the outcasts of American society. The three objects of his compassion no doubt aroused genuine pity in him, but they were also well chosen for his purposes. He became the champion of striking grape-pickers in California by the not very risky feat of championing their champion, a brave trade unionist named Cesar Chavez. He "identified," too, with the Northern black ghettos, principally by urging President Johnson to spend more money on his fraudulent "poverty program," which is to say, the "most creative" politician of the day wanted a program, designed chiefly to keep the poor under control, given larger funds for that purpose. Kennedy also "identified" with American Indians by visiting reservation schools. By the end of 1966, Robert Kennedy, metamorphosed, had become, in Schlesinger's words, "the tribune of the underclass."

Kennedy did his best, too, to make himself the tribune of America's restive and angry underclassmen by delivering on university campuses trite paeans to "youth" and the "revolution of youth." That "revolution," Kennedy liked to tell his campus audiences, had already begun in America with the election of his brother to the Presidency at the youthful age of forty-three, surely the most trivial revolution in history. To overcome the distrust aroused by his close ties to machine Democrats, Kennedy, in 1966, sided with party reformers in a local judgeship race, "an impulsive venture," notes Schlesinger, ever on the alert to squelch any suspicion that the "tribune of the underclass" was engaged in the astute management of a political career.

Kennedy doing all this while? He was, according to Schlesinger, groping, growing, and undergoing profound learning experiences, for he "possessed to an exceptional degree an experiencing nature." Kennedy's heart was feeling new inner promptings, and these he would boldly express in public with scarcely a thought for the morrow. By 1967, Schlesinger says, Kennedy's "experiencing nature" had turned him into

a "radical," had filled him with scorn for "conventional politics," and had led him to dream of building new bases of power outside "established institutions." In fact, by mid-1967 Kennedy had comfortably situated himself at the dead center of "conventional politics." A few painfully cautious criticisms of the Vietnam war had kept him from running too far afoul of the peace movement without forfeiting the trust of the Democratic syndicate. A ringing speech in praise of President Johnson. delivered in June, 1967, had signaled to the party establishment that he was perfectly content to wait until 1972 for his appointed turn at the helm. Then fate, in the form of a dynamic party dissident named Allard Lowenstein, stepped in to mangle Kennedy's plans and to expose, inadvertently, the shallowness of his "growth" and "conversion."

Lowenstein was determined to start up a grass-roots party rebellion and wrest the 1968 Democratic nomination from President Johnson. In June, in August, and again in September, he urged Kennedy to run for the nomination as the leader of the "dump-Johnson" insurgency. Kennedy refused each time. He would not, he told Lowenstein, take responsibility for "splitting the party." Only if key party leaders invited him to challenge the President would he alter his plans. Otherwise it was out of the question. The foe of "conventional politics" stood aghast at the prospect of defying the magnates of the Democratic party; the alleged builder of new bases of power flatly refused to lead a rebellion against the old bastions of power; the apostle of the "revolution of youth" had no desire whatever to rid American politics of the grizzled party despots in whose bosom his family had flourished so mightily; the man deeply moved by the degradation and oppression of black people in Northern cities had no wish to weaken the one established institution, his party, chiefly responsible for that degradation and oppression. He just wanted the party bosses to nominate him for the Presidency in 1972.

On October 17, however, Kennedy received a stunning blow: Eugene McCarthy, an eccentric, gifted, and frustrated Senator, had accepted Lowenstein's invitation to challenge Lyndon Johnson and the Democratic organization. "I cannot recall in the conversa-

Recovering his composure, Kenne detected a silver lining in the McCart cloud. At a council of war held November 3, 1967, Kennedy inform his assembled courtiers and advise that he was canvassing the party boss to find out whether, in the event M. Carthy's insurgency proved menacir "state leaders might ask him to run the interests of party unity....'J Dolan has been working almost for time on this for the past ten days, Schlesinger noted in his personal mi utes of the meeting. That the "sta leaders" would abandon Johnson f Kennedy in order to "rescue the party from its own rank and file, Schlesing himself was hopeful. Kennedy's canvas however, brought only discouragemen In January, 1968, Kennedy explaine to Lowenstein that he could not ru because (I quote from An America Melodrama, an account of the 196 campaign written by a trio of Englis men) "his aides had consulted the va ious power-brokers in the party, Maye Daley among them. But the advice the received had been virtually unanimous it was not Kennedy's year, his chanwould come in 1972." What else cou "the most creative" politician of the day do but wait upon the pleasure the Democratic syndicate? To suppo McCarthy himself was, of course, "or of the question," Schlesinger notes; would have "put him in an odd position with Dick Daley and other profe sionals."

Unfortunately for Kennedy, in 1966 the "professionals" had ceased to I what Kennedy had always regarde them as being: the only serious facts in the calculations of ambition. Whi he sat on his hands, countless rank-and file Democrats were beginning to regard him with open scorn and coutempt. They were not likely to forgs four years hence that in the crisis of 1968 the erstwhile leader of the "ne"

tics" another claim Kennedy's folers made for him had proved himthe craven myrmidon of the old . By March, 1968, Kennedy saw his sought objective—the Presidency 1972-slipping out of his grasp. el circumstance left him no choice to enter the race without the formal royal of the "state leaders," but not tout hope that they might turn to , in Schlesinger's words, as "the uer of the party" from its followers. the very least they would reward in 1972 for splitting their enemy's p in two in the supreme crisis of r political careers.

ennedy himself understood this e well, which explains the remarkconclusion he appended to the anncement of his candidacy: "At stake ot simply the leadership of our parr even our country-it is our right moral leadership on this planet." grined when they saw the draft, ie of Kennedy's more youthful adrs vainly begged him to delete the sage. It was just the kind of thinkthey complained, that had gotten erica into the Vietnam war. Exactly and that was why Kennedy included It was his message to the party lers that, if they nominated him for Presidency, he would never neglect se vast global duties and burdens for thirty years had done so much keep "the underclass" under; that pite the exigencies of ambition he not, in fact, changed at all. As pert Humphrey said shortly before medy's assassination. "He's a party ular in spite of everything."

■ HAT IS WHAT was truly singular about Robert Kennedy: He aroused extravagant political hopes while standing posed to all that was best and st promising in his day. The years m 1964 to 1968 were preeminently nocratic years. For the first time in ny decades Americans had begun to reise their liberties, to act for themres in political affairs, and to demand ir rightful voice in their own governe. Millions had become fed up with :hless leaders, with capricious govment and inexplicable wars. They re growing intolerant of the party ofessionals" and the self-serving wer of the few. On the other side od Robert Kennedy, who thought it

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Solution to the August Puzzle

Notes for "Superfluities"

The superfluous word in each clue, when separated into two component parts, gave instructions to add, subtract, or transpose one or more letters in the answer to the clue. In IA, for instance, the superfluous word "Lesson" should be read less/ON; removing ON from the answer BONEHEAD produces BEHEAD, the word to be entered in the diagram.

Across: 1. B-one-head, less/ON; 5. a-r-son, P/leading; 10. cease (fire), SUR/plus; 11. r(ever)ed, S/within; 15. it-in-E--rate; IN/disposed; 16. bleached (anagram), no/BLE; 17. clip-per. chop/PER; 18. whi(the)r, L/ending; 19. hosted (anagram of "so he'd" around "t"), G/added: 22. defile (two meanings), Fl/shed; 24. disaster (hidden), DIS/missing; 27. close (anagram of "Cosel(1)"), C/leaves; 28. syphilogists (anagram), drop/SY; 30. Pol(ish)-len(ses), less/EN; 32. perfect (two meanings), back/ER; 35. claims (two meanings), Clout; 37. letter (two meanings), TER/minus; 38. basement (anagram), T/off; 39. regn(a)(reversal)-ant, P/added; 40. Mansard (anagram), MAN/goes. Down: 1. ring (anagram), BE/headed; 2. shove-l(amb), chop/S; 3. (s)everest, sever/EST; 4. du(plici)ty, extra/S; 5. e(V)en, PR/onto; 6. B.-r-each, B/less; 7. nosier (anagram), bar/N; 8. needles (two meanings), S/under; 9. wretch (anagram of "threw" around "c"), W/axed; 12. rat (two meanings), P/in (NOTE: Due to a regrettable typographical error, "hairpin" did not appear as two words); 13. dam-N-S, M/over; 14. mischiefs (anagram), MIS/taken; 20. s(L)ing, round/EL; 21. Je(rusalem wa)lt, J/ousted; 22. edifi(C)es, turn/ED; 23. lather (anagram), C/entering; 24. aP(reversal)-peal, cut/E; 25. ho(we)ver, S/topped; 26. (Nec)roman(cer), insinuate/D; 29. groan (homonym of "grown"), GRO/up; 31. Lafitte (anagram), out/FIT; 33. be(a)st, B/out; 34. tender (two meanings), suspend/ER.

a crime to "split" a party oligarchy whose power itself is a crime, and a virtue to protect it from a rebellious citizenry. He was a man who regarded grass-roots movements as something for the "professionals" to bring under control, who spent most of his adult life envisioning this republic turned into a hideous Sparta. In Robert Kennedy, Democratic politics had produced the first important national figure in our history who completely embodied the spirit of its old municipal machines—despotism, disguised as party loyalty.

and a deep contempt for the larger republic in which they flourished like cancer cells. He was a man so thoroughly estranged from the principles of a democratic republic that the foolish left-wing journalists, who think the Constitution a bankers' plot, saw in Kennedy another Julius Caesar come to rescue the peasantry from republican trammels. That estrangement revealed itself even in Kennedy's best moments, for while he calculated how to serve a corrupt party oligarchy he offered his compassion to its more

conspicuous victims, the benevole of a prince toward his impotent s jects. Had he lived, there is no do that he would have restored p lic confidence in the Democratic s dicate, which for decades has bligh and betrayed every hope it arous Such is the man Arthur Schlesin wants us to revere as the most proming public figure of his time. That p lions of Americans do, in fact, cher Kennedy's memory is one of the mountry of the

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Families, by Jane Howard. 282 pages. Simon and Schuster, \$9.95.

Families: the subject is elastic, and everyone in the world is an expert. Here are conditions to daunt most writers and invigorate Jane Howard, who seems ready for an idiosyncratic report on just about anything. Her most recent book, A Different Woman, was both an autobiography and a patchwork portrait of American women in the Seventies. Families is similarly modest and nervy: a long discursive essay that allows Howard, a superb reporter, to portray a cross-section of other people's families and to reflect on her own.

"A lot of people," she points out, "would rather tour sewers than visit their cousins." With them can be numbered the fathers who give their children 37.24 seconds of stress-free attention each day, or the Arica group member who told her, "Little kids are okay when you're tripping or playing, but on a day-to-day basis they bring you down too much." Still, the tribal instinct survives in a naughty world, though tribal organization is no longer predictable. The Greek immigrant

Frances Taliaferro teaches English at the Brearley School in New York City, Jeffrey T. Leeds is a Marshall scholar studying at Oxford University. Byron Farwell has written five books of biography and history, most recently The Great Anglo-Boer War. Paul Berman contributes to a number of national magazines. Jeffrey Burke is copy editor of Harper's.

clan in Westboro, Massachusetts, and the upper-class Episcopalian family in Manhattan are closer in structure and world-view to each other than either can be to the "family" of a lesbian couple in central Michigan. There are differences in tone as well as in structure: the reader may recoil from the "otherness" of the Baltimore family of seventeen children assembled by a prosperous hairdresser now turned evangelist. However bizarre each family's mores may seem to the others, they usually have in common some sort of mishpocha, a succinct Yiddish word that expresses the network formed by blood relations, in-laws and their relations, even close friends unrelated by blood.

Jane Howard, whose own tribal instincts are vigorous, says that the more mishpochas she can belong to, even temporarily, the better she feels. That sentimental impulse provides in Families rich source material for a dozen novels: scrapbook entries, refrigerator contents, and conversational arias recorded with wonderful accuracy. Sometimes it all gets to be a bit much. The most engaging sections, and the ones least cumbered by Howard's warm appreciation, are the ones that describe unconventional family substitutes: the lesbian family, a single-parent family, and several ashrams or communes. On balance, Families is a friendly, energetic documentary, a fine book to enclose in the 1978 time capsule. If Jane Howard had gone along with Marco Polo, think how much mo we'd know about Cathay. —F

The Execution of Charles Homan: An American Sacrifice, Thomas Hauser. 264 pages. Harcon Brace Jovanovich, \$8.95.

It is five years since a military jur in Chile killed President Salvador A lende and seized an absolute and talitarian rule that persists to da This month also marks the fifth and versary of the murder of Charles Ho man, an American citizen living Santiago who was arrested by the juta six days after the coup and sh soon after. Many questions surroun ing both events remain unanswere To what degree was the United Stat government involved in the viole overthrow of the freely elected Chiles president? What role did America officials play in the execution Charles Horman? What, if any, is t relationship between the two events?

Thomas Hauser, a lawyer by traiing, has attempted, carefully and sy tematically, to draw a case agair the United States government on bocounts of involvement. His book, whiis divided into three parts, first of tails how Horman, after Phi Beta Kapa graduation from Harvard Colleg came to settle in Chile as he pursued promising future as a writer. This fusection alternates between scenes Horman's life in Santiago and an a count of Allende's mounting problem

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and culminates as the story's two strands come together: Allende deposed, Horman arrested. The second part of the book follows the odyssey of Charles's father as he comes to Chile to discover what has become of his missing son, and finds the American officials more evasive than cooperative. The final section explicitly raises the issue the first two parts beg: Why was Charles Horman deemed a risk by both the junta and the U.S. government? Who killed Horman, and who assisted? Why did the United States attempt to cover up the death and the circumstances surrounding it?

Though thorough in its research and firm in its convictions, this is a cautious book. Hauser is far too sophisticated to assert as fact what he cannot prove without doubt. He is instead content to indict, and he leaves it to others to draw conclusions. This strategy succeeds entirely: by the end of the book, the case for United States involvement in crimes against Chile and Horman is so strong that the reader cannot help but pick up where Hauser has left off. Not surprisingly, the conclusions one reaches are not comforting. —J.T.L.

The Wizard War: British Scientific Intelligence, 1939-1945, by R. V. Jones. 556 pages, illustrated. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, \$12.95.

Men manipulate and deceive and they are in turn manipulated and deceived. Never more so than in war, and perhaps never on such a scale as in World War II. One of the masters in this deadly game was R.V. Jones, head of British scientific intelligence, whose job was "to attempt to anticipate the German application of science to warfare." In the course of his work he came to know most of Britain's wartime leaders, political and military, including Churchill, and also all of the great scientific personalities, Henry Tizard and Frederick Lindemann among them.

Working in the back rooms of Whitehall with a small band of scientists and engineers, Jones, only twenty-eight when the war began, had access to the now-famous "Ultra Secret" messages, as well as to reports of Allied spies and air-reconnaissance photographs. With this staff and this information added to his own extraordinary powers of deduction, and with some shrewd guesswork, he was able to counter Germany's best efforts to win the war with secret weapons and superior technology. He describes in detail—with rare modesty, surprising humor, and in language that the most unscientific can understand—his work in radio navigation (the "war of the beams") and radar; his part in the Allied Bombing Offensive, the war at sea, and the preparations for D-Day in Normandy; his efforts to counter the V-1 and V-2 rockets; and his concern over German nuclear developments.

Germany's scientific efforts are not fully explored, but are seen only as they appeared to the British at the time; there are only a few asides based on what became known after the war. This approach heightens interest in Jones's story. Since new German weapons could rarely be discovered until they reached the development or production stages, it is chilling to think what might have been had Nazi Germany been the first to make an atom bomb. According to Jones, "The Germans would have had an impressive armoury if they had been able to sustain the war for another year or two. It was, as Wellington said of Waterloo, 'a near run thing." -B.F.

Shosha, by Isaac Bashevis Singer. 277 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$8.95.

"What can one do? How is one to live?" the narrator of Shosha asks, and though the setting of this novel is Warsaw of the Twenties and Thirties, before the war had given shape to the modern world, the existential dilemmas of philosophy and love behind these questions seem entirely modern. Love is so confusing that Tsutsik, the narrator, conducts affairs with five different women at once, and when he does settle down, it is with Shosha, the moronic and physically stunted sweetheart of his childhood, as if in demonstration of love's inner illogic. Matters of philosophy, which are closer to Tsutsik's heart, prove even more troublesome. He wishes he could find some universe of value and meaning in religion, wishes he could dig up out of the past some useful concept from Jewish mysticism, wishes he could salvage some significance from the old stetl. The only alternatives his friends can offer from a present are Stalin, or Trotsky, or nideas of a cafe philosopher whose nitrovers is a book called, marvels ly, Spiritual Hormones. But none this will do. Not unlike Isaac Bashei Singer himself, one supposes, Tsulf seems doomed to be a man at a stalitual loss.

All this makes for an entertaining novel, for though Singer is an earr writer, his earnestness steps light and in any case he provides plenty amorous women and unexpected tu in Tsutsik's writing career to m things along. But entertaining or a the novel labors under the grown shadow of Hitler, which ultimate overtakes the story and brings it a grimly abrupt ending. There are spiritual hormones, Singer seems to saving. There are no solutions to es tential dilemmas. There is not ever stetl to yearn for anymore, only rootlessness of the modern world. -P

Cinder, by Rick DeMarinis. 2 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$8.

A likably crusty old fellow name Ulysses Cinder one day finds himself possession of a genuine genie. Me power to him. He's able to spend remaining days doing some good he some mischief there, visiting his de wife, flying around as a condor, and his last wish-building a nice old-a home for himself, where a pretty nu gives him peristaltic massages wh Cinder isn't busy composing the me oir in which this novel is cast. M of the book's action and irony deriv from Cinder's reluctance to take vantage of his power, a caution companied by a lot of moral justifition and the kind of no-nonsense p losophizing that bartenders and ca drivers are famous for.

As in his two previous books, Lovely Monster and Scimitar, R. DeMarinis prefers to tell his truslant—Emily Dickinson's direction through satire and a fantastic premis but he does not, continuing the poprescription, "dazzle gradually" Cinder. The initial surprise of Alidin-revisited plays out quickly, a Cinder's voice, as carefully and imanatively drawn as it is, too soon maldeaf ears of tired eyes. —J

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 19

IN STYLE

amorphoses of the little black dress

by Jamie Wolf

WOMAN OF MY acquaintance -well, no: it was I-went recently to return something to a shop in Beverly Hills. The in question was a dress of pale, ed gauze; billowy, bound in satin ne neck and wrists, it had been hased, not without some misgivto wear to an upcoming party, it represented a conscious deparfrom the purchaser's hitherto er tailored, customary mode of -a step toward the newer, looser, er" look promoted by the fashion stry and the fashion magazines the past year or so and already ming the predominant look around when she went to parties. The girl-not the original one-who care of the transaction was not ll gracious about it; downright py, in fact: "I knew when I saw trying that on you weren't going eep it. Well, it was the last one in color, and I have a customer who ts it." I remarked mildly that she it in that case to be pleased, rathhan so annoyed, and I then ined about some skirts, newly ar-I, that I had seen a few days be-. She retorted, as though amazed at naiveté in thinking that desirable chandise would sit around the store ong, that there were none left in size. I suggested that perhaps somemight return one; would she, if happened, call to let me know ...? gave me a look of complete and r disdain. "When I sell something,"

replied, "it stays sold."
he components of this encounter—
anxiousness and uncertainty about

new styles coupled with an eagerness to be in style; the economic ramifications of that eagerness (as well as that of the customers who had depleted the new stock over the weekend); the toleration of bullying in the pursuit of stylishness (I have been back to that shop)—all of these, writ large and pursued through time, turn out to be

the subject of two recent, ambitious volumes about fashion.

HE PREMISE OF Michael and Ariane Batterberry's carefully researched and beautifully illustrated Mirror, Mirror* is the not entirely novel one that fashion provides as good a prism as any-as art or music or literature-through which to examine the culture and organization of a given society: its class and economic structure, its mores, its politics, its household arrangements, its aesthetics, its architecture. Once divorced from its primitive function of simple protection from the elements, clothing and the accompanying categories of grooming and decoration that go to make up fashion have reflected not only what seems to be an inborn human desire for self-adornment, but an equally inborn need for delineation of status and, to varying degrees in varying eras and cultures, attraction of the opposite sex. "Fashion is the mirror of history," declaimed Louis XIV, the Sun King, at whose Versailles court the obsession with its minutiae and nuances reached a historical apogee. The Batterberrys (he trained as an art historian, she as an archaeologist) contrive to show us just what the looking glass was refracting at any particular moment, providing in the process what amounts to an immensely pleasurable course in Western Civ. Much comes as a surprise even to the reader fairly knowledgeable in the way of the rise of the bourgeoisie, the importance of various technological innovations,



* Mirror, Mirror: A Social History of Fashion. 400 pages. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$29.95.

e Wolf, formerly an editor with the hington Monthly, lives and writes in fornia. the establishment of trade routes, the development of the textile industries of different countries. The Great Plague of the middle 1300s, for instance, which killed off more than a third of the population of Europe, gave rise to a period of blatantly seductive fashions-nipple-exposing décolletages, skintight codpieces-which the Batterberrys, citing similar trends after especially decimating battles in ancient Greece, surmise may have stemmed from a subconscious fear of human extinction, and in any case clearly served as an incentive to compensatory procreation.

On a less philosophical plane, we learn that the sixteenth-century rage for "slashing"-the cutting of outer garments to reveal puffs of contrasting fabric underneath-derived from a battle in 1476, during which Swiss soldiers, celebrating the conquest of a Burgundian duchy, hacked away with their swords at a windfall of bolts of silk and used the patches to mend their tattered uniforms. The style spread through Europe, working its way up the social ladder in a reversal of the normal fashion process-a kind of precursor of the up-from-the-streets craze for denim of the 1960s.

A remarkable number of what we think of as modern fashion phenomena turn out to have historical antecedents. The gasps and ridicule with which older generations invariably greet the fashions of the young were being noted, and decried, by the Renaissance courtier Baldassare Castiglione in the early 1500s. The modern notion of "good taste," in its sense of subtlety and refinement as opposed to mere vulgar display, was being developed by the aristocracy of the same period, as a means of distinguishing themselves from wealthy merchants who could afford the silks and velvets that in previous centuries had been theirs alone-an effort at distinction that survives in its purest form in certain circles of scorn for Cadillacs and respect for twenty-year-old tweeds. Children, once they began to have differentiated clothing in the eighteenth century, tended to be dressed quaintly, nostalgically, a half-century or more out of style-a tradition continued in the vaguely Victorian party clothes they are dressed in for special occasions today. Even the style of supercilious condescension-cultivated, it



would sometimes seem, as a matter of policy by the personnel of certain kinds of fashionable shops—had its precursor in the person of Beau Brummel, that arbiter of Regency taste, who depended on the kindness of patrons to finance his own clothing extravagances, yet made it a practice to insult them at every conceivable opportunity, not exempting his chief benefactor, the Prince of Wales. (It was his comment "Who's your fat friend?" directed to a young lady the Prince was escorting to a ball, that proved his eventual undoing.) Indeed, one effect of the Batterberrys' research is to underscore how little new there is under the sun.

What also emerges from the book, though, is the extraordinary extent to which modern fashion—whose beginnings the authors place in the Renaissance, their definition of it being the financial ability of comparatively large numbers of people to regularly exchange old clothes for new, and a general spirit that encourages change and evolution—has existed as an independent entity, with its own internal set of rules and patterns, influencing as well as being influenced by external elements. The attenuated lines and

pointed headdresses of medieval cl ing may have resembled the spires Gothic cathedrals, and the bull shapes of Renaissance clothes may h echoed the more massive forms that era's architecture, but the b panniers-metal-supported hoop ski -which came into style in the ea eighteenth century, and which o reached a width of five feet or ma required that doorways, staircases, furniture be built specifically to acc modate them. Silks and furs were first byproducts of expeditions to Far East and North America: tl ensuing popularity then made them very objectives of the expeditions.

From its inception-one measure this duality-fashion has been mar by swings and cycles, alternations tween simplicity and ornateness, natural and the distorted silhoue often with only the most random of nection to general societal patter The flowing, neoclassical draperies the Directoire and the French Emp can be seen, for instance, as a re diation of the elaborate constructi of pre-Revolutionary dress, and adaptation of classical motifs in g eral corresponded to the ideals themes of the Revolution. But the styles also prevailed in England, wh the political climate was different; in France itself, over a period of the ty years, "classical" would come encompass not only the austerity the Roman Republic but the dazzl grandeur of the Roman Empire. point of fact, the easing of the houette can just as easily be view as a harkening back to the billow styles of the seventeenth century, wh in their turn had developed in re tion to the constrictiveness-the ti boning and farthingales-of Eliza than clothes. The seemingly inexora force of this cyclical tendency can suggested by the sequence of fashi that followed: the return of the he skirt, this time as the crinoline a accompanied by tightly laced cors by the mid-nineteenth century; brief disappearance during the 18 and its almost immediate replacem by the bustle; the liberation from t device-and from corsets-effected the iconoclastic designer Paul Poir and the end to this period of liberat effected by the equally iconoclas (for its time) wasp-waisted, New Lo introduced by Christian Dior in 19

HERE WERE, naturally, some other significant factors involved in this sequence-a Second Empire, a second and rd revolution; two world wars, a pression; the increasing emancipan of women; and the inevitable cklashes and periods of consolidan after all these upheavals. But the rrelations in fashion were by no ans tidily synchronized: the short rts of the giddy 1920s had begun to l of their own accord several years fore the Great Crash and inched priciously up and down during the xt two decades. (And, as the Batterrrys point out, the axiom that relates iger skirts to hard times, at least ring this century, is confounded by timing of the ankle-length New ok, which preceded a period of exme prosperity.) The "sack" of the e 1950s did not represent a revolt reaction against anything in particur; it was innovation for its own ce, pure and simple, whereas there no doubt that the miniskirt did corpond very directly to the social curits aswirl in the 1960s. Perhaps thing sums up the strong streak of pitrariness inherent in fashion so ich as the continuously shifting defiions of erotic zones and thus the fting standards of modesty in men's clothing. In eighteenth-centu-France, the Batterberrys note, the of the shoulder and the elbow were vays covered; a century later "these re amply exposed by women in ose presence the word 'leg' could t even be uttered." Fashion, in short, in addition to

rroring the world around it, has had : a very long while, and continues have, a life of its own. Not all womafter World War II, for instance, re "yearning for a return to feminity," which is the rather simplistic d conventional explanation for the ccess of the New Look offered by nestine Carter, a former editor for British Harper's Bazaar, in her ok.* (There were, in fact, protest trches reminiscent of those that folved the first launching of the midi.) omen after the stasis of the war ars simply yearned for change; Dior d a personal yearning to recreate atmosphere of the Belle Epoqueanything it was the hazy nostalgia * The Changing World of Fashion, 256 ges. G. P. Putnam, \$25.

for the largely unknown past that struck the responsive chord. But in any case the process was much more complicated: the style was repeated and imitated by a host of other designers; it was heavily promoted by the fashion magazines, as much because it was new as because of any intrinsic felicitousness for the times; it was adopted by a sufficient number of women (and gambled upon by a sufficient number of manufacturers) for it to-in that amorphous procedure-"catch on"; and once it did catch on, as is the mark of a true watershed fashion, it made the styles of the previous years look not only a bit out of date, but totally wrong.

As it happens, this oversimplification-an unwillingness to acknowledge and explore the power and capriciousness of fashion qua fashion-is the central weakness of Carter's whole approach. In addition, by dealing only with the twentieth century, she deprives us of the sweep and sense of historical continuity that works so well in Mirror, Mirror. Still, there are some good things in her book: a wonderfully rich description, from a novel of Vita Sackville-West's, of the complex, time-consuming, maid-assisted ritual of attiring an Edwardian lady for the evening; an explicit connection, over-



looked by the Batterberrys, between the spread of central heating, coupled with the shrinking size of modern dwelling space, and the development of lighter, skimpier, less room-in-thecloset-demanding clothes. And a passage from Nancy Mitford's Love in a Cold Climate that evokes perfectly the hoped-for, paradigmatic effect of a piece of masterfully designed, beautifully executed apparel. The heroine's mother has given her a little scarlet jacket, whose origin a worldly friend instantly identifies, making also a shrewd guess at its cost. The heroine is appalled. "Twenty-five pounds for this? ... Simply silly. There's only a yard of stuff in it, worth a pound, if that. Why, I could have made it myself." "But could you?" replies the friend. "And if you had, would I have come into the room and said, 'Schiaparelli'?" A comment on dreams.

NFORTUNATELY, each of these books stops abruptly at the end of the 1960s. A good deal has happened since then, in fashion and in the world it reflects, and a remarkable amount of insight into both-a good deal of it inadvertent-is afforded by John T. Molloy, a "corporate clothing consultant" perhaps best known for an article, appearing a few years back, in which he demonstrated, exhaustively and conclusively, that men wearing black raincoats (perceived as "lowerclass" dress) tend to be less well treated by maitre d's, receptionists, taxicab drivers, and so forth than men wearing "upper-middle" beige. The Woman's Dress for Success Book* does not aspire to the analytic level; in fact, it is not really a book at all, but a tackily written how-to manual for professional women, complete with a coupon that can be sent away-along with \$23-for receipt of a personalized wardrobe profile.

The twofold message of *Dress for Success* can be crudely expressed as "You are, or can become, what you wear," and "If you wish to become successful, ape your betters." What it translates into is actually quite sensible, thoughtful, and unexceptional advice. At bottom, Molloy argues that—other things being equal—a woman who

^{* 216} pages. Follett Publishing Company, \$9.95.

dresses seriously, attractively, but not provocatively (outright allure, he believes, detracts from dignity, and usually backfires), who looks as if she has already gotten ahead, will project more authority and be taken more seriously than one who doesn't; and that—again, all other things being equal—people who have power are more likely to share it with or confer it on other people who seem to "belong."

HAT MAKES this otherwise not terribly noteworthy book worth further consideration is less what it says than what it embodiesits subtext, as it were. Contemporary American women's fashion, and to a lesser extent men's fashion as well, is in the middle of one of the most confusing, most captious, and, for that reason, possibly the most interesting periods it has seen in years. For the first time that almost anyone can remember, there does not now exist one current, single compulsory fashionable look-an automatic uniform whose possible variations consist solely of choices of colors and fabrics. Instead, what we have is a plethora of readily available looks, all coexisting, some more or less in the fashion vanguard, but none so definitely all-encompassing as to look comfortingly "right" in every situation, and very few so patently "wrong" as to be unthinkable.

A woman, professional or nonprofessional, who aspires, in a time-honored impulse, to be even mildly in style is now in the position of having to define for herself just what kind of "in style" she means. Does she mean sleek Vogue chic, or what, for want of a better expression, one might call frizzy Vogue chic? Does she mean tasteful, vaguely classic European pleated-gabardineskirt-and-silk-blouse (and if so, how blousy the blouse?) Or does she mean funky, neo-European flash? A skirt-vspants pales befores the ensuing choices involved in selecting shape and length of skirt-straight, with kickpleat, just below the knee? gathered, to midcalf? tiered and hovering above the ankle? -and the corresponding decisions about the cut of pants-straightlegged? trouser-pleated and full? trouser-pleated and tapered ...?

Molloy's book, with its endless permutations of outfits and color combinations (first choice through tenth) that are cited as "testing out" best for such categories as believability, authority-projection, presence, popularity, dealing with women, and dealing with men (needless to say, the suggestions are rarely the same, and leave one wondering how a professional woman is supposed to prepare, sartorially speaking, for a day that is likely to involve more than one activity or call upon her to exhibit more than one personality characteristic), captures, with uncanny, if unconscious precision, the intricate series of deliberations confronted these days by all even mildly fashion-conscious women in the sheer act of getting dressed in the morning-to say nothing of when they set out to buy something new to wear. And the best-sellerdom the book has enjoyed corresponds to yet another phenomenon of the contemporary fashion scene-the staggering success in recent years of designer sportswear



departments (not to be confused wi the "designer salons" where well-towomen have always shopped for by gowns and cocktail dresses) in copartment stores across the country.

In these enclaves, with their sale women murmuring chummily about what "Ralph"-Lauren-or "Calvi--Klein-has produced this seaso what is being offered is not so mu innovative design or guaranteed wor manship (very rarely do these cloth produce the scarlet-Schiaparelli-jack effect), as a sense of preselection, blessed guidance about what to we with what, an extensive but merciful delimited range of possibilities, co veniently assembled: a bulwark agair bewilderment. Molloy spends a lot time inveighing against the lure "designer labels" and "designer in tials," but he is referring, somewh naively, only to things like Gucci ba and Vuitton luggage and scarves wil prestigious signatures scrawled acro them, and besides, he is missing t point. Apart from Ralph Laurer shirts, which carry an insignia on t cuff, most of these clothes are identiable only to other people who ha seen them hanging in the stores. Whi the desire to make an impact on fe low fashion aficionados-the initiat to-initiate salute-can't be totally d missed, it is clear that the wome buying these clothes aren't doing with the thought of impressing t world at large. The appeal of the lab bearing the familiar name lies som where else. It is the same thing th has made these women-who five six years ago would have had no id who was responsible for what the were wearing-suddenly so acute conscious of designer names; it what accounts for the parallel succe of the licensing operations that ha put these names on everything fro bed linens to lingerie to sunglasses furs; it is what makes similarly d signed clothes, often of identical fa rics but without the label, seem a po and chancy secondbest. What the bels provide is a kind of warrant however fragile or meretricious, a fee ing of certification, an ineffable rea surance—an implicit version of t same promise that Molloy's bor makes explicit: that by following pu scribed guidelines one will make if n the right, then at least an unassailal choice.

HE HUNGER FOR this reassurance, of course, has existed in every age. Its exacerbation over the past few years, and spread to a group of women whose s in previous decades were hardly hed by such rarefied preoccupas, derives from a situation in fashwhose paradoxes and incongruare especially glaring. For what ld the Batterberrys, or the more matic proponents of the "reflection society" thesis, make of the fact at the very moment when more en than ever before have a conation of outside obligations, comnents, concerns that occupy their when frivolous leisure and full-: household help have become gs of the past for all but a tiny dful of the very rich, when preably women have less energy and than ever in history to spend rving about and dealing with nes, fashion has elected to bee-evolved into?-the thoughtanding, time-consuming, complid process it is today? The newest s in particular-the voluminous, er "softer" looks-seem almost osterously out of phase with the r aspects of the lives led by the ien who are supposed to wear

's perhaps not startling that these nes, which are continually being ribed in fashion copy as "newly nine," are by and large not aping to any but the most sophised of men (most men tending to ite "feminine" with fitted and/or aling): appeal to men has not h figured, except accidentally, in ien's fashion enthusiasms of the half-century or so. But the new s have become inextricably linked. ashionese, with the words "effort-' and "easy"-something that will ly come as a surprise to any 1an who has actually begun to try 1, involving as they do a tredous amount of draping, blousing, pping, layering, ingenious and inive accessorizing, and constant, culous reevaluations of proportion ne matter of heel heights and jacket ths and shapes of handbags. And is to say nothing of the obligatory : find from the thrift shop-the kimono, the Thirties camisole, the que shawl-without which they t be regarded as being properly

finished off. All a far cry indeed from the real ease and comparative effortlessness of the various combinations of skirts and pants, shirts and sweaters, blazers and coats that most women had begun to master by the middle Seventies.

Coats! "Coats . . . are, in their strictest definition, on the way to being dodoes," wrote the New Yorker's Kennedy Fraser last year in her annual pre-Christmas fashion roundup, which, appropriately enough, she sprinkled with quotations ("Curiouser . . . and curiouser!") from Lewis Carroll. "All this freedom of dressing," conceded the December issue of Vogue. "creates a problem when it comes to coats.... What's the answer? Look for some endless burnooses and strange Lawrence of Arabia getups this winter -and a healthy rise in long johns sales.'

Well, what are we to make of a situation that can find fashion responding to the record-breakingly frigid weather of the past two winters by producing clothes that resist the simple, seemingly elementary process of accommodating themselves to coats? Or by neglecting to design anything short of slicker-type ponchos and ankle-length furs that will easily accommodate the clothes? Are we to subscribe to the planned-obsolescence conspiracy theory, espoused by Molloy, which sees the fashion industry and its satellites, the fashion publications, as a sort of monolithic tyranny out to defraud the consumer by forcing her, if she follows its dictates, to buy clothes that have nothing to do with her needs and are destined only to be discarded after a season or two? (Molloy is so vehement a believer in this theory that he counsels his readers to avoid completely anything that is currently fashionable, unless they are in a profession that specifically demands their looking up-to-date.) Or, mindful of the fact that fashion existed for centuries before the evolution of anything so structured as The Fashion Industry, and accepting for the moment the premise, as dear to the heart of fashion copywriters as to the strict mirror-of-society theorists, that new design ideas, or at least the acceptance of new design ideas, have something significant to do if not with women's needs, then at least with their desires, are we to conclude that there are in fact large numbers of women who have grown bored with functional, comparatively simple clothes, and who, despite (or perhaps because of) the other demands on their time, are ready to make the process of dressing themselves into a full-fledged recreational activity akin, say, to gournet cooking? And, if so, why all the emphasis on "ease"?

Does the fashion public get what it-however subliminally-wants, or does it accept, enthusiastically or grudgingly, what it is offered at a given moment, with any real element of broader choice choked off at the top? The answer to that question, of course, like the answers to similar questions posed in terms of television or movies or publishing, lies somewhere tantalizingly in between. In contrast to the ceaseless hum of attempted pinpointing that prevails in those fields, though, there is startlingly little effort made apropos of fashion to discuss and ferret out exactly where. In fact, what these three books, taken together, most strikingly point up is the extraordinary dearth of serious writing on fashion being done today. There is plenty of fashion reporting, God knows: there are endless, breathless descriptions of current trends and a steady barrage of reviews of new collections; there are slick pages full of fashion instruction ("The way to wear a belt this spring is ..."); there is more puffery than there ought to be; but there is almost nothing sufficiently reflective or evaluative to classify as criticism, or even, in its strictest sense, as journalism. The New Yorker's Fraser, for all her occasional flights of farfetchedness, her ability to find "wittiness" in foil-wrapped hair and redeeming gaiety in a pair of sugar-pink moiré jodhpurs, is a trenchant, subtle observer, with that quintessential critic's gift for putting names to things that remain inarticulable to the rest of us, but she is virtually without peer.

Fashion is a multi-billion-dollar business; it is, in many incontrovertible ways, an art; as much as buildings and street signs and trees, it forms and defines the urban and suburban landscape. Both as a prism, and in its own intractable, slippery right, it deserves better, more serious, more informed attention.

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1978

EASY COME, EASY GO

From the people who bring you the best-seller list

by Richard Liebmann-Sm

For the first time in the history of the written word, literary practitioners have at their fingertips all the knowledge and techniques needed to create the perfect hoax. Start with a piece of nonfiction. From it, remove the kernel of truth, taking care to keep the remaining style and outline intact. Next, lift the plot from a sensational novel and deftly insert it into the outline of the nonfiction form. If all goes well-and there are many ifssuch a concept can be implanted into the fertile imagination of an ambitious writer. There it will germinate, and months later the writer will issue forth a "nonfiction" manuscript that appears to be absolutely normal in every respect, but that is, in fact, total hooey.

T BEGAN IN July of 1973. My phone rang and a man who would identify himself only as "Max," a literary agent, demanded to know I felt about making "a killing, a real slaughter."

At the time I was working in the highly experimental literary genre of science fiction cookbooks. My Spice Odyssey had become a classic in the field, but The Zero Gravity Cookbook ("The Space-Age Way to Total Weight Loss") had never really taken off. Worse, my current project, a book about an invasion of bionic beings from France—half-human/half-Cuisinart ("Your goose is cooked," they told us, "but not well")—had all the earmarks of a complete turkey. I asked Max what he had in mind.

"A hoax," he replied bluntly. "The old phonus balonus."

Richard Liebmann-Smith is an associate editor at The Sciences, the magazine of the New York Academy of Sciences.

"Can't be done," I came back reflexively. "Look at what happened to Clifford Irving."

"He didn't know what he was doing. I know what to do."

"... and even if one could surmount the overwhelming technical and moral obstacles," I continued, "one could never get the public to buy such a book."

Max asked me if I'd ever heard of a writer named Carlos Castinets. I confessed I hadn't.

Castinets, Max explained, had written a hoax and succeeded. Moreover, he had succeeded in a most challenging genre, the English-as-a-second-language primer. All over the country Hispanic schoolchildren were snapping up his best-selling Pm José, You're José—a complete hoax. The language it taught was not English at all, but Yiddish.

Reluctantly I conceded that indeed it might be possible to pull off such a project. But even if it *could* be done, I agonized, *should* it? Might not the



appearance of thousands—maybe i lions—of identical copies of such work wrench asunder the very fall of the publishing industry as we ke it? Might it not open the floodgates avarice and unleash a veritable to wave of hogwash: hoax biograph hoax travel guides, hoax sex manus What conceivable benefits, I keen could possibly justify such a monstr

Max quoted a dollar figure I tuitively recognized as adequate of pensation for anything up to genoci

"The trick is," he said, "it's got be a story nobody can ever check something where the participants car reveal their true identities."

"Oh, I get it!" I blurted excited "You mean like writing a book reving that the mysterious 'Deep Throfigure of the Watergate scandal was Richard Nixon!"

There was a silence on the other of the phone as Max evaluated idea. The beauty of it, of course, what Woodward-and-Bernstein's inevel be pooh-poohing of the story wo only increase public suspicion of truth. A denial from Nixon hims would blast it to the top of the beseller list.

"As a matter of fact," Max fina answered, "I was thinking of sor thing more along the lines of claing that a human baby had be cloned...."

"Cloned!" I laughed. "That's too out! You'd never get a publisher fall for it in a million years, much le the reading public."

"Suit yourself, sap," Max repli and that was the last I ever heard fr him.

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1

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Richard Maltby, Jr.

nis month's instructions: Nine of the lights (i.e., words to entered in the diagram) relate to other lights when they e given a 1 Across. All are common words.

e given a 1 Across. An are common words. Clue answers include one proper name, one proper form word well known from world politics, and one collonalism. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the vto its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page

	Pullin	appears	
CLUES			
ACROSS		-	

Reprimand through doing an about-face on the house-top (7)

The full width of no longer sound trousers? (7)

Part of the picture, the big picture (4)

See 47A (6)

Dismounted shortly until going back (3)

Deer acts (4)

1. Offensive event in Vietnam? Looking back on it! It still is! (3)

Whip up a tale from the highland? (7)

This is hot in one sense—and cold in another! (5)

They tremble like writers (6) Half of the entries in essays (5)

See 16D (3)

Talk about the derby (4) An opening bid? (4)

Trashy singer—sounds like penny ante stuff! (5)

Chant when there's a change of course (5). Clothing in which you reveal almost total impu-

dence? (4) i. See 21D (5)

i. See 21A (5)

Jazzy sounds, sounded like a trumpet (4)

Songs composed of affectations (4)

See 4D (3)

One who eats dressed in red (5)

Nothing more than relating to myself first (4)

3. Having smells to give up, do without? Just the opposite! (8)

). Something anticipating refiguring of rate set (9)
). Make another case for pantry, in relation to replac-

. Make another case for pantry, in relation to replacing pan (5)

DOWN

- Liberal makes charge about King (4)
- 2. Sunday, pariah gets up and drives away (6)

1	2	13		4	5		6		7	8	9		10
11			_	1			12		-				-
13			14	15	-	16	4			17		18	1
		T			19						20		1
21			R					22	23				1
24	T	т				25				26	27		t
	28		29		30	31			32				
33				34	35				36				37
38		39				40		+			T		I
41			42		43		44		45	-	46		1
_	İ	47	+			48		-	_				1
49	-	-	-		-	-		1-	50	-	-		1

- 3. Here's the final word on a stove pipe hat (7)
- 4. Observation of thousand people in bed (7)

Gangster's cover (4)

6. Recital in which you have to listen with soprano in actual surroundings (9)

7. Trim the tree (6)

8. Bargain time for sheets, so they say (4)

9. Starts fooling with it in a site (9)

10. One taken in by wellborn Christian (7)

14. See 28A (3)16. One who gives tips before, not in time (4)

18. The Informer is—and the story of the boy with the apple on his head is too! (8)

21. Grief is only half the picture (4)

22. Advise against ad issued unwisely (8)

26. Reviles incompetent menial (7)

28. Cloth that goes around and around the ring, and all around the prizefighter (6)

29. Most of diplomacy is play (3)

31. Shelters topped off trees (6)

34. Center of earthquakes? (5)

35. The man in the fur necklace has tea that's black (5)

36. See 17A (3)

37. See 8D (5)

38. Talk up the common level (3)

39. See 35A (3)

42. Not quite appear to perceive (3)

44. Rainy part of window, etc. (3)

46. Profit from the Seine (3)

ONTEST RULES

nd completed diagram with name and address to Tossed lad, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 1016. Entries must be received by September 11. Senders of e first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year

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LETTERS

Pathologies of Soviet psychiatry

Walter Reich's thoughtful essay on Soviet psychiatry, "Diagnosing Soviet Dissidents" (August), may in the end be misleading because it fails to acknowledge the primacy of politics in the U.S.S.R.

To state that the Soviet Union is "an immensely bureaucratized and ultimately value-free society" is only to say that its values differ from our own. What we in the West perceive as "systemic evil" may be considered systemic good in a Machiavellian system that insists upon the inviolability of the State and the subordination of individual rights to that value. Western influences notwithstanding, the past five centuries of Russian history would seem to confirm this interpretation.

If this analysis has merit, Soviet psychiatrists, as fully socialized and favored members of their society, cannot be expected to repudiate the ultimate values of their own society in response to outside criticism, nor may they fairly be accused of "imperfect reasoning." They are acting in a manner consistent with the values of their own society.

Western insistence that the Soviets shape up and acknowledge the transcendent importance of the individual is likely to be viewed by them not only as unwarranted interference in their internal affairs but as an aggressive form of cultural imperialism. To make such a program the cornerstone of our policy toward the Soviet Union seems likely to invite not only disappointment but perhaps disaster.

C. T. McGuire Santa Clara, Calif.

WALTER REICH REPLIES:

I'm afraid that Mr. McGuire confuses Soviet values with Soviet power. They're not the same.

If all Soviets truly believed in the official orthodoxy, and if they all insisted that dissidents were violating cherished values, then Western pro-

testations about legal, institution and professional abuses might be more vulnerable to the kind of tion Mr. McGuire voices.

But I suspect that by now, a six grim decades of Soviet rule, the are few true believers left. While so such belief could probably be for in a land so vast and varied, it probably least alive in the minds those who most profess it. The ma ity pay the requisite public home as little as they have to, to whate hallowed verities happen to be de inant, and then go on to think, -and, with trusted others, speal quite other thoughts, quite other f ings, quite other words. Occasiona someone ignores this widely obser truce with reality and is rude enou to deviate from it openly. Such a p son is then called a dissident.

In referring to systemic evil in essay I was not talking about the s tem of values that exists in the office Soviet definitions, texts, proclar tions, and laws. I was talking, rath about the system of life-the syst of cynical self-corruption, subtle s deception, and unconscious self-dist tion-that has grown up at every le and in every class of Soviet society response to the power that activ supports the official, professed syst of values. In my view, that power value-free in its major features: it informed less by the philosophi vearnings, and expectations of Ma Engels, and Lenin than by the ar trary needs and organizational imp atives of a leadership attempting steer a stable course between a fea Western-style chaotic freedom and equally feared Stalin-style terror.

And just as such power is arbitrand value-free, so, ultimately, is response it provokes among sectors the Soviet population. The goal is survive and live a reasonably safe istence. If that can be achieved wout doing great harm to others, the such harm need not be caused. If you have not is threatened—as it be when one is forced, as a result

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official or professional position, to respond publicly to the challenge of another's dissenting behavior-then ways may be sought to convince oneself that in causing harm, in helping the State suppress a dissident, one is doing something virtuous, or, perhaps, something quite different-something clinical, say, or scientific. For the psychiatrist, the search for comfort, selfassurance, and self-deception is made easier by the capacity of Soviet life to skew one's vision so fundamentally that dissent comes to appear bizarre, and thus psychiatrically suspect, And if the search for self-assurance fails. then one simply bows to the pressure and knowingly does the harm-unless one objects, refuses, and, in so doing, also becomes a dissident.

Mr. McGuire is no doubt right: there are limits to our capacity to change Soviet behavior. But I think we have the responsibility to point out Soviet corruption of the capacity to relate to others, to act, and to see—categories of life that cannot simply be relegated to the limbo of relative values and relativist ethics—and to

identify the ways in which such corruption violates what we consider to be universal definitions of humanity.

Capitol glitter

Tom Bethell's article on Washington, D.C. ["The Wealth of Washington," June], ruined my day. I am that rarest of creatures, a "senior" civil servant who voluntarily left Washington in mid-career. I have been collecting material to write the same article for ten years now; since Bethell beat me to it, allow me to add supporting detail.

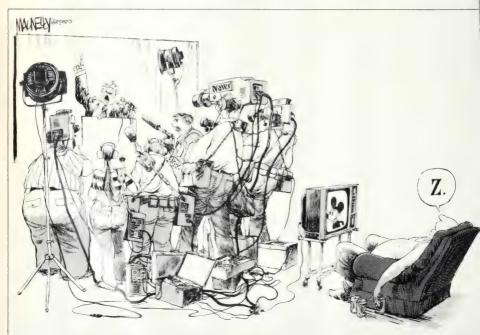
The system is far worse than Bethell describes. For example, one GS-16 HEW employee was caught giving himself a \$50,000 grant. The case was so blatant that the Commissioner of Education actually tried to fire the man. The process took more than two years, and the person being fired was paid his full salary for that entire period (at \$36,000 a year). The case was still pending the last I heard. Needless to say, "minor" infractions

go unnoticed. Our contracts officer a real estate business from his desk

Bethell is a little tough on the vate contractors. Yes, we will do dumb thing the government will for, but we are managed far m tightly. Our salaries come nowh near the federal average, and we fire people. As a civil servant I ceived an absolutely automatic raof about \$3,000, or 10 percent year, including 5 percent for senior That raise was intended to rewa good performance, but out of me than 100,000 employees, HEW raracknowledges more than 100 slouch In my two years in the private sect there have been four firings in a gro of twelve. In my ten years in gover ment I never saw a single firing. T civil service unions campaign again contractors because our services are much cheaper and always yield sor product. The unions even introduc legislation that would require our sal ries to be comparable to theirs!

> RICHARD C. CARLSO Palo Alto, Cal

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 19



THE AMERICAN COURTIER

ther reflections on the customs of the tribe

by Lewis H. Lapham

A man who knows the ways of he Court is master of his gesures, his eyes, and his face; he is leep, impenetrable; he pretends to to notice injuries done him, he miles to his enemies, controls his emper, disguises his passions, being his heart, speaks and acts against his real opinions. All this elaborate procedure is merely a vice which we call deceitfulness, which is sometimes as useless to the courtier for his advancement as frankness, sincerity, and virtue would have been.

-La Bruyère, Characters

S LONG AGO AS 1840, Tocqueville remarked on "the courtier spirit" in the United States, a spirit that he found ithin easy reach of the multitude" cause so many people had so much to in by prostituting themselves to the b, the newspapers, or the wisdom of rich. I cannot tell to what degree is spirit flourished in the years beeen 1840 and 1960, but in the last neration it has grown sleek and fat. ardly a week passes but that I meet man who could be fairly described a courtier attendant upon one or anher of the noble households that emby the services of the American uestrian class. The man is always rrying off on an important errand, rrying papers of unutterable signifince, and apologizing for his failure erfectly forgivable under the cirmstances, of course) to remember v name. With an air of smiling concern he barely has time to let drop a few words about the prospect of global war and the fate of Western civilization. He has just been talking to his patron (usually a Cabinet official, a publisher, or a foundation hierarch), and his patron, just returned from Washington or Aspen, Colorado, has entrusted him with matters of such consequence to mankind that he dare not speak too plainly.

In a monarchy, the courtier spirit crowds in upon the palace; in a democracy it seeps through the whole of the society, corrupting the arts and sciences as well as the commercial and political orders. The prince appears in a bewildering number of disguises. Sometimes he makes himself manifest as a fortunate or cunning individual (e.g., Nelson Rockefeller or Frank Sinatra) and sometimes as a consecrated institution (e.g., Harvard University, the Ford Foundation, the U.S. Senate), but always as the personification of wealth and influence besieged by a retinue of followers who seek patronage and favor under the conventionally egalitarian rubrics of tax exemption, research grant, ministerial appointment, defense contract, publication, tenure, and official approval. In a less enlightened age these dispensations would have been called by the more homely names of sinecure, benefice, and patents royal.

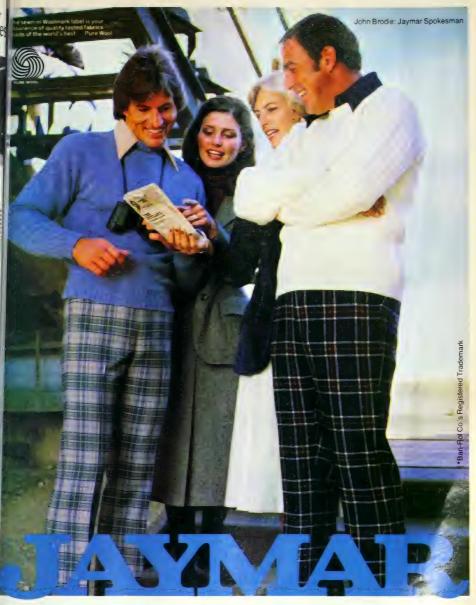
The most opulent of the American courts resides at Washington. Its immense wealth rests on a taxing author-

ity grudgingly acknowledged as sovereign. For the time being, the government claims only a third of all the revenue produced by the citizenry, but the whisperings in Court circles suggest that this sum already has been deemed too small. Officeholders of all ranks complain that they have not been given sufficient funds to make the displays befitting the dignity of the state. They assume that the national revenue can be more appropriately used by the state, and the money retained by the populace they regard as a donative. Given their attachment to all things solemn and grandiose (a dependence proportionate to the sense of their own inadequacies), they cannot help but resent the trivial ways in which an ungrateful and spendthrift rabble squanders the Court's largesse. Although admired and excessively praised as an abstraction, The American People, when encountered in person, offends the sensibilities of the Court. It buys automobiles and tract houses in the environs of Los Angeles; it goes to Disneyland and discount stores; it talks to itself on CB radio, and stares at fatuous situation comedy. This crass spectacle sickens the courtiers educated to the exquisite refinement of moral disputes about the meaning of justice, and so they ask one another why such idle amusements should be allowed to interfere with the enlarged and serious purposes of the state. How much more becoming to assign enormous sums to Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

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The time is fall. The man is John Brodie. His fashion in slacks is 100% pure with worsted blaids. They come in all the rich cool colors of autumn. It's just what the season call and Bold, yet refined. Classic, yet always in style. Always the smart fabric to wear. The it ason is durability. Wool lives longer. And with Ban-Rol* to prevent waistband roll—they're they're he most fitting slacks you can get into.

Now. It's a satisfying decision.



Like many people you may recently have switched to a lower tar cigarette, with milder flavor.

But as your tastes have changed, you may have found yourself reaching for a cigarette even lower in tar. An ultra-low tar alternative that satisfies your new tastes in smoking.

Then the decision is Now.

Now has only 2 mg. tar. And bear this in mind: today's Now has the most satisfying



Only 2 mg far. Significantly lower than 98% of all cigarettes sold.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

building of aircraft carriers and implementation of laws reordering heat of the sun?

MONG THE ATTENDANTS at Court the display of power is proof of its existence, and a thing is so if the right people it is so. They applaud and prose themselves before the majesty of impressive appearance. They have other way of reaching judgments ept by measuring the size of a minr's office, counting the number of adherents (i.e., a Congressional If or the household retainers within ederal agency), and by remarking the space devoted to a man's image the newspapers. The courtier serves the pleasure of somebody else, and so obviously and so precariously ngs on the trapeze of his connecns-at the White House, on Capitol Il, within the media, et cetera-that poor fellow exists in a state of ate and perpetual anxiety. If what s given yesterday can be taken away norrow, then what else can he do t acquire the art of flattery? Conaling the envious rage of a depennt child, he learns to smile and inatiate himself. His uneasiness inices the habit of acquiescence, and : abandons all hope of candor, nerosity, courage, or strength of ind. He admires everything and othing, praising whatever he is exected to praise. The elected politian has no choice but to pay tribute the Minotaur hidden in the labynth of the polls. He looks at himself the brass mirror of public opinion, tering the manner of his dress and ttitudes to fit the season's fashion in eace and war. In all of his speech nd gesture he makes obeisance to the reatness of his patron, the American eople, for whom he cherishes a seret contempt. President Carter adressed this prince with the proper one of unctuousness when he said in is campaign speeches that the "couny deserved a government as good as s people." Nobody at Court thought it ecessary to ask exactly which people Ir. Carter might have had in mind. ichard M. Nixon? Charles Manson? he presidents of Mr. Carter's loathed il companies? The impresarios of ornography? The cry was a courer's cry, possibly more intense but

equally as banal as a remark about the weather or a view of the sea at Hyannis Port.

The Washington grandees who preside over Congressional committees and federal agencies bestow favor on petitioners who approach them through the expensive intercession of consultants, lawyers, lobbyists, and friends of the Court. As was recently demonstrated by Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr., the Speaker of the House, their patronage has both a monetary and a symbolic value. The General Services Administration dismissed one of Mr. O'Neill's satraps, a bureaucrat by the name of Griffin. Mr. O'Neill couldn't afford to suffer the public humiliation. What would people think of his vaunted prowess on Capitol Hill if the White House could so carelessly make a mockery of his alliances? He therefore threatened to impound Mr. Carter's autumn legislation unless something was done to make amends. Within the space of forty-eight hours the White House appointed Mr. Griffin to a newly minted federal office at \$50,000 per annum. Mr. O'Neill, his dignity regained, pronounced the arrangement "suitable."

The courtier spirit also controls the government's hiring of scholars and mathematicians to conduct studies and issue reports, which, not surprisingly, validate whatever finding or hypothesis the scholars have been paid to validate. Only the provincial scholar forgets that these commissions constitute patronage and that he might as well be making gilded furniture or porcelain shepherds. In the spring of this year the geologist in charge of the U.S. Geodetic Survey, a man widely regarded for his knowledge of geology if not for his sense of occasion, made the blunder of saying that there was an abundance of oil and gas in the United States. The Court at the time was captivated by a vision of scarcity and by the evangelical murmurings of ascetic monks. The geologist's observation was construed as an impiety, and he was summarily dismissed.

N A MONARCHY the presence of government is less systematically intrusive than it is in a democracy. The most arrogant of kings seldom have had the gall to speak in the name of the public interest. Louis XIV

couldn't impose a draft, and he always had considerable trouble with the levying of taxes. The king's interest was clearly his own. But a democracy claims to serve the interest of the sovereign people, and so the officials who write and administer the laws can claim to act on behalf of what they perceive to be the common good. This allows for a more expansive abrogation of powers than the divine right of kings, and it embroils the Court in its passion for theological dispute.

The casual traveler in Washington sometimes fails to appreciate the magnificence of the capital because he looks only at the buildings and monuments. As might be expected of people so dedicated to the transience of favor, the Court takes but a marginal interest in architecture. The buildings conform to a ponderous and neoclassical design meant to convey gravity and weight. They represent a child's idea of what a seat of government is supposed to look like. The Court achieves its most splendid and subtle effects with the manufacture of words-with the hundreds of millions of pages of notes, documents, briefs, abstracts, speeches, memoranda, studies, bills, circulars, testimony, reports, and treaties made by tens of thousands of artificers working in the enamel of bureaucratic prose. The aesthetic taste as well as the ecclesiastical fervor of the Court show themselves in the passion for the promulgation of laws and in the romantic dream of uniting the word of God with the word of man in a language so encrusted with the semiprecious stones of legal qualification as to defy not only the erosion of time but also the understanding of the heathen. If expressed in bronze or stone instead of on paper these objects of art would be seen to possess a grandeur surpassing that of the tapestries of Versailles or the mosaics of Byzantium. They have the further advantage of being light enough and ephemeral enough so that the courtiers in Washington can use them as wands with which to perform stately masques and dances. The rituals of democracy require them to stage, and the media to applaud, the tableaux presented to the public under the headlines of WATERGATE SCANDAL and ENERGY CRISIS. In the midst of their ceaseless maneuvering they occasionally pause to strike ceremonial poses and to utter pious intonations about "poverty,"

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needom," and "megatonnage." The larguage of the Court, like the language of the law or the Church, subolutes abstraction for an accurate description of events.

When reading in the newspapers the reviews of their performances. I often feel a kind of pity for the courtiers doomed to take part in pageants for which so few of them have any discernible talent. The awkwardness of President Carter and his Cabinet in this regard remind me of President Nixon, who, in his wooden and literalminded way, believed that there was something more to government than the shifting of scenes. He didn't have the stomach or the gift for flattery. and, like Mr. Carter, he couldn't believe that so much had to be made of so many for so little. He suffered in the comparison with Henry Kissinger, because Mr. Kissinger, together with President Kennedy and the media, assumed that everything was flattery and play, that the ritual world of the Court was identical to the world of men and events. Mr. Kissinger made theatrical journeys to China and the Middle East not so much with the hope of negotiating peace as with the intention of giving a believable performance.

To the extent that the world has come to be seen as a more dangerous and complicated place than was dreamed of in the philosophy of Ernie Pyle or Darryl Zanuck, so also has the public become increasingly impatient with the government of merely mortal men. The mob demands heroes and demigods to protect it from barbarians and nuclear weapons, from the Russians and cancer in the rain. This desperate wish, felt even more intensely by the attendants at Court, results in a shift of emphasis away from the practice of government to the representation of it. The government has become so huge and inexplicable a force that not even Mr. O'Neill can guess at its workings and proportions. Instead of Leviathan it resembles the wind. People can feel it blowing across the Potomac and hear it moaning through the streets of the cities, yet they can see nothing but shadows and drifting newspapers. The emptiness frightens them, and they require somebody who will come forward dressed in a silver robe and a crown of stars and who will say, with as much resonance and authority as the amplifications of the media can provide, that he is the wind.

UCH THE SAME SORT of thing takes place within the demesnes of the lesser American professions and institutions. The leading figures play the parts of courtiers, doing what they can to satisfy the anxious demand for an invincible facade. Just as the public expects omnipotence on the part of its politicians, so also it expects omniscience on the part of its scientists, lawyers, journalists, and economists. The increased levels of perceived risk lower the levels of toleration for the human norm of mediocrity.

Several years ago I remember talking to the president of a New York bank who said that he counted himself fortunate if only 50 percent of his decisions proved correct. He said this with an air of bloated satisfaction. Apparently I showed some sign of skepticism or surprise. When I failed to offer appropriate congratulations, the man hurried to explain the significance of the statistic.

"But you must see how good that is," he said. "That's better than any batting average of any ballplayer. Anybody who can hit .500 is worth a hell of a lot of money."

He went on to explain that somebody had to make the decisions. The important thing was to do it with an appearance of firm resolve, as if a man knew what he was about.

"Who could know what there is to be known?" he asked. "And if somebody did know, then who could possibly know what to do about it?"

If nobody knows but somebody must pretend to know, then the governing of an institution becomes theatrical. It follows that the people employed by the institution should become preoccupied with the appearance of things, with the way things look and sound rather than with whatever it is they supposedly mean. Most officials in most hierarchies have no choice but to cast themselves in ritual roles, to say and do what they think is expected of the chairman of the finance committee, of the Ambassador to Peking, of the managing editor of Newsweek. The more they accustom themselves to ceremonial postures, the more fearful they become, knowing that the pose can be as convincingly sustained somebody else. The anxiety character istic of the courtier spirit forces the to flatter the vanity or the superstitio: ignorance of their patron. Thus the press, perhaps the foremost of the n tion's courtiers, must go on bowin and smiling and arranging the fier beauty and strangeness of the wor into the domestic forms of a Cou etiquette. The New York Times pre sents an advertisement for a suburba reality, assuring its readers that b hind every important event the stands an important person who ca offer a reasonable explanation, the the universe remains as it was in Nev ton's conception, an orderly and mi chanical device that can be fixed b repairmen listed in the Yellow Page Just as politicians seek to discove themselves in the mirror of the polls the press searches for its reflection i the Nielsen ratings and the tabulation of copies sold. Adjusting its story and smoothing its words to compliment th magnificence of its prince, the pres magnifies its own importance by mak ing all authority seem transient and dependent upon favor. It grants o withholds the boon of publicity, wel coming the happy few into the lighter rooms of celebrity, and then, with the chattering inanity of a talk-show host as indifferently ushering them into the attics of oblivion. The Court at Wash ington relies on the great truth tha the ownership of property is condition al rather than absolute; the Court as sembled in New York relies on the equally great truth that reputation i

conditional. Within the hierarchies of America business, the courtier spirit reveals it self in the ceremonial roles assigned to the gentlemen who become corpo rate directors and trustees. More often than not they contribute little or noth ing to the business at hand, but the reassure one another with the sight o their mutual eminence. Businessmer talk almost as much about "the rigor of the marketplace" as their peers in the courts of the media talk about "th people's right to know." The phrase serve the same purpose as Presiden Carter's "a government as good as it people." Despite the conventional an nouncements about a man's worth be ing related to his achievements, cor porate executives get paid for their dec orative value, according to the weigh ir acquaintance and the number wels below them in the tables of azation.

e courtier spirit as routinely inthe higher circles of intellectual vor. In the matter of admissions hicago Medical School responds fts of \$40,000. At universities the of tenure obliges assistant profesof sociology to bend their theoi to the whim of department chairand faculty committees. Their al commentaries betray as little age as the state papers written he functionaries employed by the ertment of Health, Education, and are. The notables who preside the ducal states of art and litershow a preference for the ob-. the abstruse, and the arcane. umably they seek to emulate the nerist taste of the imperial Court Washington, and so they lavish r fondest praise on works distinhed by brilliant surfaces and imstrable abstraction. The aesthetic ently in vogue holds that all art t aspire to the condition of legis-

O MATTER HOW MANY examples of the courtier spirit that I could compile, I expect that all of them would d toward the same melancholy consion, i.e., that people reduced to ying the role of the courtier cannot ord to admit acquaintance with their n minds. Just as the courtiers in shington have little wish actually to ern the state, so also the writers New York can think of nothing to for which they would risk their eers and hope of preferment. Their borate posturing bespeaks a thrustaway of responsibility and a flight m meaning. They seek to enjoy prerogatives of office or genius, without suffering the corollary ciplines of neglect and painful deion. Thus their haste and eagerness pay deference to figures whom. the moment, they can deem invinle and in whose reflected but artiial light they can safely pose. Only uncharitable man would censure an for their cowardice. They know it their professional capacities no iger have much to do with their adncement. Under a republican juristion men succeed and prosper according to the measure of their character and ability. Together with the surgeon, the trial lawyer, the schoolteacher, and the police sergeant, they submit themselves to the daily examinations of experience. In a court society the republican principle does not obtain. Appearance takes precedence over fact. Not that the Court is averse to merit or talent. There is nothing that a courtier would rather do than fawn upon a statesman whom he can mistake for Metternich or a novelist whom he can confuse with Tolstov. But he cannot tell the difference between Metternich and George McGovern, or between Tolstov and Philip Roth, and so he contents himself with the effigies endorsed by the smiling favor of his prince. What is important is not the worth of a thing but its pleasing and comforting effect on the people who buy, eat, or worship it. It is quite possible that somebody might write a good book and even be congratulated for writing it in the New York Times; it is equally possible that the Ford Foundation will award a research grant to a scientist capable of useful and original work. Such things sometimes happen. They fall within the category of happy accident, and they justify, much to everybody's relief and satisfaction, the pretensions of the institution awarding the honors, titles, money, and degrees. But they happen for such random and inexplicable reasons that even Nobel laureates feel compelled to exhibit themselves on the midway of Johnny Carson's "Tonight Show." In a society that reveres impermanence and makes so many things conditional on patronage, who can wait impassively for recognition? Time flies, and nothing is stable, and neither the crowd nor the media want to go to the trouble of making distinctions. The man who wishes to make good his ambition must play the courtier throughout his career. He does well to heed the instruction of Gore Vidal. who. speaking with the advantage of a man born to the rituals at Court, put the matter into an easily remembered maxim: "Never miss a chance to have sex or appear on television.

This is as concise a rendering of the courtier spirit as I have read, but I wish that it prompted me to think only of homosexuals and actors.

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AMERICA'S INTERESTS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

The dangers of unlimited support for Israel

by George W. B.

URING THE second world war. Bloomsbury intellectual named Geoffrey Pyke, who was one of Lord Mountbatten's famous "Backroom Boys," devised several imaginative projects for advancing the Allied cause, But, though his proposals were endorsed by both Roosevelt and Churchill, the military and civilian bureaucracy in Washington treated him with disdain. When he asked his Scottish assistant why he provoked such fierce obstructionism, the aide replied: "You're like a child, Pyke, whose parents say: 'That's a giraffe,' and the child responds 'Why?' People can't stand that kind of question."

I often thought of this incident while America was mired down in Vietnam. At the upper reaches of our government, the question "Why?" put everyone off: it deflected attention from the only legitimate question: "How?"

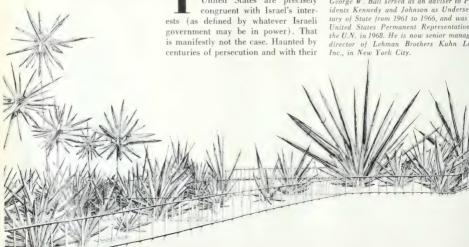
How could we compel the North Vietnamese to give up and go home? How could we best use our vast resources to win the war?

Until recently our policies toward the Arab-Israeli conflict have been shaped largely in the same spirit. Committed almost absentmindedly to a line of policy, we have made little systematic effort to ask what is best for our country.

But we can no longer afford to shun the hard discipline of skeptical inquiry. With peace fast slipping away and a critical area of the world drifting toward disastrous conflict, we should urgently subject the unstated assumptions of our Middle East policy to the clinical challenge of the giraffe question, "Why?"

HE FIRST ASSUMPTION is that the national interests of the United States are precisely nation beleaguered from its incepti-Israelis have an intensely ethnocent view of the world, concentrating derstandably but obsessively on the peratives of day-to-day survival. Americans, on the other hand, havi interests and obligations all over world, cannot ignore our relations w 150 million Arabs, our strategic co petition with the Soviet Union, our sponsibilities to our Western allies, our need-and that of other non-Co munist nations-for Middle East oil

Peace is—and must necessarily -the prime objective of America policy toward the Middle East, as the sense of urgency with which w view the problem puts us at cross-pu poses with some-though by no mea all-Israeli leaders who regard a pea settlement as not worth the costs ar risks of relinquishing territory. The believe-and this is the second assum tion to be examined—that the prese George W. Ball served as an adviser to Pre idents Kennedy and Johnson as Undersec. tary of State from 1961 to 1966, and was t United States Permanent Representative the U.N. in 1968. He is now senior managi director of Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loe



tion, and particularly the current s of Palestine, can, if necessary, entinued indefinitely.

ch a belief defeats any possibilof settling the Palestinian issue, h lies at the heart of the Arab-Isstruggle. It also takes for granted constant availability of American , since Israel's continued occupaof the West Bank and the Gaza depend on massive U.S. subsi-Only through aid from the United es-\$5 million a day from our ernment and perhaps another \$2 ion from our private sector-is Isnow able-at great cost to its tly stretched civilian economy-to nd 40 percent of its GNP on secu-, including the expense of occung extensive Arab lands.

ntil Israel achieves a durable ce, it can never escape from that ing arms burden; yet, without setg the Palestine issue, peace is not sible. Absent any political settlent, the dynamics of Arab politics, sooner or later, force Israel's ghbors to seek a military solution, gnawing frustration opens the door radical leaders and Arab self-conence increases in pace with expandwealth and military power.

To be sure, in reaction to Sadat's tiative and American prodding, the gin government has put forward a oposal for "self-rule" for the West nk and the Gaza Strip, but that prosal does not offer an end to domation by the Israeli Army. On the ntrary, without the continued "staoning of armed forces" to control ecurity and public order," the plan ould, Mr. Begin explained, be "meangless." So the Palestinians have reonded with the obvious rhetorical uestion: "What else is new?" The Iseli Army would remain. Palestinians ould still have no right to organize to express their views as to their wn political future, since that would danger "security and public order." Begin's proposal, in the form sugested, could never satisfy Palestinian pirations or be accepted by any Arab ate; it could have meaning only as i initial Israeli bargaining position. ut his refusal to promise anything ore than that Israel would "discuss" e "sovereignty" of the area after a ve-year period leaves matters at an apasse. For "sovereignty" is not the sue; it is a lawyer's abstraction. Control of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip should be regarded not as a dispute over real estate but as a question of the rights and aspirations of the people who live in those territories.

Apart from trying to maintain its military occupation, what plans does the Israeli government have for the occupied areas? Annexation, as Mr. Begin's Likud party has long advocated? But how to reconcile that with demographic and political realities?

Absorption of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip would add 1.2 million Arabs to Israel's population. Because there are a half-million Arabs already in Israel, the nation would thus become one-third Arab, with that proportion rapidly increasing. Since emigration now exceeds immigration, the Jewish population of Israel is expanding at less than 2 percent a year, while the Arab population increases at 3.1 percent; barring major population shifts, there would be as many Arabs as Jews by 1990.

Thus, to keep control of a "greater Israel," the Israelis would either have to adopt apartheid and disenfranchise the Arab population or compel West Bank Arabs to go elsewhere. Though no one officially admits this latter objective, General Ariel Sharon, the Minister of Agriculture, who is in charge of the settlement program, announced some months ago that 2 million Jewish Israelis would be settled in the West Bank within the next thirty years. That would be possible, he told me when I met him last April, because by the turn of the century there would be altogether 4.2 million Jewish Israelis. But, by a simple extrapolation there would, I suggested, be an additional million Palestinian Arabs in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. What did he intend to do with them? He did not answer.

I do not believe that many Israelis think the Arabs can be forced out of the West Bank. But the Israeli settlement policy, administered by a zealot like Sharon, reinforces Arab suspicions of Israeli expansionist intentions.

F ANNEXATION IS NOT FEASIBLE, and the Palestinians cannot be pushed out, what is Israel's long-term policy toward the occupied areas? So far as I can tell, it is a non-policy—to do nothing. Immobilized by apprehension and internal dissent,

many Israeli leaders indulge in the wistful hope that, with America's unquestioning support, time will somehow work to Israel's advantage.

If Israeli leaders count on America's forever playing the role of an all-forgiving big brother, that is largely America's fault. U.S. politicians have long been accustomed to speaking to Israel in the language not of diplomacy but of courtship. Presidents, Secretaries of State, Senators, and itinerant Congressmen regularly compete in hyperbolic declarations that America can forever be trusted to safeguard Israel's security; nor will the U.S. ever "pressure" Israel or try to "impose" a settlement or even try to persuade the Israeli government to change its position.

That stylized monologue is unfair to Israel and must stop. No matter what U.S. politicians declaim, no responsible American government can commit itself to giving unqualified support to another country without a substantial assurance as to how that country intends to behave.

Most Israelis, I am confident, understand that—although one cannot be sure about Prime Minister Begin. When Golda Meir warned him during the Rogers initiative in June, 1970, that, if Israel were not more responsive, the United States would stop sending arms, he replied, as she quotes in her memoirs: "What do you mean we won't get arms? We'll demand them from the Americans."

Let me be quite clear on this point: I am not suggesting that American aid is excessive; the United States should not hesitate to provide even more if it contributes to peace. But so long as Israel's inflexibility on the Palestinian issue threatens to defeat all peace efforts, can American aid be counted on without regard to the consequences?

Israel's position confronts Americans with problems, the first of which is moral and political: How does the U.S. justify subsidizing and politically supporting a situation that contravenes two principles of world order it has most assiduously advocated? The first principle is that no nation should be permitted to aggrandize itself by military force. The second is a tenet we have professed since Woodrow Wilson—that all peoples should be entitled to the right of self-determination.

Israel could justify a temporary occupation of the West Bank and the za Strip as self-defense. But occuon has now lasted for eleven years. Can such a colonial anachronism be ified as a more or less permanent state of affairs?

These matters of principle must parularly trouble those for whom human rights have become the stuck whistle of American foreign policy. Yet, in realpolitik as well, there is an insistent question: How long can the American government be expected to subsidize Israeli policies that stand in the way of peace and thus may lead both Israel and the United States to disaster? If Begin's government offers no assurance of self-determination to the Palestinians, Israel may soon be passing the point of no return on the road to war. Sadat has been flailing around erratically—as in his abrupt termination of negotiations-and if he is finally forced to admit the bankruptcy of his peace initiative, he will either have to resign or call on the other Arab states to join in a longterm buildup for a military showdown, as Nasser did after 1967.

What is clearly called for is a major American initiative, but how can one reconcile that with the prevailing assumption that the United States should never try to "impose" a settlement?

What a tendentious formulation! Even if the United States wished to do so, we could not impose a settlement on either side, short of sending our army, a notion that is manifestly preposterous.

Israel, as a sovereign power, is entitled to pursue any line of policy it chooses, even a policy that, judged by the United States, might be a prescription for disaster. But the United States is also a sovereign power with national interests it must safeguard, and one key aspect of that sovereignty is the right to decide how America shall spend its resources—a decision to be made only through our own political institutions and not through the government of any other nation.

What, then, can the U.S. properly ask the Israelis to do? To withdraw from the occupied areas would, they contend, require yielding tangible territory for intangible promises; that would be unfair and asymmetrical, since promises can be broken, while territory—once relinquished—is retrievable only through military means.

Such an argument would carry more

weight if Israel's military occupation did not offend international principles. But that fact confers on Israel the heavy burden of proving why, in its special case, those principles should not apply—why 3 million people are entitled to impose their army on 1.2 million of their neighbors.

Justification must rest, if at all, on an irrefutable showing that withdrawal would pose a critical peril to Israel which brings us to still another assumption: That Israel needs to control the West Bank and the Gaza Strip for its own safety.

Arab control of the West Bank would, it is argued, put enemy guns within reach of Tel Aviv, while Arab tanks could cut the country in two by driving merely nine miles to the sea. In Jerusalem, Mr. Begin's custom is to take his visitors to a window and show them how near are the lights of neighboring Arab villages. Though such Israeli apprehensions are understandable, the exiguous distances involved render the doctrine of defense in depth scarcely applicable. Even if Israel should continue to occupy the West Bank, no Israeli town could be safe from SCUD B missiles, with their 175mile range, or from supersonic planes that can reach Israel in thirty minutes from any Arab air base. Moreover, Israel's highly competent intelligence service could detect any West Bank buildup well in advance. Geography, after all, is only a tactical-and subordinate-aspect of the issue of security. Without peace, Israel will never be secure against antagonistic Arab nations that outnumber it many times, no matter how much real estate the country continues to hold.

Underlying the argument that Israel needs the West Bank for security is the assumption that withdrawal from that territory would inevitably deliver the area to the most extreme elements in the PLO. At this point, the giraffe question becomes particularly pertinent. Why? Is this really true?

HAT THE INHABITANTS of the West Bank want an end to the Israeli occupation does not mean that they wish to be governed by PLO extremists. But what can they say or do about it? No one should be surprised that Israel's soldiers in the West Bank suppress any

political organization or express that challenges the existing order; benign military occupation is a cotradiction in terms. Individuals undoccupation have little choice but to suport whatever organized group speafor them, and that necessarily med the PLO, since the Israelis have pvented the Palestinians from creatiany more moderate alternative organization in the occupied territories. The if the PLO is the only instrument for the expression of Palestinian nation ism, the Israelis have made it so.

It is instructive to listen to educat Palestinians in the West Bank: "Ware totally ignored in negotiations ov our own fate. You ask why our extret ists perpetrate outrages? It is to a tract attention. Do you think gover ments would even be discussing ou problems were it not for these acts of violence? You are making us all pse chotics and we don't want to be pse chotics. We want to be listened to, whave a voice in our own future."

Two sources of discontent are reflected in the activities of the PLC the desire of those Palestinians who now live—or lived before occupatio—in the West Bank and the Gaza Strit to choose their own rulers, and the ir redentist feelings of those Palestinia families uprooted three decades ag from what is now the state of Israel Though the first group primarily seek withdrawal from the occupied territories, the second group, Israelis feat would be content with nothing less that the total destruction of Israel or it transformation into a secular state.

While those fears should not be ignored, history has repeatedly show that when peaceful political expression and organization are forbidden in a occupied territory, the resistance movement is likely to be captured by its extreme elements. When Palestine wa under the British mandate, Israeli resistance was expressed through acts of terrorism by the Irgun under Menchem Begin. Yet, once the nation of Israel was established and the Britis withdrew, moderate Israelis formed government and the Irgun was all sorbed into the Herut party.

The Israelis refuse to negotiate with the PLO because its National Covenant still calls for Israel's destruction PLO leaders, on the other hand, darnot risk a break with their more extreme members by yielding in advance.

it they regard as their only bargaincounter. Thus the classical impasse ween peoples who do not trust one ther: Neither will make the first

contending nations have often neiated peace while each remained dicly committed to the destruction the other. The vital question is not ial bargaining positions but the amitments undertaken in a final setnent.

The irony of the PLO predicament that violence designed to underline Palestinian plight has now made independent Palestinian state apir as a potential source of instabil-, even leading Egypt to talk of rering Jordanian control. But Sadat's pression of preference primarily rects his desire to improve Hussein's sition and please the United States her than any deep concern about : issue, since Egypt is not contiguous the West Bank. Nor is the Saudi sition on this question at all clearly ticulated. The problem cannot be relved by parceling out the occupied critories between Jordan and Egypt. ne Palestinian people will never be tisfied with any settlement achieved rough a negotiation in which their vn representatives do not participate. If Israel does ever agree to a nestiation in which Palestinian interests e represented by Palestinian spokesen, it will be only because the nited States has found new ways of neeting Israel's security concerns. Caal suggestions for a formal defense eaty overlook the fact that the United tates has never given a security guarntee that was fully self-executing. ven the North Atlantic Treaty does ot, by its terms, require the automatic ommitment of armed forces; it mereobligates each party to take "such ction as it deems necessary, including ne use of armed force." The effectiveess of the NATO pact derives first rom the fact that it is an integral art of a total collective security arangement involving mutual consultaon and cooperation and, second, from ne stationing of American troops in

Israel's reluctance to base its secuity solely on the qualified language f an American defense treaty is unerstandable—particularly since we ailed to move incisively in 1967 to alfill Secretary of State Dulles's implied promise that the Strait of Tiran would be kept open as an international waterway. But, as our NATO experience has demonstrated, a defense commitment reinforced by a visible American military presence is something far different from mere language on a piece of paper.

EFORE THE PRESENT peace efforts finally break down we should offer a proposal incorporating three major elements -a defense treaty, arrangements for systematic consultation, and an American military presence. We might, for example, as part of a final settlement, establish an air base in the West Bank, where it could contribute to the local economy and stand as a symbol of America's interest in the area. As an alternative, we might build a naval base in Israel or an air base in the Gaza Strip or the Sinai, or some combination of the three.

Though such bases would be primarily for America's strategic purposes (as a counter, for example, to new Soviet bases in Ethiopia and South Yemen), they could stockpile replacement parts and material that could obviate the need for another airlift.

Added to all this would be, of course, the normal machinery of security—for example, the creation of a buffer area between Israel and the West Bank, the interposition of neutral forces in other sensitive points of contact, and so on.

Egypt, Saudi Arabia, and Jordan should find this base proposal tolerable, since it would provide a tangible warning to the Russians. While there might be some problems with the Syrians, an Israeli willingness to relinquish the West Bank should go far to make it palatable. If neighboring Arab states should regard a defense treaty with Israel as a hostile act, the treaty could be drafted as a guarantee of finally agreed boundaries rather than as a specific security pledge to only one of the parties.

Some Americans may object that the establishment of forward bases would involve the U.S. too deeply in a turbulent area. Yet—whether we like it or not—our vital interests and responsibilities are inescapably affected by Middle Eastern developments over which we have little, if any, control.

By encouraging Israeli flexibility and a willingness to concert policy, the establishment of bases might enable the U.S. to influence the tide of events rather than merely respond complaisantly to the actions and decisions of other governments. That is the only fitting posture for a great power—to direct its own destiny, not to be an innocent bystander.

I would hope that assurances reinforced by an American presence might make it possible for Israel to accept Palestinian spokesmen in a discussion looking toward a settlement somewhat along the following lines:

• Israeli troops in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip would be phased out and be replaced—or, at least, diluted—by substantial neutral forces, while the areas would be placed under a neutral administration for a preparatory period of five years.

 During those five years, the people of those areas would be permitted to organize politically for an eventual plebiscite to determine whether they preferred an independent state or incorporation in, or federation with, either Jordan or Israel.

• If that plebiscite should call for an independent Palestinian entity, that entity would be required—as a condition to taking power—to commit itself: (1) to de jure recognition of the state of Israel; (2) to respecting Israel's territorial integrity and to renouncing any and all discrimination against her; and (3) finally—following the Japanese pattern—to effective demilitarization.

These are the elements that might make possible a Palestinian settlement. The gruesome alternative is another Middle East war. No matter who might emerge victorious, another such war—fought this time with the latest planes and missiles and a far more effective oil embargo—not only would be disastrous for all participants but would threaten an East-West collision and the stability of the whole non-Communist world.

America's stake in a Middle East peace is so overwhelming that our government would be irresponsible not to use all available leverage with both sides to try to break the current stalemate. We dare not sit quietly by while the paralysis of Middle East politics leads to a catastrophic denouement.

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Dr. Richard Balzhiser, Director for Fossil Fuels and Advanced Systems at the Electric Power Research



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"Our principal solar research effort is to develop collectors to use solar energy concentrated by mirrors. Such systems must be in use a large part of the time to justify the large capital investment. While the sun's energy is free, it's only available part of the time, so we'll need innovative storage or hybrid systems if solar electricity costs are to compete with other alternatives.

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"Present solar cells are far too costly for utility use. We believe thin-film technology or very advanced cell concepts using concentrated solar energy offer the best chances for producing electricity at competitive costs. We've recently had some exciting results which could lead to the breakthrough necessary for solar cells to receive serious consideration by utilities.

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"To investigate and refine solar heating and cooling systems, we have built five houses on Long Island, and five in Albuquerque, equipped with various combinations of space conditioning and storage systems. We will run more than 100 experiments over the next three to four years to identify the mix of solar energy and other things a homeowner can do in combination with his utility to lower the overall cost.

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available today, and our immediate needs must be met with better conventional plants that operate as cleanly, as reliably and as cost-effectively as we can make them."

NUCLEAR POWER



Dr. Milton Levenson, Director for Nuclear Power at the Electric Power Research Institute.

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"We're getting involved in new types of electronics, new concepts for inspection devices, and very sophisticated ways of analyzing materials. But basically it all comes back to reducing even further the cost of nuclear power."

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IN DARKEST ACADEMIA

Publish a best-seller and perish

by Cullen Murph

I really begin to think, or rather to suspect, that learned academies, not under the immediate inspection and control of government, have disorganized the world, and are incompatible with social order.

—John Adams, 1798

OST LAYMEN would instinctively side with curmudgeonly John Adams: professors are an obvious nuisance. Remember the Sixties? Remember 1848? From Bologna to Bakke and back, the higher learning has seemed to roil in tawdry strife.

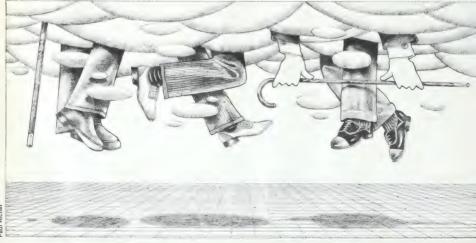
And yet most impartial and discerning observers now concede that the "learned academies" that so distressed Mr. Adams, along with the learned professors who people them, were long ago brought to heel. Indeed, thanks to the peculiar genius of the American

system, the leash is firmly held by the "academy"—the little-known but ruth-lessly effective guardian of profession-al decorum. Specifically, it is held by the academy's ruling "directorate," a putatively fictitious body that can trace its lineage back to those "Masters of our Academic State" who ruled in sixteenth-century Oxford.

Laymen typically confuse the academy with the "clerisy," or with what Paul Goodman was referring to in Growing Up Absurd when he "rapidly sketched out an enemy, the organization." It is hardly the Establishment—chroniclers Everett Carll Ladd and Seymour Martin Lipset have documented the academy's "alienation from the dominant Establishment culture"—and its ties to the "adversary culture," insofar as they ever really existed, have Cullen Murphy is an associate editor of The Wilson Quarterly.

been allowed to lapse. Like all of the above, however, the academy's reponses to certain external stimulian predictable. Its most characteristic reaction is to impose silence upon it vast and docile membership with American colleges and universities. Some would term this a conspiracy; the academy, it simply reflects a conviction that while Americans are spradically anti-intellectual, they would be abidingly anti-academic if give half a chance.

Some irresponsible observers alleg that the function of the academy is tifle dissent. This is not the case. Everenhanded, the academy wishes merely to stifle publicity. "A variety of ur toward circumstances may affect the fortunes of academic men," explaine Thorstein Veblen, one of the first strious students of the academy, "e.g unearned newspaper notoriety that ma



and Printers

urned to account in ridicule. Where on has to be taken by the directoron provocation of such circumces, it is commonly done with the official) admission that such action tken not on the substantial merits he case but on compulsion of aprances."

if course, Veblen's fin de siècle erica is not ours, and academics h-pooh rumors that the academy maintains a blacklist as it did in 1890s. Yet with the exception of tered, brief revolts by licentious ilty-during the Spanish-American r and the end of World War I: innittently during the 1930s and the Carthy days; and most recently ing part of the 1960s—the academy been in effective control of the erican professoriat.* The fact that st Americans are unaware even of academy's existence is mute tesony to its quiet preeminence. As perceptive education editor has ed, the query, Who runs higher eduion? usually elicits "a series of gufvs, which, though avoiding the issue, ggests the delicacy of the question." The academy rose to power in the 90s as the one force that could cope ectively with what one historian of period termed "the eccentric deint whose opinion might be paraded wnishly across the pages of local wspapers." In other words, the acadly sought to deal with the Kahouteks d Paulings of this world before they uld happen. However, as Harvard's esident Charles W. Eliot and others his ilk soon realized, one couldn't nply push the good news about the ademy while burying the bad; the ternative was to bury everything.** This simple principle of nonviolent ithdrawal has been relentlessly pured ever since. Gone are the days hen sixty eager and enlightened works in a British factory would each unk down two-and-a-half guineas for copy of H. G. Wells's Outline of istory. Today, the \$5.6 billion U.S. holarly publishing industry churns

* Thanks in part to Epstein's Law, amed after the editor of the American cholar: "Radical writing dependably its after a decade." on nearly unnoticed. The 100 or so volumes of the Carnegie Commission report-the academy's meticulous study of itself-gather dust practically unread. And while many Americans may have heard something about the Rosovsky curriculum, few can distinguish it from the Wilmot Proviso. Josiah Royce's lament of the 1880s is the modern academy's boast: "The public says very little about us and knows, I fear, even less,"

At a time when interest after interest is prone to media exhibitionism. our ignorance of the academy is curiously bracing. With the exception of the inevitable celebrities-Paul Ehrlich, Carl Sagan, Margaret Mead, Barry Commoner, and so on-academics rarely appear on television. The academy is woefully underrepresented on situation comedies, virtually absent from movies, and generally used, if at all, as a conveniently squalid backdrop for dreary "academic" novels. The most frequent mention of the academy is to be found on the sports page-an ingenious "safety valve," as the prescient Eliot had no doubt intended. Academics and the academy are largely ignored save in the most rarified of magazines.* The rest of the coverage is spotty, sensational, or dull, and routinely confined to natural and manmade disasters on campus. Even Boston University president John Silber's revelation in 1976 that Robert Hutchins had been "successfully cloned" went unreported.

Y AND LARGE, American laymen do not even know that they do not know-again a tribute to the academy's veiled designs. The following test may prove instructive:

- 1) Name five college presidents.
- 2) Name three scholarly journals.

- 3) Which of the following are most likely to be sexually active with their students: a) anthropologists; b) physicists: c) medievalists?
- 4) What is the size (within 100,000) of the American professoriat?
- 5) What is the Inglefinger Rule? 6) Which of the following does not belong: a) NEA; b) AFT; c) AAUP; d) FTE?
- 7) What is the Stockholm Syn-

The uniformly atrocious results registered nationally on this exercise are suggestive. Indeed, a recent Gallup poll, which doubtless sent ripples of (silent) satisfaction through the academic community, revealed that the percentage of respondents with no opinion about college teachers had doubled in the course of a year. According to the poll, people were not thinking about college teachers as often as they were not thinking about undertakers.

Predictably, academy spokesmen disclaim responsibility for this sorry state of affairs. Far from acknowledging the anonymity they have cultivated so assiduously, they ingenuously claim instead that scholarship has an "outreach function" and must "serve its many publics." They deftly trace this attitude back to such distinguished forebears as the great Bernard Le Bovier de Fontenelle-esteemed as a great "popularizer" in his day-or even to our own Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose celebrated essay "The American Scholar" (1846) urged upon academics the necessity of "action." Is this withdrawal? On the contrary, affirmed sometime scholar and onetime HEW Secretary David Mathews, the academy has "shed its isolation reflex."

Skeptical academy-watchers counter that this remark was made to a carefully screened company of academicsincluding three alleged directors-at a secluded Virginia estate, for the academy guards its privacy jealously.* Was it not that same Fontenelle who, in 1686, proposed to a lecture-hall audience: "Let us content ourselves with being a select little band and not dis-

Excluding the results of athletic ontests, but including the academy's ery existence. When pressed about the eademy, academics tend to echo Gerude Stein's description of Oakland: There's no there there."

^{*} The influence of such magazines is in any case minimal, since all are competing for the same small pool of about 1,736,000 overeducated potential subscribers. Thus, as Peter Steinfels noted in Commonweal, The Nation is trying to "win over New Republic readers who are restless with The New Republic's efforts to win over Commentary readers who are restless with Commentary's efforts to win over Na-tional Review's readers who, thanks to liberal permissiveness and McGuffey's textbooks, are the only growing source of literates.'

^{*} Not so the privacy of others, interestingly. At least two academy affiliates, the American Historical Association and the American Political Science Association, have sought to obtain recordings of the telephone conversations of Henry Kissinger, a controversial former aca-

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close our mysteries to the people"? Was it not that same Emerson who refused to join the antislavery protests of the 1840s "lest the Angry muse put confusion in my brain"?

In theory, then, academics are as free as you or I to discourse, dispute, dissemble, or act silly in public. In practice, they are all under gag orders. The so-called Segal Amendment, hurriedly promulgated by the directorate after the publication in 1970 of Love Story, even "advised" academics who simply must write popular books to "consider the anonymity of a pseudonym." (A report in the semi-official Chronicle of Higher Education implies that the amendment is being vigorously enforced.)

Academics cannot be too careful. As University of Chicago sociologist Edward Shils noted approvingly in The American Scholar, academic freedom should be construed as "freedom to conform to the academic ethos," an engagingly Stalinist formulation, * Shils proposed that the academic ethos, currently incarnate only in its penal code, be embodied in a kind of Hippocratic oath for professors-with specific provisions, of course, for "publishing and political activities." "Nor limelight shall I seek, nor glare of klieg," reads one version now in the directorate's hopper, "but only the light of truth, yea, and a bushel o'er't."

ow does the academy work? Unfortunately, while there are many deans of academic studies, there are few professors of it. The rare scholar who probes his profession is, to say the least, discouraged.** As a result, the physiology of the academy remains sketchy. "We're pretty sure that the liver exists," explained one surgeon in Catch-22, "and we have a fairly good idea of what it's doing when it's doing what it's supposed to be doing. Beyond that, we're really in the dark."

Documents found last year on a

*It is not for nothing that the most
prestigious Soviet scholars are called
"academicians."

*** Witness the response to a recent canvass of faculty opinion published in the Chronicle: "You are parasites on the academy," screamed one shaken academic; "Lay off!" Later, writing in the academy-approved New York Review of Books, he despaired lest the surveys "quickly find their way into the press."

known academic suggest that the ac emy even now resorts to crude atter at self-help behavior control as arm of its effort to keep the rank-a file in line. In a thinly disguised "ha book" for scholars, reputed acade enforcer and Rice University pro sor Jane Chance Nitzsche reason that since new academics could chair neither the world nor the acader "changing yourself remains the alternative." She counseled dress like one's colleagues ("If they we jeans, wear jeans; if suits, suits") a requesting copies of the vitae used recent promotions. "Once you ha studied a selection of these," summed up, "you can begin to mor your own vita-and your career-up that of the newly promoted professor

The fruits of conformity are adm tedly tantalizing. The academy w give succor to its stalwarts wherev they be, "U.S ACADEMY PRESSING IND NESIA AND MALI ON 5 MISSING SCIE TISTS" reads one familiar headline fro the New York Times. Scholars tireles ly collect signatures in support of a grieved academics around the worl But woe to the huddled masses where the statement of the state

lack a Ph.D. By the same token, the academy quick to heap odium on maverick Like other human beings, academi are not immune to popular acclaim: some have virtually enfeoffed ther selves to popularity. Astronomer Ca Sagan, for example, was read out the academy after his second appear ance on the "Tonight Show." At abo the same time, Boston University dea Stephen Joel Trachtenberg was place on probation after appearing in "Dewar's Profile." (He was grudgin ly reinstated after acceding to the pres dency of the University of Hartford And only last year a wrangle of your philosophers was censured for propo ing to hire a "PR-type" to enhance philosophy's public image. Such chur have been academy targets since 190 when Harvard's Bliss Perry scornful identified that "newer type of colle, professor" whose "photograph assaul your eye in the marketplace."

Some academics, naturally, leave thacademy on their own accord. After

*The directorate recently denied visa to a British academic who was ask to tape a segment on the BBC and we advised that the fee would be twen guineas. "Fine," replied the scholar. "I whom shall I make out the cheque?"

ppointing sales on his second book, omist John Kenneth Galbraith tend his resignation in 1952, vowing er again to place myself at the cy of the technical economists who the tremendous power to ignore t I had written." Historian Arthur esinger, Jr., was weaned away more lually, resigning finally in the mid-Os. (He was a closet academic ughout the Camelot years, how-, and when asked by Robert Kenv to help involve intellectuals in lic life, followed the directorate's and frankly "stalled for a time, ing they would forget.")

cademics who have spent time out: the academy are rarely welcomed k. Few wish to return. Does Ana-Dobrynin wish to return? Yet the cess of separation can be grueling. en academic Charles Schultze beachairman of President Carter's incil of Economic Advisers in 1977, was required, according to one unified report, to make a "candid wal of intellectual bankruptcy," a orful academy ritual resembling the estiture of Richard III.

The persistence of this prodigal facn makes it hard to determine preely who is in the academy and who not. Here are some handy rules of imb. No one who teaches in a cominity college is a member. People iose disciplines are welded to their mes ("economist Paul Samuelson," istorian Henry Steele Commager," ehaviorist B.F. Skinner") are not ally academy members but have been pped to fill one of about thirty "at rge" slots controlled by the general ıblic. (Total academy membership: out 600,000.) Those with "controrsial" before their names ("controrsial UCLA psychologist Arthur Jenn") have probably been expelled; ose with "former" ("former Benningn College president Gail Thain Parer") have almost certainly resigned. Most telling are the callosities of eir pens: If a person puts quotation arks around "real world" or its varnts, he is probably an academic. hus, "I wanted to escape the ivory wers of Oxford," A.J.P. Taylor reently recalled, "and go into what I nagined was 'real life'" (italics ine). Compare that with this descripon of Playmate "Tina from Salina" a recent issue of a representative onacademic journal: "Back in the real world, she's been living with a wonderful, strong, cheerful man."

The authority of the academy is decisive among its membership, but it cuts less ice in the outside world. Academy theoretician Shils contends that the "jurisdiction of the academic ethos" extends beyond the university; infractions occurring outside the university (terra nullius) should nevertheless be tried in academy courts. Thomas à Becket died for a similar principle. Even so, it is not widely respected, particularly by the media.

The academy and the media have not had normal relations since 1916, when the New York Times blithely denounced "academic freedom" as a sham.* Publicly, the academy still touts press coverage as A Good Thing, like rain in Chad, and both camps maintain the fiction of a cordial friendship, if not a cabal. During a recent symposium at the American Enterprise Institute, for instance, Yale professor Robert Bork referred to the academy's "satellite group, the media." Moments later, New York University professor Irving Kristol pointed to the academy's "allies, the press and the clergy." Such sentiments are voiced by journalists as well. Thus, Fortune editor A. James Reichley observed in 1971 that "the suggestion of one critic that many national journalists now function as a kind of 'lesser clergy' for the academic elite is not far from correct."

In truth, each side conscientiously avoids the other's turf.** During the summer and fall of 1976, the academy's political science and history journals scrupulously omitted all reference to the impending national election. The journal of the American Historical Association weighed in instead with "Some Arguments in Defense of the Venetians on the Fourth Crusade." For

* Presumably the Times was unable to accommodate the academy's rather different attitude toward the confidentiality of source material.

their part, the media have embargoed all but the most banal stories about the academy. Last year, more than half of all news items relating to higher education were, in fact, simply drawn randomly from newspaper morgues. These included a mood-on-campus roundup, two dormitory fires, three tenure disputes, and a witty commencement address by George Plimpton that has appeared on the Op-Ed page of the New York Times, under various bylines, every June for the past six years.

Privately, however, worried academy sources admit that the current system of scorn mitigated by indifference is not trouble-free. A 1972 study, reinforcing a 1938 study, revealed that professors are still portrayed in the media as pedantic, awkward, queer, dull, and repressed. When academic research is depicted, in fully half the cases it leads to murder-far higher than the actual percentage. Nor do newspaper and magazine editors hesitate to run devastating, piquant, often irresistibly titillating profiles of libidinous or abrasive college presidents. Esquire, for example, has not run a "serious" article on the academy in decades; however, it did play up the election of a male transvestite as president of the senior class at Vassar in 1974. "Everybody loves to read a story about an elitist institution being embarrassed," confessed one unrepentant Washington Post re-

What's a scholar to do? Until help arrives, the academy recommends continence and self-restraint. Beyond that, it has marshalled its own considerable resources to counteract publicity or appeasement of publicists whenever they rear their heads. Journalist Fred Hechinger, for example, was condemned in the academy-controlled Council for Basic Education Bulletin for his "simplistic advice" to "make peace with television." Jacob Bronowski was denounced for not aiming The Ascent of Man at specialists. When philosopher Saul Kripke ventured some comments on Watergate, he was admonished by a colleague to "confine himself to modal logic." The academy position was aptly expressed by a scholar writing in Change magazine, which in much of the academic world occupies roughly the status of Izvestiya. Objecting to the publication of another academic's letter to the editor, the scholar wrote: "The editor's note that 'one

^{**} Just as conscientiously, both sides deny that they do so. When a New York-er correspondent asked the producer of the "Tonight Show" why he featured so few intellectuals, the producer responded with "bewilderment." "That just isn't true," he said. "We've had some of the finest minds I know—Carl Sagan, Paul Ehrlich, Margaret Mead, Gore Vidal, Shana Alexander, Madalyn Murray O'Hair." None of these, of course, is now an academy member, and three of them never were.

professor should be as free to speak out as another'... is unpersuasive nonsense."

The upshot is that visibility is a genuine liability; in contests between the visibles and the invisibles, the visibles usually lose. (Hence the so-called Stockholm Syndrome: The success of any effort is inversely proportionate to the number of Nobel laureates who promote it.) Support from economist John Kenneth Galbraith (and two Nobelists) did not avail young Sam Bowles during his much publicized tenure row at Harvard in 1973. In a similar 1964 case, Woodrow Wilson Savre, author of a widely read book on his ascent of Everest, was denied tenure at Tufts on the ground that he had not "published."* Outspoken academy nemesis Hechinger noted at the time that the "mortal academic sin" may be that a book "sells." He added that many people had never forgiven sociologist David Riesman for allowing The Lonely Crowd to blossom into a best-seller.

IKE FINLAND, most scholars may be trusted to police themselves. (One forthcoming survey reveals that 96 percent of all academics regard "evaluation by peers" more highly than "public acclaim.") Without compulsion or compunction, for example, the Physical Review Letters rejects all papers whose contents have already appeared in the popular press. According to academy guardian Rae Goodell of M.I.T. this is the so-called Inglefinger ("publish in a journal or perish") Rule, christened for the New England Journal of Medicine editor who pioneered the concept. It is now academy policy: two years ago, the Washington Post reported on research about to be presented to a scholarly conclave; the scholar, citing the publicity, promptly withdrew his paper.

Other scholars, however, are less mindful of their obligations. In March, 1977, a report published in the New York Times suggested that the Aztees practiced cannibalism to counteract a severe protein deficiency. The article, based on a paper about to be published

in the American Ethnologist, was immediately denounced in a telegram to the newspaper signed by seventeen academics. "Things like this need to get in the scholarly journals where they can be debated," chided one of the signers, an academy member at the University of Texas, "but not in the popular press, where people are likely to believe anything they read."

A sadder case is that of controversial former City College dean Theodore Gross, who was plainly used by the directorate as an object lesson, Gross published an article critical of "open admissions" in Saturday Review, until its takeover last year an academytolerated organ. Saturday Review changed the title of the article from the vaguely Augustinian "Open Admissions: A Confessional Meditation" to the more direct "How to Kill a College: The Private Papers of a Campus Dean." It splashed a picture of City College on the cover, pierced by a dagger dripping with blood.

Much of the academy, if polled, would have shared Gross's point of view. Not so his methods. Gross saw the writing on the wall and reacted swiftly. According to reports in the Chronicle of Higher Education, he dubbed the title "cruel" and accused the magazine of sensationalism. But it was a pointless effort and Gross was forced to resign. Cognizant of his efforts to disown the essay, however, the academy allowed him to retain a position as professor of history.

The most intriguing test of will between the academy and the press stemmed from the search for a new president of Yale. Yale early signed on the directorate as a consultant to the search committee: the academy demanded that notes be burned after each meeting and that meetings be held in secret.* The importance of the job was blandly played down by academy spokesmen. "It's hard to see why anyone would want it," said one source close to the committee. The academy did its work well-at least within the academy, "It's like living in Moscow," said William Zinsser, Master of Yale's Branford College. "Everyone is latching on to rumors and nothing officis being said."

The ever-playful press took this a challenge. In the following mont the New York Times and the Washiv ton Post alone published three edirials and scores of articles on the st ject, a half-dozen of them on the fropage. They ridiculed the secrecy. The speculated. They staked out candidat homes. The Post scooped the Timon Rosovsky's rejection; the Timescooped the Post on Giamatti's seltion.

No doubt at academy instigation search committee chairman Willia Bundy denounced the spectacle as "ke hole journalism." Soon afterward the Yale trustees, advised by academy of rectors to come up with some bizar public-relations gimmick to deflect a tention, announced that Hanna Graerstwhile acting president of the school would henceforward be known as the eighteenth president of Yale, effecting upon her departure for the president of the University of Chicago.

LARE-UPS ASIDE, THEN, th academy's overall performance has been impressive. Accord ing to one recent study, th higher the academic standards scholarly research, the less impact th research will have. And most ac demics are heartened by apostate Ada Yarmolinsky's observation that "at the moment, the American scholar's rel tions with the outside world [N.B. are worse than his relations with h mother-in-law." At the same time, son thoughtful academics are concerne that, try as it may, the academy ma vet make a useful contribution to th republic. They worry in particular the the directorate's pace-setting creation of instant "former presidents" may u timately have beneficent application to our national political life.

Some detractors would abolish the academy altogether, in part on an at thetic grounds, in part because the suspect its motives. Amid our currer apathy, for example, few paused note that while college and university enrollments last year declined by 1. percent, tuition fees rose by 9.5 percent. Our village Sagans and mute in glorious Galbraiths have much to gai if these trends continue.

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 19

^{*} His students claimed that judged on this criterion, Socrates would never have received tenure. The administration said yes, but Plato would have. The academy's candidate for tenure was translator Benjamin Jowett.

^{*} Standard academy procedure. Thus, during a survey at the University of Tennessee at Chattanoga, the local academy affiliate advised scholars not to write but to "type all responses and comments, preferably on a machine with no unusual or distinguishing characteristics."

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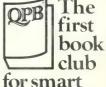


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MORAL BLUEPRINTS

On regulating the ethics of engineers

by Samuel C. Florm

Technethics: The responsible use of science, technology, and ethics in a society shaped by technology.

—Britannica Book of the Year, 1973

"New Words and Meanings"

HE JOINING TOGETHER of technology and ethics, two of the most supercharged words of this decade, was not an etvmological success (as was bioethics, for instance), but in all other respects the union appears to thrive. Most people agree that this is all to the good: ethics rejuvenated and applied to technology; technology tempered by ethical considerations. Technethics seems to be just what is needed, as the proliferation of sermons, seminars, grants, articles, newsletters, conferences, professional codes, and academic courses devoted to this theme solemnly testifies.

Of course, worries about the ethics of technology did not begin in 1973. Atomic weapons have troubled the public conscience since 1945. By 1960, when Vance Packard called us "wastemakers," we were already concerned about the world's diminishing natural resources. Soon Rachel Carson and Ralph Nader were expressing their anxieties, and the Club of Rome announced that environmental catastrophe was imminent. But it was not until the oil embargo and energy panic of 1973 that concern about the effects of technology reached pathological intensitv.

That same year, the Agnew scandal embarrassed the embassies of technology with its revelation that several prominent engineers had been involved in illegal payoffs. Previous incidents had raised questions about the integrity of technological enterprise and were recalled with much wringing of hands. In 1968, at the B. F. Goodrich plant in Troy, Ohio, test results were falsified so that faulty aircraft brakes might be accepted for use on the U.S. Air Force A-7D. In March, 1972, three engineers were peremptorily dismissed by the management of BART (the San Francisco Bay Area Rapid Transit) for speaking to the board of directors about inadequacies in the train control system being furnished by the Westinghouse Electric Corporation.

In a different era these episodes might have been forgotten, but in the revisionist political climate of the 1970s they were resurrected to become the canon of a new folklore. Concerned engineers and observers of the engineering scene would point to these incidents repeatedly as evidence of the need for new ethical standards.

N OCTOBER, 1971, an international symposium was held at the newly established Joseph and Rose Ken-L nedy Institute for the Study of Reproduction and Bioethics at Georgetown University. The meeting concluded with a call for federal funds to support research and teaching in the area of science and values. Usually such statements disappear into dignified obscurity, but this one was reported prominently by the press and was cited at Congressional hearings. The message was heard at the National Science Foundation (NSF), where within a month a task force was at work studying the contributions the NSF might make. Similar conce were voiced at the National Endment for the Humanities (NEH), wh joined with the NSF in 1973 to nounce its eagerness to fund program

Interest and anxiety had been gro ing. Now the all-important final ing dient-government money-was hand. At present the NSF's program Ethics and Values in Science and Te nology, funded at just under \$1.5 m lion annually, awards about twen grants a year, mostly to scientists a engineers. The NEH's Program of S ence, Technology, and Human Valu -which supports the work of phil ophers, historians, and other huma ists-has an annual budget of \$ million, and awards about fifty gran Interdisciplinary activity is encourage and funded by a number of joint NS NEH grants. Although the majority recipients are colleges and universiti substantial grants are also made museums, scientific and engineeri societies, and other nonprofit insti

During the five years since the NS NEH program was announced, ever have lent new urgency to the techne ics crusade. The DC-10 catastrop over Paris in March, 1974, was caus by a faulty rear cargo door that, a cording to falsely certified recorves as aid to have been repaired. Dring a fire at the Tennessee Valley Athority's Brown Ferry nuclear pow plant in March, 1975, a reactor rout of control for almost seven hour safety improvements recommended

Samuel C. Florman is a contributing ed of Harper's and the author of The Exist tial Pleasures of Engineering.

nment inspectors had been de I because of cost. In February, three General Electric engineers red in protest over what they dered to be inadequate safety sions in the design of nuclear

r plants.

smaved by such scandals and unabout the initiatives taken by me and the government, practicngineers hurried to join the cru-In late 1974, the Engineers Counr Professional Development adoptnew Code of Ethics of Engineers, h was quickly endorsed by most e major engineering societies. The ties have long observed codes hics, but these have traditionally sed gentlemanly conduct rather concern for the public welfare. ingineer was to be honest and imial; he was to avoid conflicts of est: he was not to criticize a felprofessional; and mainly, he was to compete for commissions on the s of price (an injunction that the reme Court disallowed in April as plation of antitrust laws). The first on of the revised code now reads:

Ingineers shall hold paramount he safety, health, and welfare of he public in the performance of heir professional duties.

he original code had enjoined the ineer to show "due regard" for the lic. In revision, "proper regard" proposed and rejected as a weak apromise; only "paramount" would Most engineers seem to agree that revised statement is worthy of apval. Nobody, however, seems to be e of its precise meaning, whether not it can be taught, and if it can, w, and by whom.

Skeptics-both within academe and hout-argue that moral character formed in the home, the church, and community, and cannot be modd in a college classroom or profesnal symposium. I cannot agree with skeptics on this count. Most evil s are committed not by villains but her by decent human beings-in peration, momentary weakness, or inability to discern what is morally ht amid the discordant claims of cumstances. The determination to good may be molded at an early e, but we grapple all our lives with definition of what is good, or at st acceptable. I see nothing inher-

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Write for "The Art of Creating Fine Wines" E & J Gallo Winery, Dept. 14, Modesto, Ca. 95353 ly wrong with doing some of that grappling in the classroom.

An ethics program for engineers is no doubt a prudent step for society, akin to an inoculation of gamma globulin. Even so, I am apprehensive about the possible consequences of an uncritical acceptance of the new engineering ethics in articles and speeches, and worst of all in classroom lectures. The revised code, which accurately reflects the current mood of guilt and introspection, is based upon the deceptive platitude that the professional's primary obligation is to the public-"the ultimate client," according to one teacher of engineering ethics. The engineer is no longer to be guided by his employer's wishes or instructions, or by his own creative imagination, as constrained by laws, regulations, and technical parameters. He must answer first to what his conscience tells him is best for the common good. Technethics, born of public outrage, ends by seeking solutions in private virtue.

If this appeal to conscience were to be followed literally, chaos would ensue. Ties of loyalty and discipline would dissolve, and organizations would shatter. Blowing the whistle on one's superiors would become the norm, instead of a last and desperate resort. It is unthinkable that each engineer determine to his own satisfaction what criteria of safety, for example, should be observed in each problem he encounters. Any product can be made safer at greater cost, but absolute freedom from risk is an illusion. Thus, acceptable standards must be specifically established by code, by regulation, or by law, or where these do not exist, by management decision based upon standards of legal liability. Public-safety policies are determined by legislators, bureaucrats, judges, and juries, in response to facts presented by expert advisers. Many of our legal procedures seem disagreeable, particularly when lives are valued in dollars, but since an approximation of the public will does appear to prevail, I cannot think of a better way to proceed. It would be a poor policy indeed that relied upon the wisdom of individual engineers.

There have been a few cases in which scientists far in the forefront of some exotic field—splitting the atom or research in recombinant DNA—have had special problems of con-

science. But such rare instances, interesting as they may be, have little pertinence to the responsibilities of the average technologist.

It will be argued that the pledge to serve the public is not intended to transform each engineer into an independent review authority, but simply to serve as an ideal. Yet even as an ideal the precept is insidious. Just as some lawyers dedicate themselves to protecting consumers or prosecuting criminals, so there are engineers in public service who do the research, write the codes, and make the inspections that keep technology in check. Engineering has a place for both the creator and the guardian; the dynamic tension between the two is crucial to social vitality and has been obscured by the shapers of the new engineering ethics. The existence of an adequate cadre of public-service engineers depends mainly upon the determination of the public, who must support it. This determination can become weak if there is too much reliance upon morality.

Engineers are obliged to bring integrity and competence to whatever work they undertake. But they should not be counted upon to consider paramount the welfare of the human race. An engineer who declines a commission in deference to his scruples will only pass it along to a colleague of less-refined sensibility. Vows of rectitude will not reform reality. The ethically sensitive engineer should welcome effective regulations, laws, and definitions of legal liability within which he can energetically pursue his calling.

HE NEW ETHICS does not stop with considerations of public safety, but goes on to hold the engineer accountable for the quality of life in this technological age. Not wanting to be taunted as mere cogs in the social machine, engineers enjoy the messianic importance that comes with the title "shapers of culture." The new interdisciplinary courses they are taking, to quote an NSF-funded report, "attempt to develop skills to bring about value-sensitive social change." The president of the Polytechnic Institute of New York has proposed a new precept for the profession: "We shall in general design our systems so as to enhance and glor man, not dehumanize him."

It is difficult to quarrel with this a jective. But just as the ethicists ha failed to distinguish between create and guardians, so have they confus the functions of solving problems a establishing goals. The problem-solvannot factor his personal fancy in each equation. He must operate with constraints and expectations set those who commission his work.

An engineer designing a monor car for a rapid transit system can become an expert in acoustics, urb planning, and the habits of woodla birds, and at the same time be an opert designer of monorails. Nor can do his best work if he is excessive apprehensive about the consequent of his every move. He must have confidence that other members of socie are doing their jobs—planning citi and protecting birds.

Engineers can (and should) co tribute to public policy as citizens, b this is very different from filteri their everyday work through a sie of ethical sensitivity.

As a class, engineers have neith the power nor the right to plan soci change. If they did, we might be we on our way to George Orwell's 198 Fortunately, engineers are no mo agreed upon how to organize the wor than are politicians, novelists, dentis or philosophers. Should we risk of spills and increase our reserves by o shore drilling? Accept the hazards pesticides in order to feed hungry pe ple? Stop building a dam and th protect an endangered fish? These a political questions; it is pathetic an a little frightening to see citizens a dicate their responsibilities by assig ing them to the realm of engineering ethics.

Should professionals work only oprojects that they as citizens approved. The new ethics implies as much. Coventional wisdom suggests that it is the duty of enlightened professionals lead. But, paradoxically, it is essentional should serve. I on heard Isaac Stern and Eugene Istom discuss this paradox as it bedevils performing artists. Stern believed that was obliged to use his musical art further his political beliefs, promoting good" causes and boycotting "baones. Istomin argued that a musicil has a responsibility to perform whe

people want to hear music. Reg this debate to engineering, I to side with Istomin. If each peris entitled to medical care and representation, is it not equally ortant that each legitimate business v, government agency, and cit-3' group should have access to exengineering advice? If so, then it ws that engineers (within the limf conscience) will sometimes labor sehalf of causes in which they do believe. Such a tolerant view also es it easier for engineers to make

IBERALS ARE NOT ALONE in their advocacy of technethics. People in the business and professional communities see technethics a welcome opportunity repudiate the government controls v detest and fear. Witness, for exple, American Viewpoint, Inc., an ustry-supported, nonprofit "educanal corporation" located in Chapel I, North Carolina, whose directors lude the president of the National sociation of Manufacturers, the extive vice-president of the American dical Association, the assistant to president of the American Mining ngress, and other representatives of tablishment America. In 1976 this ganization published a volume of esrs entitled The Ethical Basis of Ecomic Freedom and sent copies to all S. Senators, 1,000 banks, all comnies on the "Fortune 500" list, many llege presidents, and the deans of ost graduate schools. The funding r this distribution came, in part, om William E. Simon, then Secrery of the Treasury, now chairman American Viewpoint's board of dictors. Mr. Simon wrote the book's including essay, "A Challenge to Free nterprise."

In November of last year this orgaization took full-page advertisements the nation's leading newspapers to amounce the founding of an Ethics esource Center. The essence of the merican Viewpoint message is exressed in one sentence from that anouncement: "When honesty and eths sink down, centralized authority nd coercive regulations rise up." A pecial message is addressed to the naon's professional organizations, prolaimed, one can almost imagine, with a wink: "The more trust earned, the fewer restrictions needed.'

Thus, from both the Left and the Right we find zealous armies marching under the banner of technethics. (Every army marches under a holy banner, which is why I feel edgy when I see such banners on the horizon.) These forces are dangerous because they attack from different directions the policy that is our best hope-the formulation of specific rules and regulations equal to the complexities of our technology.

The regulations need not all be legislated, but they must be formally codified. If we are now discovering that there are tens of thousands of potentially dangerous substances in our midst, then they simply must be tested, the often-confusing results debated, and decisions made by democratically designated authorities-decisions that will be challenged and revised again and again. The Clean Water Act, passed by Congress in 1972, was modified last year by more than 100 amendments. Now the Environmental Protection Agency-under the watchful eye of industry, environmental groups, and local governments-is drawing up detailed regulations, scheduled for issue in late 1979. The announced EPA policy is to encourage local planning and enforcement of waste-treatment programs within federal standards that will eventually cover twenty-one categories of industries, and perhaps 400 subcategories. This is an excruciatingly laborious business, but it cannot be avoided by appealing to the good instincts of engineers.

If the multitude of new regulations and clumsy bureaucracies has made life difficult for corporate executives, the solution is not in promising to be good and eliminating the controls, but rather in consolidating the controls themselves and making them rational. The world's technological problems cannot even be formulated, much less solved, in terms of ethical rhetoric: especially in engineering, good intentions are a poor substitute for good sense, talent, and hard work.

No wonder that so many peopleintimidated by complexity, impatient with detail, and jealous of privilegehave seized upon the false belief that technological utopia depends mainly upon moral reformation.

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 1978



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EXPORTING PETTIFOGGERY

American trade and regulation add up to a deficit

by Tom Bethe

ITHIN THE PAST YEAR there has been a good deal of comment about the nation's unfavorable balance of trade, which amounted to an excess of imports over exports of \$27.8 billion in 1977. By contrast, ten years ago the country enjoyed a \$4 billion trade surplus. Thus dollars have been flowing abroad; and the value of the dollar in relation to some other currencies has been declining. The customary explanation for this-favored by President Carter and others in his Administration-is that we now have to import greater quantities of much more expensive oil. We are therefore implored to use less oil so that our trade might be brought back into balance.

Upon examination, this explanation turns out to be a tendentious, not to say ideological, way of looking at the matter. Germany and Japan, for example, import greater quantities of oil in relation to their gross national product than the United States does. And so they have done for many years. It is not so much our imports that have been increasing as our exports that have been decreasing. America's market share of world exports has steadily declined from 18 percent in 1960 to 12.7 percent in 1977. (Had our market share remained at 18 percent, U.S. exports last year would have been \$60 billion greater, converting the large trade deficit into an even larger surplus.) That is another way of looking at the matter: perhaps equally ideological, but less often discussed.

It is sometimes said that the United States does not have an "export ethic." Within the past few years, however, the truism has been given a new twist. Neglect is turning into positive abhorrence. Exports are in danger of being labeled "unethical." Carter's human rights policy under Assistant Secretary of State Patricia M. Derian is having the effect, apparently intentional, of converting former allies and trading partners into enemies. ("Two years ago I was standing on the flag," Derian told a group of Democratic contributors recently. "Now it is on the wall behind me.") The nuclear nonproliferation pact has caused Brazil to shift all its government purchases away from the United States.

Further, the U.S. government does not provide the same assistance and commercial promotion abroad that other governments routinely do. After more than a year and a half in office, Carter still has not appointed anyone to the President's Export Council. Inflation prompts potential businessmen to turn instead to bonds and other government paper. The pervasive antibusiness background (e.g., restrictive tax policies limiting venture capital) also hurts exports. Finally, but not Tom Bethell is a Washington editor of Harper's

least, we should pay attention to vigorous activities of those who fashionably counterproductive, notal the environmentalists.

Consider the lawsuit filed by "public interest" law center called to Natural Resources Defense Coun (and filed jointly by the National A dubon Society) a week before the Coter Administration took office. NRI is one of the largest of approximate 100 public-interest law centers, a nuber of which were initially funded, a are currently sustained, by grants from the Ford Foundation, which in the paine years has spent \$20 million exact institutions. That is nearly he of all financial support given to public-interest law centers.

The lawsuit, filed in the U.S. D trict Court for the District of Colum bia, sought to require Eximbank, t Export-Import Bank of the Unit States, to apply the same procedur for the protection of foreign enviro ments as have been developed in a cent years to protect the domestic en ronment. In short, Eximbank, whi makes loans to foreign countries facilitate their purchases of U. goods, technologies, and services, wou be required to file an "environment impact statement" before making a for eign loan. The Washington law firm White & Case, which represented t Mid-America Legal Foundation wh it intervened on behalf of Eximba several months after the initial filir noted in a "status memorandum" ea ly this year that

the ramifications of this lawsuit, if successful, could be enormous. In 1976, for example, Eximbank credits and guarantees supported nearly \$12 billion in U.S. export sales to 157 markets. These sales were related to an Eximbank-estimated 500,000 American jobs. If even a small portion of these sales were

st through the encumbrance of cimbank with the time-consumg, tedious, and expensive process preparing gratuitous assessments foreign environmental effects, e result would be disastrous.

e are two principal reasons for foretaste of disaster. In the first America no longer enjoys a nological or manufacturing advanover foreign competitors, and fore the deciding factor in a maoreign sale is often the speed with th Eximbank's financing can be ided. Eximbank usually reacts to ications for loans within a matter few weeks; but a study by the eral Accounting Office showed that ronmental impact statements, on age, delayed projects by thirty-one ths. Clayton Norris, as deputy vicesident of Eximbank's Project Depment Division, has said that eed is of the essence in working successful export transactions.' ik loan procedures, if subjected to impact statements, ironmental ould totally collapse, and bank options would come to a virtual stand-1."

The other difficulty would arise out the breach of confidentiality inved in making the extensive economand environmental inquiries in the eign countries involved, and then omulgating these findings in accordce with the National Environmen-Policy Act, or NEPA.

HE CONGRESS, perhaps unconsciously, delivered a powerful weapon into the hands of the public-interest law movement hen, in 1969, it enacted NEPA, acording to which the government is quired to assess the "environmental pact" of any "major" federal acon ("major" has never been precisely efined). This assessment takes the orm of an "environmental impact attement," to be written by the federal gency contemplating the action in usestion.

From the point of view of the publicterest lawyer, by now comfortably asconced within the Environmental efense Fund, or the Natural Repurces Defense Council, or the Sierra lub Legal Defense Fund, or the Centr for Law and Social Policy, and nanced in part by the proceeds from

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sale of Ford automobiles, the beauity of the environmental impact statement was that it could always be chal-

ged in court. A show of solicitouss for the environment, far from mollifying the environmentalist, tends to act as the red flag to the bull. Hitherto unsuspected complications within the environment could always be pointed out, thus delaying and delaying a proposed project. It was precisely in anticipation of such legal challenges that preparing environmental impact statements became such a time-consuming business. And it was in the tireless deployment of such legal challenges that the environmentalist eventually became the object of the following suspicion: that it wasn't so much the smoke coming out of the factory chimney that he objected to, as the activity going on within the factory itself.

Not long after the environmental movement was firmly established at home, the discovery was made that it might also be possible to "export" environmentalism. The legislative history of NEPA is not precise on the subject of how far the "environment" extends, perhaps because Congress did not anticipate the fanaticism that would come to surround the subject. The act had said merely that "major federal actions significantly affecting the quality of the human environment" shall be assessed; but Sen. Henry Jackson of Washington had also inserted into the Congressional Record, during a floor debate on October 8, 1969, the following summary of an earlier House-Senate conference: "Although the influence of the U.S. policy will be limited outside its own borders, the global character of ecological relationships must be the guide for domestic activities."

It was not long before lawsuits were filed challenging federal actions overseas. In 1974, for example, the Sierra Club and the Natural Resources Defense Council jointly sued the Atomic Energy Commission and Eximbank, requiring that they prepare impact statements on the "nuclear power export program." The issue of the extraterritorial application of NEPA was not decided in court, however, because the Atomic Energy Commission agreed to prepare a "generic" impact statement (as opposed to a specific one).

Concern about nuclear reactors seems reasonable enough. As Charles Warren, the current chairman of President Carter's Council on Environmental Quality, has pointed out, Eximbank authorized a loan of \$277 million in December, 1975, to permit the Philippines to buy a nuclear reactor, and an environmental impact statement, had one been written, would have revealed that "the Philippine Islands are located in an earthquake belt."

UT THE SUIT FILED in early 1977 by NRDC against Eximbank shows that environmenlalists are also prepared to go to unreasonable lengths in pursuit of what is now occasionally described as "environmental imperialism." For several years, the Republic of Gabon has been attempting to build a 440mile railroad across the heart of Gabon. The railroad, passing through swamps and forests, is intended to link the mineral-rich interior of the country to the coast, and so has been described as "the backbone of that country's future economic development." Numerous firms from different countries have joined in its construction, including a New York engineering firm, which was engaged to provide "consultative quality control services" for the continuing construction of the railroad. This firm received a \$4.6 million loan commitment from Eximbank. (The entire railroad will cost more than \$1 billion.)

"Modest though the American involvement may be," Charles N. Brower of the White & Case law firm has noted, "it has now become the basis of an attempt to extend the procedural provisions of NEPA into the heart of Gabon." The construction may endanger the "habitats" of gorillas, crocodiles, buffalo, and elephants, the NRDC has warned in its suit against Eximbank, and so environmental impact statements are called for, statements that would no doubt take months if not years to prepare, inevitably resulting in the government of Gabon's purchasing its quality control services else-

The lawyer in the Justice Department responsible for defending Eximbank against this challenge turned out to be James W. Moorman, who was appointed Assistant Attorney General of the Lands and Natural Resour-Division in May, 1977, Other lawy in Washington who have been folk ing this case have expressed doubts to Moorman's enthusiasm for defer ing Eximbank, because before comi to the Justice Department, Moorm was, from 1971 to 1977, executive rector of and attorney for the Siei Club Legal Defense Fund. It was, course, the Sierra Club that h brought the almost identical s against the AEC and Eximbank thr vears earlier, and Moorman, while e ecutive director, had recommend that the Sierra Club be party to th

Moorman's subsequent involveme in the case raised the thorny matt of "conflict of interest," but with a d ference. Normally the phrase refers the possibility that someone might gi financial assistance to former co leagues by construing the government rules in such a way as to help ther In Moorman's case, the appearance conflict of interest was ideological not financial. Although he had worke for the Sierra Club, and was now the position of defending against challenge by NRDC, the two organiz tions shared many of the same goa and had, in fact, jointly sued the go ernment at least ten times while Moo man was with the Sierra Club. Moo man and Thomas B. Stoel, Jr., couns for NRDC, had served as co-counsel i the case that delayed construction the Alaska pipeline for three years.

It was certainly arguable that the "extreme" environmentalist—as Moo man had been characterized in a lette to the Senate Judiciary Committee oposing his nomination—would put loalty to the environment above all els and so would be a weak advocate fet the government against environmentalist attack.

Moorman's subsequent handling of the case did indeed raise the questio of where his loyalty lay. A key issus whenever an environmentalist sues the government is that of "standing." The is, why should environmentalists is Manhattan be allowed to sue the gornment on behalf of Gabonese crocediles, unless the environmentalists at able to show that they are personal going to suffer injury as a result of the death of such crocodiles? To show such a connection in court is to show one legal "standing."

mas Stoel, representing NRDC, andidly written to the Justice Deent on the "standing" question: problem is that we have virtually owledge of the current activities; Bank, so we have no way of a strating the connection between activities and the plaintiffs' mem' In which case, why had NRDC the suit in the first place? Clearly not in fact representing its memta was representing a cause.

spite the exceedingly weak legal on adopted by his current adver- (and former partner), in Septem-1977. Moorman withdrew an eargovernment motion challenging C's standing—a motion that had filed while the Justice Department still staffed by Ford Administrappointees. Thus, at one stroke man was able to dismantle what mself, in his public-interest lawyer, had described as "the greatest le in a suit with the federal governt." There now would be no enge to NRDC's standing.

December. 1977. Moorman was ked in a memorandum filed in t that suggested "an appearance mpropriety" in his role. He then orarily withdrew from representation of Eximbank, pending a "review" is status by the Justice Departt's Office of Legal Counsel. Eight this later, this review still has not completed.

leanwhile, the Eximbank case is behandled by Lois Schiffer, chief of General Litigation Section un-Moorman. She previously worked the Center for Law and Social icy, an organization that "has been tdily plugging the extraterritorial dication of NEPA since it was ened," according to a Washington ver who has taken an interest in case. Moorman, incidentally, is an alumnus of the Center for Law I Social Policy, having worked re as a staff attorney from 1969-71. Charles N. Brower noted in Decem-, 1977, "Mr. Moorman is at least reaucratically the man in charge," I even if he no longer is, it is clear t Eximbank will continue to be deded by lawyers more interested in environment than in exports. Exbank has expressed dissatisfaction h its legal representation, and has ed, unsuccessfully, to be represented lawyers of its own choosing.

S MATTERS HAVE DEVELOPED in the past few months, all three branches of government are wrangling over the complex matter of exports, the environment, and the law. In January, 1978, the Council on Environmental Quality issued draft provisions unequivocally stating that the "application of NEPA to significant environmental effects [is] not confined to the United States." The environmentalists had won this round. but there was much criticism of the draft regulations within some government departments, notably Commerce and State. Rowland Evans and Robert Novak wrote a column in which they claimed that "the proposed regulations were drawn secretly by CEO planners with apparent help from the Natural Resources Defense Council." Although this has not been independently confirmed, it is at least suggestive that Gus Speth, one of three CEQ members, was formerly an attorney with NRDC.

In response both to the NRDC suit against Eximbank and to CEO's draft regulations, the National Legal Center for the Public Interest (a public-interest law firm that, among other things, keeps an eye on what other such firms are up to) held a conference in April on "Environmental Restraints on U.S. Exports." The overall tone of the conference was critical of the overseas application of NEPA. Florencio Acosta, Mexico's Minister Counselor for Commercial Affairs, citing a recent cancellation of Eximbank financing in his country (due to U.S. domestic squabbling), noted that "the immediate repercussions on U.S. exports was the cancellation of steel pipe orders at a time when relief to the ailing U.S. steel industry would have been welcomed. Fortunately for Mexico, the existence of other money markets permitted the construction of the pipeline to develop a resource that would help better the conditions of our people.

An administrative assistant to Sen. Adlai E. Stevenson III. of Illinois, attended the conference and reported back his findings, and, in the early summer, Stevenson introduced to a bill extending Eximbank's charter an amendment that would have exempted the bank from any restrictions under NEPA. (Illinois is one of the principal exporting states.) But this amendment, which was passed by the Senate Banking Committee, was then "sequen-

tially referred" to the Senate Committee on the Environment—chaired by Sen. Edmund Muskie of Maine—where it was, as expected, unanimously opposed. (Maine has more scenery than factories.) There the matter stands in Congress. Senators are undoubtedly hoping that they will not have to commit themselves in a floor vote to being either against exports or against the environment.

Although the Carter Administration at the middle levels is riddled with environmentalists, word does seem to have reached the White House, belatedly, that all the world does not necessarily love them. Public-opinion polls on the subject tend to be misleading. If asked "Do you want clean air?" nearly everyone will say ves. But if the phrase "at the expense of exports" is added to the question, most people will say no. Weeks passed, then months, and still CEO's draft regulations were not recast into final and unalterable form. An Executive order has been issued that steers circumspectly between the extremes of commercialism and environmentalism, but that does not resolve, once and for all, the disputed legal question of whether Eximbank must conform to the provisions of NEPA.

As for the progress of the lawsuit against Eximbank at U.S. District Court, there has been very little action there, either, in recent months. In fact, eighteen months after the suit was filed, the government still has not filed a reply-a most unusual delay, and one that has been condoned by the judge in the expectation, it is thought, that one or another branch of government would alter the statutory rules in such a way as to render the case "moot." But to date this has not happened. Everyone involved is waiting for someone else to make the first move. Eximbank meanwhile continues to operate without the burden of NEPA on its

The American government, it has been said, is constructed in such a way as to make it extremely difficult for those newly arrived at the seats of power to do good. For this we may be grateful, however, because as the events surrounding the Eximbank case suggest, the same machinery of government makes it just as difficult for well-intentioned visionaries to do harm.

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 1978

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The following comparisons are based on latest U.S. Government figures for tar and nicotine.

Box or Menthol:

10 Carltons have <u>less</u> tar than 1:

Of all brands, lowest Carlton Box... less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.05 mg. nicotine

	Tar mg. cig.	Nicotine mg ug
Camel Filter Doral Doral Menthol Kent Kent Golden Lights Kent Golden Lights Menthol Kool Milds L&M L&M Lights Lark Marlboro Marlboro Lights Marlboro Menthol Merit Merit Menthol Multifilter Newport Parliament Raleigh Real	mg cig 19 12 12 12 12 8 9 14 17 7 17 17 17 12 14 8 8 13 18 9 16 9	1.3 0.9 0.8 0.9 0.7 0.7 0.9 1.0 0.6 1.1 1.0 0.8 0.6 0.6 0.8 1.3 0.6 1.0 0.7
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TRENDIER THAN THOU

many temptations of the Episcopal Church

by Paul Seabury

N THE FALL OF 1977, when dissenting Episcopalians met in St. Louis, Missouri, to form a continuing Anglican Church in North America, a long-developing breach within the national church was de formal. Since then, four new dioceses e been established, covering the Far West, Rocky Mountain states, the Midwest, and South. Last January the dissidents met sin, in Denver (in a borrowed Lutheran arch), and with high liturgical ceremony isecrated four of their own bishops. These turn have ordained new ministers and ests; more than 100 parishes with perhaps many as 15,000 parishioners within half a ar have affiliated with the church. Schism, or the likelihood of it, while com-

Schism, or the likelihood of it, while comon to other Protestant denominations, has
precedent in the American Episcopal
nurch, and for this reason alone some astonment is in order. The church has been
ewed as an assemblage of wealthy Protesents—"the Republican party at prayer," as a
nic put it. It is an institution of religious
oderates in a culture inclined to fundamenism and missionary witness. While the
urch has had its Anglo-Catholic and Evanlical wings, most of its members have been
cidedly latitudinarian, easily embarrassed
extremes and indifferent to sharp doctrinal
uperatives or social causes. Skeptical of the
metecostal revivalism of other denominations

and of the complex rituals of the Roman and Orthodox churches, Episcopalians placed themselves at the midpoint between Protestantism and Catholicism, thereby avoiding excesses of enthusiasm and sacerdotalism both.

Only rarely throughout American history were Episcopalians or their institutionalized church to be found at the forefront of great movements and causes, religious or political. In the Revolutionary period, most American Anglicans (in the Northern colonies particularly) were loyal to the Crown. Anglican clergy furnished the loyalists with their chief pamphleteers. When the war of independence ended, many emigrated rather than accept the consequences of defeat. Later, during the great westward migrations, the church stayed put where it first had taken root: it has remained for the most part an Eastern and urban establishment.

The Rutgers historian Philip J. Greven, in his recent book *The Protestant Temperament*, suggests that a fundamental expression of Anglican moderacy is a willingness to include all sorts and conditions of men in the church community—saints and sinners, regenerate and unregenerate, the saved and the damned. In this the Episcopal Church differs radically from Evangelicals, for whom the personal experience of spiritual rebirth is the essential aspect of commitment and belonging. For this reason, the church has been accused of compromise and fence-straddling, its formalism regarded as a sign of emptiness or hypocrisy.

Paul Seabury is a prolessor of political science at the University of California at Berkeley, and a collateral descendant of the Right Reverend Samuel Seabury, the first Episcopalian bishop in the United States. TRENDIER
LIAN THOU

The modern reformation

BSERVERS WHO READ or reported about the schism within the Episcopal Church in 1977 believed it had been provoked by a single issue: the ordination of women as priests, narrowly approved

in September, 1976, by Episcopalian bishops, priests, and lay delegates meeting in General Convention in Minneapolis. The dispute was perceived as only another skirmish in the struggle of equal rights for women-a skirmish that just happened to break a traditionally conservative church in two. But on the contrary, the schism manifested much deeper, and cumulative, impulses within the church that were stimulated by the political turbulence of the 1960s. The issues resolved into a question that the Berkeley scholar Charles Glock had summarized in the title of his 1967 sociological study of the Episcopal Church: To Comfort or to Challenge? Was the mission of the church to act within the world as an agent of change or to withdraw from the world and purge itself of quotidian concerns? At the time, the answer to this question seemed obvious to Episcopal leaders, if not to their flock: the institutional church had indeed abdicated its social and political responsibilities. Its redemption—even its survival—depended upon its emergence into the light of secular day, where, as the Church Militant, it would join other political forces to transform society.

A

s EARLY AS 1966, when a commission of the Episcopal Church chaired by Nathan Pusey began its assessment of Episcopalian theological training, it was already apparent that large numbers of

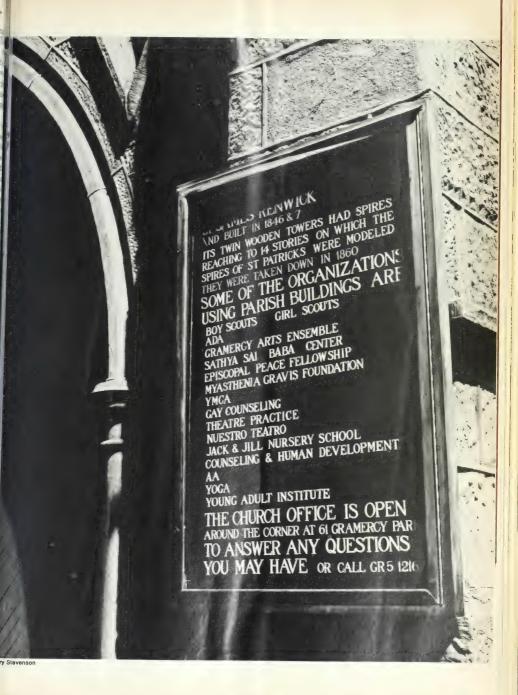
ministers and priests chafed at the routines of parish work, while the quality of applicants to seminaries had seriously deteriorated. The excitement lay outside the institutional church, and it was unlikely that even a church with a history of political moderation could fail to be dazzled by it. In such times it was by no means certain which of many contradictory gusts should set the direction of the weather vane. What would be the marching orders? Civil rights? Poverty? Whose poverty? Colonialist exploitation? The Vietnam war? All these crusades found eager recruits among newly ordained priests and among older priests and rectors who had come to

doubt the significance of the unchangin church in a violently changing society. The voices were persuasive and ultimately coverted many in the national church leadershi—including the Presiding Bishop and bureau crats—who had at their disposal considerab, financial resources to invest in the many cause that presented themselves, either by supplication or by blackmail.

It was not only that such church activis turned attention to all these secular and fash ionable causes-their license the greater du to the prevailing political passivity of local congregations. Their hands also turned to th refashioning of the institutional church from within. Here, in a "revolution from above. the Episcopal Church also began to incorporat and accommodate the other gentler, introsped tive styles and causes of the Sixties, which were of the self-indulgent, rather than radical activist, mode: guitar liturgies, rap sessions light shows. These were designed to effect within the church a new emphasis upon lov ing and caring, even at the expense of be lief and Christian commitment. (So it wa -a bit further down the road-that when Barbara Walters interviewed the first woman ordained as a priest under new dispensation the colloquy went: "Reverend Means, do you consider vourself to be a woman of strong religious faith?" The response: "No, Barbara I do not. But I do believe in caring, and that's what religion is all about, isn't it?")

By the late 1960s, national church author ities were dispensing millions of dollars of mis sionary funds collected from parishes and dio ceses to radical political movements across the land-Black Power groups, migrant farm workers, Afro-American thespians, native American organizers, Puerto Rican national ists, Marxist documentary-film producers, and Third World liberation movements. While many groups and projects may have deserved support, virtually none had Christian or reli gious content. And all too frequently the pater nalistic enthusiasm of these Episcopalian ben efactions inspired contempt in their recipients In 1969, when the Church-in-Convention in South Bend, Indiana, voted funds for a rad ical Black Economic Development Council Mohammed Kenvatta, one of its leaders, seized a microphone from the hands of the startled Presiding Bishop, John Hines, to amplify hi contempt:

"For the first time in history, you have faced the issue of your racism, and you have responded. The quality of your response can be judged by the degree to which you have sought what was acceptable to us rather than what was acceptable



Paul Seabury
TRENDIER
THAN THOU

to you and your god.... You chose to use us to be your middlemen. That is your choice and it is unacceptable...it is neither hot nor cold. Canon Carter spewed its contents out of his mouth and you were helpless; you were exposed as slaves to your own fears."

In 1970, the national church leadership reached its peak of politicization, demanding immediate withdrawal of American forces in Vietnam; drastic dismantling of U.S. strategic forces in other parts of the world; support for Black Panther militants; and church funding for political strikes. Only when the IRS warned that church levies for such programs would jeopardize its tax-exempt status did the Presiding Bishop back down. By then, however, a radicalized church establishment, in barely three years, had dispensed nearly \$5 million to secular social action groups across the nation. Going out into a troubled world and snared in its political battles, the church leadership was now indistinguishable from it.

An open-door policy



s GOOD A PLACE AS ANY to observe this reformation in the Episcopal Church is in its great cathedrals: St. John the Divine in New York City and Grace Cathedral in San Francisco. Here the inner

tensions and confrontations have been most vividly displayed, often in theatrical form.

Since 1970 the diocese of New York, under the guidance of the Right Reverend Paul Moore, has suffered litigation and controversy both within the cathedral and in its relationship to the surrounding (and preponderantly black-Puerto Rican) community. With the bishop's moral and financial support, militant Puerto Rican squatters in 1970 occupied church-owned tenements on land adjacent to the cathedral that had been designated for the construction of an Episcopalian home for the aged; and there they have remained to this day. The elderly, removed from a nearby church retirement home condemned as unsafe, have been provided with no alternate lodging. Bishop Moore at the time achieved celebrity for this odd moral act of robbing old Peter to pay poor Paul; but he has been plagued ever since by the consequences of it. Having abetted the illegal seizure, he repudiated it in 1977, when public opinion turned against the squatters. Since then, from time to time, the Puerto Ricans make known their anger at him by staging sit-ins and disrupting church services. Last year on East Sunday, to renew their claim, 200 pickets i peded the bishop's celebratory entry into t cathedral.

Inside the cathedral close, affairs were is more tranquil. Dissension within the cathedr staff, the arbitrary hiring and firing of a comtroller, organist, choir director, two blaichoristers, and many others prompted of trustee to remark that the dean, James P. Mcton, was "ruling the cathedral staff with fear A new comptroller, who is alleged to hardrawn the bishop's attention to procedural is regularities in the cathedral in 1977, was sur marily dismissed, having served only to months. The bishop, a leader in current mow ments to protect homosexual and lesbian right houses near his office a deposed Roman Cathlic priest and his companion, a male hairdresse

Both the bishop and his dean have been i the front rank of social reform movement since the 1960s, and have offered the cathedra as a laboratory for many of them. Moore, a mi lionaire liberal schooled at Groton and Yale is perhaps prototypical of a guilty Establish ment for whom the 1960s was the occasio for repentant activism. In the early 1960s h marched with Martin Luther King, Jr., pick eted the White House for peace in Vietnam was tear-gassed in Saigon at an antiwar rally and generally employed his purple robes an pectoral peace cross for the familiar cause of that disturbed decade. The once-famou Cathedral boys' choir has been liquidated, and the Cathedral School is now de facto secular "It is interesting to note," several school trustees reported, "that our openness to al national, religious, and cultural background has been so extreme that now Episcopalian are the small minority, and the greater ma jority of the school population is non-Chris tian, and we believe Canon Landon is the only Episcopalian on the full-time faculty. But this was said before Canon Landon, too was dismissed.

If the dean's cassock has been singed, he shows no sign of discomfort. "I'm the on who's gotten all kinds of upstage looks fo having traditions over and above the Anglican institutions," he told the New York Times las January. "To accuse me of wanting a mort Anglican school—that's not where I'm coming from."

The cathedral, now reaching out—urbi e orbi!—makes itself available as a theatrical facility, for light shows, Shinto rites, Sufi work shops in dervish dancing (advertised in New York's Village Voice at \$30 a throw, but "bring a towel for sitting on the floor"), ceremonies for striking farm workers and for Indians a

unded Knee, memorials for Kent State vics, special anniversary masses for Hair, and itical protest rallies. Dotson Rader, once of SDS and as trendy a fellow as the bishop iself, has described in Esquire his thrill at suading Bishop Moore to use the cathedral a huge antiwar ceremony organized by i-Trotskvite Marxists in December, 1971: cathedral, he said, was important because was the largest hall in Manhattan outside Madison Square Garden." Rader was thrilled the bizarre sight of Andy Warhol standing the back of the nave, "his Catholic mind ling at the dirty words used in Mailer's play ore the high altar, and the kids smoking t. In church! 'It's just like . . . uh, you know it's just like the Dom [a discothèque] used be! Like the Sixties! It's fabulous!" As lly Quinn (she of the Washington Post) rerted at the time: "The air inside the enorous cathedral was redolent of incense and rijuana. 'Anybody got any rolling papers?' meone yelled as Bishop Moore, in long purrobes and a cross of peace, stepped out tween Charlie Mingus's amplifiers to speak." One New York churchman has asked that, some future time, the cathedral, defiled, be rmally reconsecrated. But by then, one might we thought, was it a cathedral any more, or recreation hall for the counterculture?

shows, guitar liturgies, nature festivals, and pagan ceremonials. In 1971, during one nature ceremony in the cathedral, a decidedly ecumenical audience watched reverently as the poet Allen Ginsberg, wearing a deer mask, joined others similarly garbed to ordain Senators Alan Cranston and John Tunney as godfathers of animals (Cranston of the Tule elk and Tunney of the California brown bear). The cathedral dean was dimly seen through marijuana smoke, wrestling atop the high altar to remove a cameraman, while movie projectors simultaneously cast images of buffalo herds and other endangered species on the walls and ceilings, to the accompaniment of rock music. Although Episcopal priests had protested that this vigil would be a "profane employment of this sacred house of worship," Bishop Myers joined in nonetheless and offered prayers for a "renaissance of reverence for life in America."

The perturbation in these two cathedrals has had the odd quality of arising not from any religious differences or issues, but from quite ordinary strife among mortals in a situation where authority, custom, and conventions have broken down. The ensuing power struggle, in New York in particular, bears no resemblance to great religious quarrels over faith and liturgy. As André Suarès once wrote, "There are no heresies in a dead religion."

N THE WEST COAST, 3,000 miles away, kindred if less spectacular episodes have occurred in San Francisco's Grace Cathedral since the late 1960s, when the Episcopal Bishop of California,

ilmer Myers, opened the great doors of his athedral to secular political activities. In 969, when the cathedral began to be used or antiwar, pro-Hanoi rallies, a smartly ressed audience of peace delegates watched 1 stunned fascination as a guerrilla theater roup in military khaki interrupted the cerenonies. Their leader-relieving the Right leverend John E. Hines, the Presiding Bishop f the Episcopal Church, of the microphone nd "standing with his back to a white-robed hoir of pink-cheeked boys"-denounced the vorshippers (according to a reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle) as being "on the ide of the greater evils of racism, militarism, nd imperialism." An intimate friend of Bishp Moore of New York, Myers once called Ronald Reagan, then governor of California, "warmonger." His consciousness as lofty as is conscience, Myers welcomed Bay Area ranscendentalists to Grace Cathedral for light B

events of the Sixties, the inner diversity of the Episcopal Church was to be seen in differing modes, habits, and observances that reflected differing attitudes toward

the sacramental, redemptive, and missionary tasks of the Christian faith. What Low Churchman, stumbling innocently into an Anglo-Catholic parish church, would not have been overwhelmed by the smell of incense, the strange genuflections, the incomprehensible bobbings up and down of elaborately attired priests, private confessions, and even-perish forbid! -the adoration of Mary? What Anglo-Catholic, in turn, could fail to be chilled by the austerity of a Protestant Episcopal parish where congregations failed to observe the familiar practices of obeisance and kneeling; where Holy Communion often was optional; where ministers (not priests) saved time by cutting liturgy to the (minimum prescribed) bone; where sermons, not sacraments, exhortations rather than supplications, were the order of the day? Especially would Anglo-Catholics recoil from the evangelical tone of the Low

"One New York churchman has asked that, at some future time, the cathedral, defiled, be formally reconsecrated." One of these men is a loving grandpa, school principal, and a hazard to you.



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Paul Seabury TRENDIER THAN THOU Church service, so embarrassing in its exaggeration of the soul-saving, rather than the supplicating, function of the church?

But buffering these contradictory tendencies were large numbers of temperate Middle Churchmen, reluctant to force issues and content with a church that, while not succumbing to the pressures of the secular world, still was tolerant of and even at home with all its ambiguities and possibilities. Agreeing upon essential elements of faith, the threefold church of Anglo-Catholics or High Churchmen, Middle Churchmen, and Evangelicals or Low Churchmen remained, until the 1960s, in peaceful equilibrium.

In the early 1960s, the theologian Robert Fitch had noticed the first signs of a new theological Zeitgeist on the West Coast. In his book Odyssey of the Self-Centered Self (1961), he explored the implications of a then-popular play by Archibald MacLeish:

J.B.

In this moving, if subversive, take-off on the Book of Job, MacLeish had portrayed a cold, ironic, and calculating god. Tormented by this unloving deity, J. B. recoiled, seeking warmer fonts of comfort and discovering them in Mother Nature—a sweet and gentle spirit to be found among the forsythia and in the green leaves of woods and in the wind on the water.

The succor to be found in nature goes somewhat against the grain of experience, however. As Adlai Stevenson once remarked, nature is indifferent to the survival of the human species. Nonetheless, lost souls suspicious of moral absolutes and finding romance and drama in the mythos of existential man could make nature their temple. They would perfect it with as much energy as they invested in perfecting themselves. Thus whales and porpoises, unlucky New England clams, the snail darter and the furbish lousewort could become objects of veneration, and (as John Noonan, a professor of law at Berkeley, recently pointed out) a bird or a blade of grass in a national park could be entitled to greater legal protection than a five-month-old human fetus. Environmentalism and pop psychology—the Sierra Club and the Esalen Institute-would join to lead the faithful from tradition's stuffy parlor.

Not to be left behind, Episcopal leaders recognized the need for a new, warm, and responsive church. W. H. Auden, before MacLeish, pointed to a distinct theological possibility. In his play For the Time Being (1944), he had Herod devise a mock prayer for equalizers who required a more "human" Divinity:

O God, put away justice and truth for we cannot understand them and do not

want them. Eternity would bore us dreadfully. Leave Thy heavens and come down to our earth of water clocks and hedges. Become our uncle. Look after Baby, amuse Grandfather, escort Madam to the Opera, help Willy with his homework, introduce Muriel to a handsome naval officer. Be interesting and weak like us, and we will love you as we love ourselves.

So the Deity could be tailored to the curre fashion: a nice, cool, relaxed God could be p cured, as presented in the theological be seller of 1965, Are You Running With M Jesus? Now he would situationally jog. G would be a friend, and Christianity a celebtion of life.

Dispensations and uncommon pray

I

N THE EPISCOPAL CHURC then, a trend parallel with t radical action which persi ed and evolved beyond t Sixties was directed towa an increasingly frighten and hedonistic culture. Wh

it was suddenly realized that not only blac should be liberated, but everyone, America churches became less emphatic about canon and other restrictions. Some Catholic styl setters after Vatican II achieved more notor ety than Protestants only because in them was, at the time, more bizarre. When Sist Jacqueline and the religious school she heade were laicized in 1967, she argued that "tl Christian grace is translated into every secul institution today." A nun's vow had circur scribed her power: "I had given someone el the authority to limit or veto my decisions The distinctions separating the church fro society had vanished. But such deeds as Si ter Jacqueline's were the consequence not a changed church but of individuals brea ing away from its constraints. With respect the celibacy vows of Catholic priests, which conflicted with the new findings and dispens tions of Masters and Johnson, it could be a gued that such constraints were dehumanizin depriving a good Catholic of the warmth marriage and family. In the Episcopal Churc however, where celibacy was never an oblig tion, the new liberation ethic turned instead on the rights of clergy to dissolve their ow marriages-a practice that the late Bisho James Pike of California pioneered, demostrating to his brothers-in-Christ the bold pra tice of sequential monogamy.

The point at issue here, in the early stage of the unraveling of official Episcopalia

es, was that while some individual Roman olics took off after Sister Jacqueline in ch of self-fulfillment, the Catholic Church rined unruffled. The Episcopal Churcht least the church in General Convention d not. It was, after all, impossible for a ch to deny to laity the same right of die as was practiced by prominent clerics; n 1973 the Church-in-Convention revised established sanctions against remarriage ivorced persons and thus explicitly abaned its doctrine of the indissolubility of riage. In 1976, in General Convention in, it staked out its position favorable to rtion. From this point on, all things were sible: attention could be paid to the liberaof other classic victims-lesbians and nosexuals in particular would have the ne rights and privileges as others. And thus s Soviet speechwriters would put it-"it not accidental that" once the Church-inwention had deemed the ordination of men as fitting and proper, the Bishop of w York lost no time in ordaining a lesbian estess-whom he dispatched with speed to colleague, the Bishop of California, who in n quickly shipped her across the bay to a rkeley church, where she now is lodged. If salvific purpose of the church was to be efly that of rescuing its priests, bishops, and ier clergy from their obligations and orders, n the dispensation brought a new amazing ace to a church that never before had found

In framing these ordinances and dispensans on manners and morals, the reformers in : Church-in-Convention could not, of course, pose the new license upon all practicing piscopalians. Dioceses, parishes, and congretions could, after all, exercise local options, d so resist the enlightened bureaucracy of e national Church-in-Convention. It reained, for example, within the discretion of diocesan bishop to decline to ordain women and lesbians) as priests, and it remained the ght of parish trustees to decide whether the ersonal habits of a rector or priest could be insidered among his credentials. The church nd all its 2 million communicants could not compelled to move in lockstep. Diehards id point out the danger that some of the new iles enacted in-Convention would create an nbridgeable chasm between the Episcopal hurch in North America and communions sewhere that, like the Eastern Orthodox hurch, would regard the Apostolic succession s broken and invalidated once the ordination women was allowed. But such considertions, important as they may have been to eologians concerned with ecumenical ties,

necessary.

were of less immediate importance to most "The church churchgoers.

If Episcopalians were tolerant of the church's pronouncements on manners and morals, they were up in arms when the Church-in-Convention, in 1976, by a narrow and hotly contested vote, approved a drastically new version of the church prayer book, one that (according to a straw poll) was found acceptable by a mere 11 percent of the laity. This decision, unlike the earlier dispensations, applied uniformly and obligatorily to all provinces of church life. It is impossible to say whether the issue of women's ordination or that of the prayer book did more to provoke the ensuing schism. Probably for dissenting clergy the ordination issue—threatening the tradition of Apostolic succession-was paramount. But for most dissenting laity the renovation of the Book of Common Prayer must have been decisive: an Episcopal theologian described the book several years ago as the church's "operational center."

'The church and all its 2 million communicants could not be compelled to move in lockstep."

T

HE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER commended itself to generations of lay and clerical Episcopalians alike. Its language was majestic and eloquent. In its most fundamental doctrines it reached out

toward both the Eastern rites and the Church of Rome. The book linked American laity and clergy in familiar communion, and, in particular, it served as the principal bond joining the High, Middle, and Low orders of the Episcopal Church.

Advocates of a revised Book of Common Prayer considered paramount the need to make the church, its language, and its practices conform to contemporary values; thus there emerged a new manual, differing radically from the old one.

When the first Church of England Book of Common Prayer appeared, in 1549, the authors of it took great pains to justify its issuance. Among their reasons was the fact that the Divine Service that it was designed to replace had become so complicated as to be unintelligible. The authors wrote:

The number and hardness of the Rules... and the manifold changings of the service was the cause, that to turn the Book only was so hard and intricate a matter that many times there was more business to find out what should be read than to read it when it was found out.

When Anglican bishops, clergy, and laity met in Philadelphia in 1789 to approve a revised CITIVILEWS

to Citicorp investors. It contains viewpoints on timely public issues. We believe the following may be of interest to you...

Is Capitalism Kaput?

The word "capital" goes back to the Latin caput, meaning "head." Unfortunately, it is pronounced like a modern German word, kaput, which refers to something that is broken and doesn't work anymore. Many people, not all of whom speak German, seem to believe that this accurately describes the condition of modern capitalism, nor do all of them find this prospect displeasing.

Capitalism has never been good at winning popularity contests. It has always had more practitioners than friends. One reason for this is that it is the least theoretical of all modern economic systems. Or, to put it differently, it is a system where the practice comes first and the theory comes second. Theories of capitalism are mostly descriptive: Given the chance, people tend to behave in certain ways, and capitalist theories consist mainly of attempts to analyze the results. This is in sharp contrast to the various theories of socialism, all of which undertake in one degree or another to describe how people ought to behave and then set out to create an economic system that will oblige them to do it.

When Marx and Engels published the Communist Manifesto in 1848, they used a considerable portion of their rather short document to warn the world against the blandishments of (1) reactionary socialism, (2) feudal socialism, (3) petty-bourgeois socialism, (4) German or "true" socialism, (5) conservative or bourgeois socialism, and (6) critical or Utopian socialism.

Socialism had not yet been established in any country; yet there were already at least six false forms of it for Marx and Engels to warn us against. Can anyone name six false forms of capitalism?

Capitalism began, not with a mani-

festo or flag, but as a series of economic and social pressures stretched over a long period. The interconnection of these events was perceived only long after the fact, and few if any of them were popular at the time. Their combined effect was revolutionary, and like all revolutions received a poor welcome from those securely situated in the old society.

Marx and Engels, writing at the inception of communism, gave capitalism great credit for its revolutionary role in history. One passage in their *Manifesto* is especially worth examining:

The bourgeoisie, wherever it has got the upper hand, has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound man to his "natural superiors" and has left remaining no other nexus between man and man than naked self-interest, than callous "cash payment." It has drowned the most heavenly ecstasies of religious fervor, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism, in the icy water of egotistical calculation. It has resolved personal worth into exchange value, and in place of the numberless indefeasible chartered freedoms, has set up that single, unconscionable freedom - Free Trade.

Since the authors of this statement clearly disapprove of the "motley feudal ties" that capitalism rent asunder, why does not capitalism emerge a hero? The clue is in that one word, unconscionable, which means "unrestrained by conscience". Why is Free Trade unconscionable? Because it is, by definition, free — and free means unrestrained. We are in the presence of a tautology, the absurdity of which can be shown by simply calling it Unrestrained Trade instead of Free Trade; thus capitalism is guilty of engaging in unrestrained Unrestrained Trade.

This confusion lies at the heart of the conflict between contemporary economic philosophies. If trade in the sense of commercial activity is never to be totally free, then under what restraints should it be compelled to operate, and who shall impose these restraints and by what authority? If conscience is to be one of the restraints, then the question becomes: whose conscience? The answers that society, knowingly or unknowingly, decides to accept today determine the economic system under which it lives tomorrow. This is a continuous struggle among human beings: All that varies from time to time is the intensity and form of the debate.

Two hundred years ago, Jeremy Bentham and his disciples were struggling to establish the principle of utilitarianism as the only proper guide for a statesman's conscience. For all practical purposes, the Benthamites have long since won their argument; all shades of political opinion now accept—at least publicly—the proposition that the only legitimate goal of public policy is the greatest good for the greatest number of people. What was once a controversial social and political movement has now become virtually axiomatic and is simply not discussed.

This very lack of discussion, however, tends to obscure some fundamental questions. Capital, after all, is nothing but the accumulated savings from labor performed in the past—a point on which Adam Smith and Karl Marx could easily agree. So what we are continually asking is: What is to be done with those accumulated savings, how—and whether—they will be replenished once consumed, and who shall designate the decision-makers?

One solution to that problem is an institution called the marketplace. It first appeared as the *agora* in Greek com-

munities around 700 B.C. In contrast to the towns of ancient Mesopotamia, which had no formal marketplaces, the agora was the recognized center of the Greek cities, and it can be persuasively argued that the agora was the dynamic behind the seventh century upsurge of the Aegean peoples that led to classical civilization. As one historian puts it, "With a fistful of coins and an eye for the main chance, the individual had arrived in history."

It is doubtful that any marketplace has ever been completely free. The whole body of regulation by which modern societies set limits to the free play of economic self-interest implies the acceptance, either deliberate or unconscious, of moral standards by reference to which certain kinds of economic conduct are pronounced illegitimate. But even the most ardent believer in the proposition that free competition is "unconscionable" might still harbor doubt about whose conscience, exactly, is to supplant the unconscionable—unless, of course, he has become firmly convinced the conscience should be his own.

In the latter event he still has the problem of persuading the rest of us, which really amounts to moving the action from the marketplace to the political arena. The commonweal is sometimes enhanced by this maneuver, and sometimes diminished. History abundantly demonstrates, however, that people tend to pursue their own self-interest as determinedly in one arena as they do in the other, and that wherever they are free to make their opinions felt politically, some form of marketplace survives.

And where it does not, something has been lost far more precious than a theory or system of economics. It is not capitalism that is kaput, but freedom.

CITIBAN CITICORP

399 Park Avenue New York, New York 10043 Paul Seabury
TRENDIER
THAN THOU

version appropriate for the church in a nowindependent America, they announced that alterations and amendments would nevertheless show that "this church is far from intending to depart from the Church of England in any essential point of doctrine, discipline, or worship."

Neither of these prudent injunctions seems to have been much taken into account in the new prayer book accepted by the Church-in-Convention. For one thing, the various optional new versions of services (some of them options within options) offer distinctly different language modes and attitudes of worship, making even the conduct of an ordinary service difficult for the laity to understand. Nimble fingers and eyes and a quick, retentive mind might enable a few users to follow any one of a number of possible combinations, as a skilled hand might open a locked safe. Others find the system as difficult to master as the constitution of the state of California. Anxious to appease more traditional churchgoers while accommodating more enlightened sensibilities, the reformers hit upon an odd compromise: offering two modes of worship-a traditional and a contemporary-differing in both style and content. But the traditional was slighted: the Psalter (the Psalms of David), composing nearly one-third of the prayer book, is entirely translated into current idiom. Although old and new stylistic options were devised for morning and evening prayer, for Eucharist, Collects, and burial services, only a contemporary one exists for baptism, confirmation, and marriage-a signal that the traditional was only a temporary concession to "traditionalists"; those services specifically intended for incoming church members are exclusively contemporary.

For those whose God has become just a good friend, He now can be addressed as an ordinary "you"; the revisers have begun erasing language suggestive of sexism. Psalm 1, Beatus vir qui non abit, illustrates: The Book of Common Prayer version correctly translated says, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly." In new translation it reads: "Happy are they who have not walked in the counsel of the wicked." In Psalm 39, Divi, custodiam, the profoundly moving passage

For man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

is de-sexed and trivialized:

We walk about like a shadow, and in vain we are in turmoil....

A sense of profoundly tragic individual operience is thus obliterated.

The confusion is compounded when, as the rite of marriage, two contemporary si vices are provided, one wholly devoid of regious content. The elimination of other el ments, such as the Offices of Instruction, which candidates for confirmation had learn what the Christian faith requires, is even mo perplexing. The German Weimar Constitution -which, it was once said, proclaimed right for nearly everyone and everything except f the peasant and his dung pile-might ha inspired the vast expansion here of praye for categories of persons, institutions, ar practices-cities, towns, rural areas, retire persons, drug addicts, conscientious obje tors, local government, elections, leisure, na ural resource conservation, and "opinio makers."

Thus the long train of issues in dispute th led to the rupture in the Episcopal Churc combined with politics and personal more belief and liturgy. What lent particular vehi mence to quarrels over these matters was th fact that all of the new policies, regardless their origin, were finally handed down by no tional leadership, as policy, to communicant churchgoers, rectors, and priests, most of whom had been singularly uninterested i playing activist politics with their church. Up til recently, the broad church had been abl to enjoy its inner diversities precisely because they were formally constituted in separate or ders, each of which exercised self-restrain When matters were forced at a national level by an organized minority of the church, th institution ultimately proved incapable of withstanding the strain.

The recovery of the salvifi

D

OES IMMANENCE PREVAI over transcendence, or is the other way around? Thi abstruse question, incompre hensible or absurd to nor believers, is critical to Christian theology. Some have de

nied the incompatibility of these very different conceptions of the Deity: divine immanence (God within nature, manifest in thmundane world) and divine transcendence (God above and removed from the world need not be mutually exclusive, it is said, but rather correlative and reinforcing.

This question is at the center of the disast fection with religion in America, by no mean confined to the Episcopal Church. As the Lu

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theran scholar Peter Berger argued in the New Oxford Review (November, 1977) "Secularism as a world view means, above all, a denial of transcendence." If God is conceived as evident in the world, then the faithful can become Christian soldiers and the symbols of an essentially transcendental religion may be employed as weapons in political conflicts. The institutional church, besieged or seduced by powerful mundane forces, has always faced the temptation of joining them as an auxiliary of the Zeitgeist. Its symbols, after all, are politically potent when employed in real world struggles. The institutional church can be refashioned to deliver secular goods in packages fancier than those offered by ordinary mental health clinics, day-care centers, national liberation movements, and political parties.

Immanentism in contemporary America now embraces leftish secular causes, but the Right, too, has its uses for a secularized Deity. In Nazi Germany, the German Christian Church appropriated Jesus as an Aryan follower of Hitler's movement; during the Depression, Bruce Barton (in his book The Man Nobody Knows) portrayed Christ as a success-

ful businessman.

The "failure of nerve" in the churches is manifest in the conception that the world should set the agenda for the Church. The irony is that, since the world changes its agenda capriciously, the Church becomes directionless.

But even from a wholly secular perspective, one might ask whether the deliquescence of institutional religion should be welcomed with enthusiasm by liberal humanists who care for the future of the American polity. An essential contribution of Biblical, Judeo-Christian belief is, after all, a conviction that all human undertakings are less than ultimate; what is ultimate and perfect remains forever transcendent. Tocqueville, commenting on this understanding as it applied to America, once wrote:

There is no religion which does not place the object of man's desires above and beyond the treasures of the earth, and which does not naturally raise his soul to regions far above those of the senses. Nor is there any which does not impose on man some sort of duties to his kind, and thus draws him at times from the contemplations of himself. This occurs [even] in religions the most false and dangerous. Religious nations are therefore naturally strong on the very point on which democratic nations are most weak; which shows of what importance it is for men to preserve their religion as their conditions become more equal.

HARPER'S OCTOBER 1978

The collapse of transcendency, as Episco-

palians now know from experience, transfe the religious community to the domain of se ular politics. William Blake, although deep religious, was to be found at the dividing poi between sacred and profane messianism who he declaimed in his famous poem:

I will not cease from mental fight, Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand, Till we have built Jerusalem In England's green and pleasant land.

But many a once-gentle land, in our time, he been laid waste and reduced to gulag. Whe happens then?

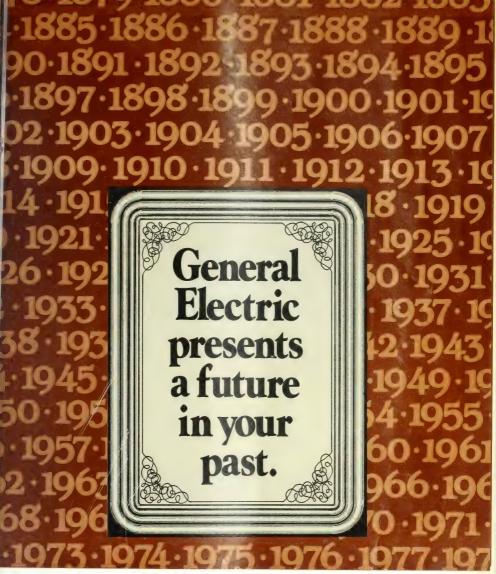
As the Reverend George Rutler tells it, missionary society in England recently aske a bishop in Uganda, "What can we send you people? You are being persecuted. Your ard bishop has been martyred. What can we sen you?" The answer came back: Not food, not medicine: 250 clerical collars. This was the explanation: "It is your Western prejudic which thinks this an odd request. You must understand, when our people are being rounded up to be shot, they must be able to spot the priests."

H

ow FAR MAY SCHISM CO? A great irony in the situatio I have described is that a de votion to institutional cor tinuity—the natural reactio in a time of uncertainty—causes many within the estal

lished Church to swallow the unpalatable while the secession of those who resolutely reject the unpalatable removes from the Churc a check against even further deterioration. Some of the most bitter opponents of the nexthurch may be the concervatives who starbehind.

One consequence may thus be the further degeneration of institutional religion in Amer ica. But the world of the spirit, like that of nature, abhors a vacuum. What spirit will fil the choir stalls? Once a spiritual order be comes the auxiliary of a secular Zeitgeist, i loses even the utility it professes as its justification tion; politicians, after all, are better at politic than clergy; Shintoism is better performed by Shintoists; marriage, divorce, and psychiatri counseling and social work are done just a well by trained professionals as by clergy who have lost confidence or interest in their essen tial calling, which has been deemed-to us a quaint expression—salvific. There are thos within and outside the institutional church t whom the recovery of the salvific means th recovery of the Church itself.



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When Minutes Meant Lives

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The portable X-ray outfit forthwith went overseas to save American lives. The facilities of MAZDA Service pro-

The facilities of MAZDA Service produced it when the need came, and humanity is richer for its possession.

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Tugboat Van Dyke 3 towing oil barge from Philadelphia to Boston.

What is missing in this picture?



All electric equipment for this boat, and for two sister ships, was manu-factured by the General Electric Company; which also makes electric motors large enough to drive battleships and small enough for sewing ma-chines, washers, vacuum cleaners, and fans. Let electric motors work more Even a child can answer-this tugboat has no funnel.

It has no steam engine, either. No bunkers full of costly coal. No stokers. No smoke, No clouds of steam.

Clean electric motors, supplied with electricity by oil engine driven generators, keep this trim little boat continuously and inexpensively at work.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Many Americans remember their first refrigerator as this "Monitor Top, introduced by GE in 1927.

> Only a few were lucky enough to have this GE TV set. It received the first TV broadcast ever...in 1928.



GE introduced the photoflash bulb to the U.S. in 1930. It revolutionized indoor photography.



King Gustavus V of Sweden presents the 1932 Nobel Prize for Chemistry to Dr. Irving Langmuir of GE.





1903

Twenty years a this noisy, smo railroad yard was New York's greeting to its visitors

1923

Now down under-neath these homes and hotels, smooth running electric locomotives and tors handle 600. trains a day



This avenue was a railroad yard



It is the business of electricity to abolish smoke and noise, to improve lighting, and transfer heavy burdens from the shoulders of men to machines. The General Electric Company makes the equipment and supplies with which electricity works.

In 1910 the lines running into New York's Grand Central Terminal were electrified. Away went the . smoky locomotives; the tracks were covered over; and 40 acres of railroad yards have become the beautiful home section of Park Avenue.

One glance explains why the valuation of real estate in this section has jumped hundreds of millions of dollars.

Getting people mov

Just about every in the country has h face-lift over the year The ad at left talks about one of the mos dramatic ever. The transformation of a grimy railroad vard in choice real estate.

The yard built up more and more trave poured into New Yor City. Then came the non-smoking GE locomotive. So track and vard could be covered over to become famed Park Avenue.

Today, cities are s tackling the problem getting people into th centers. And electric mass transit again off the solution. Swift, comfortable, cleanrunning trains that ca hundreds at a time.

Tomorrow? Trains may look totally diffe but GE will be worki on new ways for electricity to do the jo





America's first jet took to the air on Oct. 1, 1942 Jet engines built by General Electric sent it aloft.

Closest thing to alchemy ever achieved by man: the turning of graphite into Man-Made™ diamonds by GE research in 1954



World's first licensed nuclear p plant, built by GE in California



This ad appeared in January, 1925

e vour resources. As you can see here, was worried about ng natural resources g time ago. Today, U.S. supplies al are the largest in world. But GE is working at ways to e them last longer. is through a process d "coal gasification" ch allows low-grade to be efficiently to make electricity. But that isn't all. GE so developing other rces of energy to te electricity... rces that are almost tless. The atom, the the winds. Everybody relies on tricity to do so much. d you can rely on GE ind new ways to keep king the electricity

need.



The world's biggest coal saver



On this machine is a name plate bearing the monogram of the General Electric Company—the same monogram that is on the little motors that run labor-saving household machines for you. This monogram is more than a trade mark; the letters G-E are the initials of a friend.

This is the largest hydro-electric generator in the world, one of three new giants installed by the Niagara Falls Power Company. Two million people share in the increased electric light and power supplied by these great generators.

Each of these machines will save the equivalent of 700,000 tons of coal a year.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



1969. Man first stepped on the moon. GE contributions to the Apollo program included computerized system that checked out 3000 valves and switches in 1/12 second.



1878 - 1978



The initials of a friend

You will find these letters on many tools by which electricity works. They are on great generators used by electric light and power companies; and on lamps that light millions of homes.

They are on big motors that pull railway trains; and on tiny motors that make hard housework easy.

By such tools electricity dispels the dark and lifts heavy burdens from human shoulders. Hence the letters G.E are more than a trademark. They are an emblem of service—the initials of a friend.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Some things neve change.

This ad has long been recognized as of the best of the pa 100 years. It stated philosophy of doing business — to make only good products products that could human progress.

When General Electric first started there was no way of knowing that the Gitrademark would eventually be found refrigerators, air conditioners and TV sets. Those items judidn't exist. Even to people are surprised find the GE tradema is also on such thing space satellites, radar and plastics.

Who knows? 100 years from now, thos initials might be four on a space vehicle carrying colonists to another planet.

The GE trademar will continue to be "a emblem of service initials of a friend."

100 Years of Progress for People

GENERAL 🍪 ELECTRIC

THE PROFESSIONS UNDER SIEGE

ivate practice versus public need

by Jacques Barzun

OMETHING NEW HAS HAPPENED when the heads of two of the three branches of our government publicly attack two of the leading professions. The Presient has called down the lawyers and the docrs in turn; the Chief Justice has twice critized the men of law. But the feelings behind ese acts of censure are not new; they have sitated the public and the press for a decade · more, and it is evident to all that the learned ofessions are not the splendid companies, eld in awe and respect, that they once were. The doctors, formerly worshiped as omniient Good Samaritans, are now seen as profeers, often of doubtful competence. Lawyers ave never been popular, but they did seem ne defenders of private and civil rights in me of need. Now they are thought neglectful nd extortionate, when not actually dishonest. he poor academics, who won sudden prestige a the war years because they knew so much bout so much that was useful, lost it all by heir fecklessness in the troubles of 1965-68. is for the scientists, demigods since Darwin, hey became objects of suspicion after Hirohima. Their work was amoral; they dabbled n either treason or warmongering, and in any ase their view of the universe was probably it the root of the modern malaise. Latest on he carpet, the austere, unfathomable accountint is being shown up as a master of misrepesentation, a cordon bleu at cooking the books. With his fall, the idea of "the profesional man" is near to being swallowed up in contempt. For if the engineers seem to escape, t is because the public never sees them.

This comprehensive resentment against the

visible professions does not spring wholly from experience, though facts at second hand or in print are not lacking. Part of the animus comes from the general unrest and impatience with authority in the Western world, coupled with the belief that anything long established is probably corrupt.

But to judge a profession rightly is not easy at a distance, and indignation on some immediate ground usually lacks perspective. For example, the medical profession has been under especially heavy fire; clearly, one reason is its formerly undisputed preeminence: The disillusion is proportionate. Until lately, doctors in this country were revered as in an earlier day only the clergy could hope to be. The physician simply displaced the clergyman when Western man shifted his allegiance from religion to science and technology and when medicine could show that it, too, was scientific. Such facts tell us something about the status of any profession; it goes up and down like the stock market, in response to things

Vulnerable institutions

ORE THAN A CENTURY AGO. Oliver Wendell Holmes—the great Holmes, father of the Justice. and a remarkably original physician—noticed this effect of culture on medical practices themselves: "The truth is that medicine, professedly founded on observation, is as sensitive to outside influences, political, religious, philosophical, imaginative, as is the barometer

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PROFESSIONS UNDER SIEGE to the changes of atmospheric density." This conditioning is ignored, usually, both by those inside a profession and by those outside.

A profession is an institution, and as such it cuts a figure in public that may or may not match the prevailing habits and merits of the practitioners. The insiders genuinely believe in that figure: they live by it in more ways than one, and they can hardly help thinking of The Profession as going on forever in the same glorious way, altering itself only as it improves performance by new skill. Then, suddenly, it comes to grief through the outsiders' dissatisfaction, expressed in various unpleasant ways. Physicians have seen their brethren buffeted by malpractice suits, charged and convicted of fraud in handling federal and local health moneys; accused of mismanaging hospitals and clinics both medically and financially. With the mistrust has come the belief that doctors care only for money and make too much: that they cover up one another's homicidal mistakes; and that their lobbying as a closed corporation is holding back the advent of a much improved national health.

The parallel grievances about lawyers include, besides exorbitant fees, total disregard of the interests of society, mutual protection through the bar associations' connivance at error and fraud, and calculated deception of the public through the use of purposely mys-

tifving language.

As for teachers in school and college, the grumbling is still diffuse, in part because the work they do or bungle is not observable case by case and is not paid for directly. Academic incompetence, indifference, misdirection of effort may be known or suspected, as they widely are today, but clear-cut instances of malpractice are hard to prove, and so far the few lawsuits against schools generally have failed.

The rights and wrongs of the charges will continue to be argued-as they should bebut what is of greater moment to the nation is the present state of disaffection from what used to be considered not only the best brains in the country, but also the most dedicated and self-sacrificing. It is true that young men and women in large numbers still want to join the ancient professions; they continue to hope for one of the too few places of training. But if, as one hears, the competition sometimes goes on by corrupt means, it would seem that little idealism enters into the search for admission. Or it may be that between the first resolve and the diploma the training itself fails to sustain the true professional faith.

At any rate, even those who are close to the training ground express disenchantment with their own kind. A recent writer to the New York Times who is an affirmative-action officer at an Eastern university asserts flatly that we are "so controlled by the professionals, so passive to our own interests," that danger threatens. And she explains the "rising popular discontent with the so-called truths of all disciplines and the so-called standard accepted practices of all professions" by the "limited vision of those who control these areas of human thought and endeavor."

Long ago, Bernard Shaw made a somewhat terser charge. "Every profession," he said, "is a conspiracy against the laity," The epigram should not be dismissed as a joke or a needless exaggeration. The only overemphasis is in the word conspiracy, which implies a secret purpose to overreach the public. Yet it is that very imputation of making the most of closely held secrets that becomes the common man's idea of a profession when it begins to lose the public's faith and regard. And there lies the danger. For the obvious next idea that occurs to the aroused critics is to demand strong supervision from outside. The affirmative-action officer wants the professions and disciplines to represent all groups in the community-that is, become democratic associations "controlling all aspects of a particular area of human concern." In various forms, this same idea is being urged as the remedy for the unsatisfactory state of affairs. Meanwhile leagues and individuals publish guidelines for outwitting or defeating professional malice, even in dentists.

To go in pain or anxiety and ask for expert help with a bludgeon up one's sleeve has something so topsy-turvy about it that the scene would be high comedy if issues of life and well-being were not involved. Better relations between layman and professional than we now seem to enjoy can hardly be brought about in mutual suspicion and hostility. Nor can there be improvement through collective bargaining. The essence of those relations is individual, from which it follows that some clearer idea of what a profession is must once again become common property among insiders and outsiders both.

According to Dr. Abraham Flexner, the famous critic and reformer of medical education fifty years ago, to be medically trained implies "the possession of certain portions of many sciences arranged and organized with a distinct practical purpose in view. That is what makes it a 'profession'." The key words here are: "a distinct practical purpose in view," for which "special training is required." Since the laity, by definition, has no such purposes and lacks special training, a profession is necessarily a

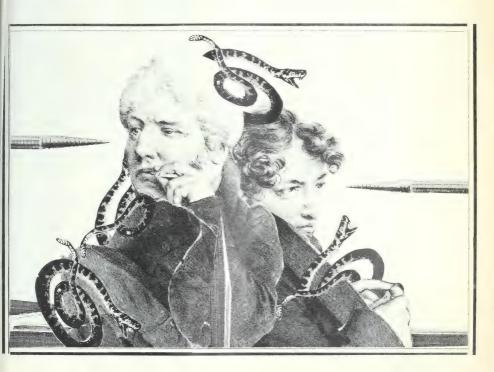
mopoly. In modern societies this monopoly made legal by a license to practice; but the ofessions have always managed to form ild, a trade union, claiming the exclusive that to practice the art. From the tribal medne man to the priest-physicians of the days Hippocrates and to those now certified by a National Boards, no secret has been made this exclusion, this separation of the prossion from the rest of the people. Rather, it a source of pride to the professionals; and ey justify the monopoly by calling it essential to the safety of the public. But between onopoly and conspiracy the line of demarcation is hard to fix and easy to step over.

The upshot is that a profession is by nature vulnerable institution. It makes claims; it emands unique privileges; and it has to perm. But "it" of course does not exist as a ngle entity; it is a dozen or a few hundred r many thousands of individuals, who differ s widely as all other human beings, yet who, s professionals, are expected to act in a stanard manner and to be invariably successful their art. At this point one might conclude hat a profession was not merely vulnerable

but naturally unstable, a scheme beyond human strength to live up to.

"Better relations between lay-

ONETHELESS, PROFESSIONALS of all kinds have existed for thousands of years, and it is this apparent continuity that gives them the illusion of immortality. What every professional should bear in mind is the distinction between a profession and a function. The function may well be eternal; but the profession, which is the cluster of practices and relationships arising from the function at a given time and place, can be destroyed-or can destroy itself-very rapidly. The priest-physician is gone, like the priest-astrologer-two plausible combinations of roles. The town crier has disappeared. The broadcaster of news and advertising carries out the same function in a totally different form. The coachman has vanished and given place to the bus or engine driver and the airplane pilot. The miller is now a set of steel rollers and other machinery close to automatic; yet we still get our flour, and so much more white and pure that no living pest wants to touch it. Better relations between layman and professional than we now seem to enjoy can hardly be brought about in mutual suspicion and hostility."



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Even the professions that look ancient and continuous have radically changed, and not solely in the materials of their respective arts. The schoolteacher or university professor differs from Plato as well as from Abelard, and even more perhaps from the academic trained as a minister, who until recently lectured on six different subjects, all with the aid of the ancient classics. The modern tax and corporation lawyer does not work in the manner of Demosthenes or Cicero, nor do physicians dress or behave or talk Latin like those faithfully represented in the comedies of Molière.

These changes, both external and intrinsic, are linked to the influences that Oliver Wendell Holmes listed, and it would seem reasonable that in a time of public suspicion and outcry, the many professions would examine themselves in the light of these influences—political, social, religious, and philosophical. This should be done not just through the associations' committees, which are likely to deal in whitewash, but individually and silently, which is the only way to reawaken a sense

of fact narcotized by habit.

To do so with honesty and lucidity, it is important to look back through time to the professional life as such, and to begin by saying that the ancestral jokes that ridicule the stereotypes of each calling can be disregarded: the clergyman is holier-than-thou and hypocritical; the professor is dry-as-dust and lives in an ivory tower-lucky man!; the lawyer thrives on complicating simple things and drags out the case to swallow up the estate in costs. These clichés go back thousands of years. Plato says: "The surest sign of bad government and social anarchy is to find many judges and many physicians." Four hundred years ago, Montaigne wrote that "lawyers and physicians are a bad provision for a country." The professionals themselves have occasionally turned on their own kind. Dr. Benjamin Rush, the famous physician of the American Revolution, wrote to a doctor friend: "Oh, that I were a member of any other profession, that I might not call physicians my brethren!" And Chekhov, who was a doctor as well as a playwright, makes one of his intelligent characters say, "Lawyers merely rob you; doctors rob you and kill you too."

These grumbles have counterparts outside the professions: the plumber always forgets his tools so as to increase the bill, and—in the Middle Ages—the miller adulterates the flour after taking more than his share for grinding it. The complaints only express the public's desire for workmanship and accountability; and obviously, the more advanced the profession, the less the public can judge of either.

But, however stupidly put, these demand by the laity should remind all professional of the permanent clash of cross-purposes be tween even the best practitioner and his cus tomer. In teaching, the professor's tendenc is to expound the truth in all the particular of interest to him. The student wants to bi interested in another sense, besides learning what will get him past the examination and certified for his line of work. In the law, it i true, both client and advocate want to win but the lawyer is trained to exercise caution amid confusion and often takes pleasure in nice point of law. Both attitudes then seen to the client a pretext for additional expense of time and money. In medicine also, the case may claim the physician's absorption in the disease rather than in the patient, who wil judge his comfort neglected or even his life endangered for the sake, presumably, of medicine in the abstract.

The rule of diversity

HIS TENSION OF OPPOSITES is inevitable: its ever-present reality should be a constant warning to the professional. It is his duty to reduce the difference as far as possible, and in any case not imagine that the human being he is serving ought to be grateful for whatever he gets. On the contrary, as Nicholas Pevsner, the great authority on architecture, has pointed out, many modern buildings are bad because the customer did not make enough demands, letting the architect follow his own professional bent. This is but another way of saying, with Abraham Flexner, that a profession has a practical purpose in view, which is to satisfy a precise human need. The profession does not exist for itself, as a game, or as a field of free, uncommitted activity, such as pure science, philosophy, art, or mathematics.

In this regard, a rereading of Molière's comedies about doctors and other professionals yields a healthy lesson. The plays show how, in order to daunt the patient, the doctors of the time dressed in black robes and pointed hats and talked a barbarous Latin, in which they argued whether the patient was suffering or dying according to the rules of the faculty. The treatment that followed was an automatic routine. From other sources we learn that in Molière's day there were about 100 doctors in Paris and only four new ones admitted each year. The cost of training was high, and by habitual nepotism the profession was practically hereditary. Surgery was of course rigidly prohibited as being a low manual trade. It was arried on, as we can see in the Marriage of 'igaro a century later, by the barber, often an inerant, who was expert in sharp instruments

f in nothing else.

All this, no doubt, sounds remote from presnt-day practice, but in times of troubles one an profit from parallels. Traits connected vith monopoly practice recur in altered guise. Aore than one modern specialist has in effect isked a patient: "Have you got my disease?" -which is not far from the Molière model of naking the customer fit the rules. As for autonatic treatment, what of the temptation to rescribe the current antibiotic, formerly the ulfa drugs? The present complaint that surzery is resorted to too readily and too often needlessly again suggests treatment without orethought. Modern practice also shows that since Molière's day the surgeon has been admitted to the profession, but the prejudice against manual work subsists in the still invidious position of the dentist.

In these and other ways, the professions exnibit their fatal tendency toward routine. Routine relieves the mind of the effort of thought, and it is protected by the secret and the monopoly of the art. Among public-school teachers, "methods" play the same role and, paradoxically, it is no less routine when the fad changes and new gimmicks replace the old. As in Molière, too, "the faculty" can turn in on itself and its back on the job. During the great demand for academic talent twenty years ago, its central duty of teaching was openly neglected, explicitly downgraded; it was left to those who could not devise a project or obtain a nonteaching university post. The student troubles of the next decade no doubt had additional causes, but not a better excuse. Now there are stirrings to put an end to academic tenure and to limit academic freedom so that it does not permit the use of one's specialty to lighten one's student load. Accountability has become a watchword throughout the world of education, and all this has come about without the aid of a great satirist like Molière.

If one existed and our subject engaged his mind, he would have a harder time making his point. In the seventeenth century, uniformity and small numbers made the target unmistakable. Today, diversity is the rule among physicians and other professionals. Their training, work arrangements, and reserves of mental and ethical strength vary widely. The tendency of an egalitarian age to turn every occupation into a profession has complicated the substance of ethics. What is right or wrong for a journalist, a marriage counselor, an optomatrist—all now under distrustful scrutiny? Like their elder guilds, these new mysteries

get little support from outside their numbers. Especially in cities, the public cannot readily tell the competent from the incompetent; there is no local opinion, and the mutual judgment of laity and professionals that used to be exercised easily within a small community is a thing of the past. The professional does not know how the client lives, whether he is honest and conscientious, and what he can understand. This information has relevance beyond the single case, for in the present outcry against the professions one must not forget the repeated proofs that the public, too, can be charged with corruption: shoplifting, bilking, padding accounts, cheating employers or examiners or the government are no longer specialties in the hands of dedicated crooks; they have become ecumenical avocations. And equally important -as is true of the high-school graduate claiming entrance to college-words, titles, grades, symbols, and diplomas no longer mean what they say.

This confusion, moreover, is occurring at a moment when the nation wants a huge supply of first-class services evenly distributed. Leaving aside the question of costs, there is little chance that the requisite number of able and devoted professionals can be found. Here again we must stop and think what a profession as institution is for. It is to turn people who are not born teachers, born builders, born advocates, or born healers into a good imitation of the real thing. Easier said than done. The decline of the public schools since the 1920s is patently due to the enormously enlarged demand for teachers, in keeping with the increase in population. There are not enough true teachers to go around, and the imitation ones, owing to the normally wretched training, are largely useless. In other words, it is not true that with increasing numbers of people you get a proportional number of every sort of talent. Many other opportunities disperse and absorb that talent; and even apart from this fact, the supply is unpredictable. The country cannot say that now it has four times as many writers of the first rank as it had 100 years ago.

Criticism from without and within

S A WHOLE, EVERY PROFESSION is always horribly average, mediocre. By definition it cannot be anything else. But the public expectation aims much higher than mediocrity, so that in a time of reckoning, when the laity is hot about its rights, general ismay and recrimination are inevitable. W t is more, although any art

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should be judged by its best results, a democratic nation, bent on equality in all things, is sure to judge a profession by its worst exemplars. That is the condition we are in now.

Consider the malpractice suits. From one point of view it is just that a patient-or his heirs-should recover damages for careless or ignorant treatment. From another point of view it is absurd that after the best professional efforts failure should be a cause of complaint. Yet a customer cannot tell whether he has had the best. He always judges by gross results-kill or cure-and wants the reasons plain. On such points the public intelligence is weak. Certain groups have voiced demands that show they expect from the professions nothing less than divination and infallibility. Again the requirement, now enacted here and there, that the fairly exact language of the law be reduced to the common tongue foolishly ignores both the potential litigation over loose terms and the appalling prose now being written by laymen and professionals. Thus do carelessness and indifference on one side beget angry utopian claims on the other.

The subtleties of the predicament are even clearer in education, where the failure to "educate" a particular student is evident in the student, yet assigning blame is beyond human wit. Nor can our modern system follow the example of the old-time college president who said to the indignant parent: "Madam, we guarantee results—or we return the boy."

It is because of these intricacies behind the gross results-a cure, a good education, winning the lawsuit-that for centuries it has seemed best to let the professions police themselves. The assumption is that inside the shop merit and demerit are correctly judged. That is by and large true, and lately in medicine Professional Standards Review Organizations. which are local committees of physicians, have been set up to pass upon the performance of fellow practitioners. It is too soon to say whether this is doing the profession any good, but on general principles one may doubt it. Anvone who has seen at first hand the evaluation of educational institutions by committees of colleagues knows that except for cases that could have been decided at sight by a sensible bricklayer, the reports have been pointless and false. The criteria are mechanical (e.g., equipment, number of books) or else abstract, hence remote from what goes on day by day. How can practice be judged otherwise than in prac-

If policing passes from a local committee of peers to a government agency producing the usual sort of questionnaire, the gap between printed paper and real life is even wider. Through their own routines, regulatory agencies lag behind the facts. They also protect featherbedding, prevent innovation, and give inspectors a power that may invite and spread corruption.

But this generally true verdict is incomplete. The regulation of business came about because business did not regulate itself. It exploited labor and the buyer, under the motto "The public be damned." An alert professional today has the uneasy feeling that the professions are at the juncture where the same motto, unspoken on their part, is being imputed to them by a public ready to clamor for regulation.

There are other signs of a gradual demoting of the professions to the level of ordinary trades and businesses. The right of lawyers and physicians to advertise, so as to reintroduce money competition and break down the "standard practices," is being granted. Architects are being allowed to act as contractors. Teachers have been unionized. Laymen demand the right to sit on various professional bodies, on boards of trustees, and wherever "community representation" may be argued for, on the ground that internal management is unable to serve the public fairly without supervision. The great force of government money works to the same end, for bureaucracy follows the funds and while directing their use is bound to control the user. And where government does not intrude, unionism will.

Such moves, whether viewed as threats or as reforms, signify one thing: the modern professions have enjoyed their monopoly for so long that they have forgotten that it is a privilege given in exchange for a public benefit. The myth of the profession as an immortal being, forever young and strong, fills their minds. The example of the scientist, till lately unchallenged as oracle and servant of mankind, has persuaded the professional man that expertise in itself is a sufficient raison d'être. Occasional complaints are interpreted as envy or misunderstanding, instead of what they have turned out to be—suspicion, resentment at breach of faith, contempt of complacency.

Forgetting the great principle of reciprocity will ruin any profession. The scientists felt a touch of the menace when they too loudly claimed complete autonomy from social judgment. Nor can the workaday professions be saved when only a faithful remnant performs well and behaves ethically. An institution exists for use, not to be an object of wonder.

It may be, of course, that we are witnessing the evolution some have predicted—the drive toward a society collectivized through and through, that is, in which groups interlock in mutual control; the theory being that no in-

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THE PROFESSIONS UNDER SIEGE

dividual or group can be trusted. That would mean the death of the very idea of a profession, which so far has been synonymous with a blend of individual and group self-govern-

HE MESSAGE FOR THE PROFESSIONS today is that their one hope of survival with anything like their present freedoms is the recovery of mental and moral force. No profession can live and flourish on just one of the two. For its "practical purpose" it requires the best knowledge and its effective use. But since that purpose is to transfer the good of that knowledge from the possessor to another person, the moral element necessarily comes into play. Moral here does not mean merely honest; it refers to the nature of any encounter between two human beings. Nobody sues a vending machine for malpractice; if it fails to work, no blame attaches to it, even though one wants to get one's coin back. But as soon as a person serves another, ethical issues spring to life and get settled well or badly. Perhaps they are clearly felt by only one of the parties; they are in any case never easy to reason out. Such practices as experiments on poor patients, or operations by young residents while the patient thinks he is in the hands of the great surgeon, seem clear-cut matters that find their parallels in teaching and in the law. But more subtle situations arise from group practice, in any profession, where the client may be tossed about among several hands, having to reestablish his identity and need, losing confidence all the while, and in the end knowing that responsible attention has been denied him.

None of this means that there are not arguments for the systems complained of, advantages that would be lost with their abandonment-for example, the training of beginners directly on the body, or the mind, or the hearth and home of the customer who has paid high fees. But that conflict of good reasons will not resolve itself by simply waiting it out, any more than moral sensitivity will return to the individual practitioner by his guild's writing up a fresh code. A code only sets the limits beyond which behavior will be condemned, and the moral level is not high when all or most of those who live under it always act within a hairline of those limits. Codes, in fact, are for criminals and competitors, not for professions that want to be known as dedi-

HARPER'S OCTOBER 1978 No doubt the codes now in force (though hardly the Hippocratic oath, so moving and yet so ineffectual) can benefit from thorough re-

vision. But what the professions need in their present predicament is, first, the will to police themselves with no fraternal hand, with no thought of public relations. Any few scandals giving the group a bad name will soon convince the public that self-policing means what it says and confidence will return. The examples will also inspire-shall we say?-others who might otherwise be weak. Screening and disciplining from within must always continue, steadily and firm, or it will be taken over by public bodies and officialdom. A simple fact of language may help drive in this simple point. English has borrowed from French the phrase esprit de corps and uses it to mean something good-team spirit, loyalty. But in French, to this day, it means something bad: the huddling together of members of a guild to hush up their mistakes; it means, in short, Shaw's conspiracy against the laity.

Policing, being negative, is not enough. It will not effect moral regeneration, which can come about only when the members of a group feel once more confident that ethical behavior is desirable, widely practiced, approved, and admired. After a marked decline, it can only be a slow growth and only one force can start it on its way, the force of moral and intellectual leadership. What all the professions need today is critics from inside, men who know what the conditions are, and also the arguments and excuses, and in a full sweep over the field can offer their fellow practitioners a new vision of the profession as an institution.

For each profession, details such as these will have to be spelled out, for in human affairs the great and perpetual shortage is that of imagination. Nothing is so obvious that somebody won't manage to overlook it. Details must of course be embedded in general principles, and these summed up in maxims to strike the mind. The whole aim is to lift the critique from a set of complaints to a set of purposes, purposes no professional can gainsay because they are stated or restated by one who knows. That is what Flexner did when he riddled medical education in 1910. He changed American medicine, having made it impossible for do-nothing schools and filthy hospitals to continue in being. In an earlier day Bentham did likewise for English law and John W. Burgess for American higher education. When the problem is a failure of competence and morality, nothing will solve it but the work of an individual mind and conscience, aided of course by the many scattered men of talent and good will who are only waiting for a lead. Without some such heroic effort, we professionals shall all go down-appropriately-as non-heroes together.

THE LITTLE RED COLORING BOOK

Judging from the pictures they paint, Chinese children enlist at an early age in Mao's continuing class struggle. The following works are selected from *Pictures by Chinese Children*, the album of an exhibition of children's art mounted in the People's Republic of China in 1975. The Mainland the children glorify is a technological wonderland, its artifacts dutifully recorded as testaments to the virtue of collective effort. Yet the pictures suggest that the artistic temperament in children cannot be wholly subordinated to the service of the State.



A Sickle for My Sister

Tseng Hao, boy, age 12



An Oil Port Under Construction

Chen Li, boy, age 13



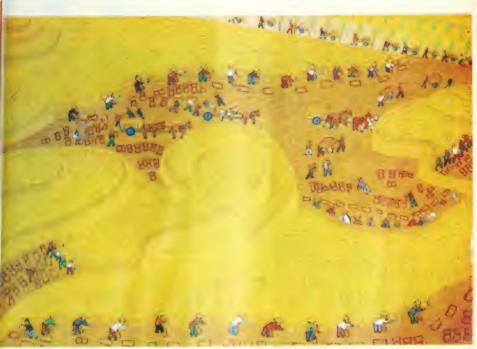
China's Got a Lot of Oil

Hsu Ke-fei, boy, age 8 Li Hung, girl, age 8 Chang Hsin, girl, age 9



Worker Uncles Build a Bridge

Pai Jen, boy, age 4



ummer Harvest

Wang Wei-hsing, boy, age 15



The Choo-choo Runs Fast with a Heavy Load

Li Wen-po, boy, age 4



Wonders with Welding

Lu Kai, boy, age 14

Works and Days

he labor of daily thought: 1974-1975

by Eric Hoffer

Wember 26-10:00 P.M.

The other day I finished the first draft of a slim llection of short essays. I suddenly had the feeling at I had been scraping the bottom of the barrel, and at the slim volume might mark my end as a thinker. loubted whether I would ever get my teeth into a w, seminal train of thought. It was legitimate to sume that at the age of seventy-two my mind was aved out.

I did not panic. As a retired workingman I now have e right to do what I have denied myself since 1940—ad novels, thousands of them. There are only a wyears left anyhow. But first I have to get a clear icture of the manner in which age affects my mind. he reasoning capacity is unimpaired. I can still tell mase from nonsense, and my judgment of books I ameading and of my own writing is sound. It is true that have noticed a tendency toward wishful thinking, lessened interest in what is happening in the world, nd a marked weakening of memory. But I sense at the crucial difference lies elsewhere, in the loss f alertness.

I remembered something I wrote in Reflections on the Human Condition: "That which a unique and worthwhile in us makes itself felt only in lashes. If we do not know how to catch and savor the lashes, we are without growth and exhilaration." Would it be possible to reanimate and cultivate the dertness to the first, faint stirrings of thought? What would happen if I forced myself over a period of leveral months to sluice my mind the way I sluiced dirt in my gold-hunting days, using a diary as a sluice box to trap whatever flakes of insight might urn up? This, then, is why I am starting this diary oddy.

Eric Hoffer is the author of eight books, including The True Beiever, and most recently, In Our Time. This material is from a forthcoming book entitled Before the Sabbath, which will be published by Harper & Row in January. Movember 27 - 7:00 A.M

Inflation is turning me against the rich. Yet I cannot see myself living in a socialist society. My passion is to be left alone, and that is possible only in a capitalist society. Capitalism is ideally equipped for mastering things, but awkward in mastering men. It hugs the assumption that people will perform tolerably well when left to themselves.

The curious thing is that the reluctance or inability to manage men makes capitalist society uniquely modern. Managing men is a primitive thing. It partakes of magic and is the domain of medicine men and tribal chieftains. Socialist and Communist societies are a throwback to the primitive because of their passion for managing men.

Idealists never weary of decrying capitalism for its trivial motivation. Yet a discrepancy between trivial motives and weighty consequences is an essential trait of human uniqueness and is particularly pronounced in the creative individual. Not only in the marketplace and on the battlefield but also in the world of thought and imagination, men who set their hearts on toys often accomplish great things. The idealists prize seriousness and weightiness. Let them go to the animal kingdom! Animals are deadly serious.

Secentes 2 - 8:00 A.M.

It is almost eight years since I retired from the waterfront, but in my dreams I still load and unload ships. I sometimes wake up in the morning aching all over from a night's hard work. One might maintain that a pension is pay for the work we keep on doing in our dreams after we retire.

December 4-7:00 A.M.

The Chinese Far East (which includes Japan, Korea, Vietnam, and Mongolia) is at present the last refuge of the work ethic. In the rest of the world labor-faking is the rule. It matters not whether a country is feudal, capitalist, socialist, Communist, backward or advanced, rich or poor: its people will do as little as possible. Here is a description of the situation in Russia: "At any time, in any office, 80 percent of the staff is in the corridors or the bathrooms. No one works." Something similar is taking place in capitalist societies. The fateful event of our time is not the advancement of backward countries but the leveling down of advanced countries.

Pechorin, a Russian intellectual who lived in the nineteenth century, thought that a greedy bourgeoisie will sell its soul for material rewards. Actually, the logic of events has been more subtle. Our materialist civilization is edging toward tyranny because the elimination of scarcity also eliminates the hidden hand of circumstances that kept the wheels turning.

Serenber 7-5:00 A.M.

A revulsion from work is a fundamental component of human nature. It is natural to feel work as a curse. A social order that grants only minimal necessities but asks for little effort will be more stable than a system that offers superfluities but demands ceaseless striving. One reason Communist governments seem so stable is that they no longer insist on hard work. Islam, too, is markedly stable because it functions tolerably well in an atmosphere of indolence.

In the period between the two world wars Czechoslovakia was one of the most progressive and prosperous countries in Europe. It had an industrious, skilled population that kept the economic and social plant in good repair. In 1948 the Communists took over, and twenty years later, when the lid came off during the Dubček interlude, the world could see the changes that had taken place under Communist rule. The chief fact was the loss of the work ethic. The Czechs took to labor-faking with gusto. Hard work was looked upon as a violation of the fraternal code. It was also startling to discover how easily the workers had adjusted themselves to a lower standard of living. It seemed doubtful whether an offer of higher wages could wean them from their meager brand of la dolce vita.

In Britain, workers are immune to the blandishments of a higher living standard, and this attitude is spreading to other democracies, particularly among the young. I suspect that the present chatter about quality of life is an attempt to mask the fact that to the new generation the good life is a life of little effort.

Seremby 23-7:30 A.M.

Communism was invented by highbrows while captalism was initiated by lowbrows. A capitalist society can be run by anybody, whereas it needs exceptional leaders to make a Communist society work. If the vigof an organization is measured by the ability to function well without an outstanding leader, then, clearly, a Communist society is less vigorous—less well made—than a capitalist society.

Churchill saw Communist Russia as ruled by a band of "bloody-minded professors." And, indeed, the contrast between a Communist and a capitalist government is the contrast between a government by school-masters and a government by schoolboys. Churchill himself was one of the fabulous schoolboys who ruled Britain during the nineteenth century and up to the first world war. Apparently, lowbrows and schoolboys are better social builders than highbrows and schoolmasters.

Communism can reconstruct the chronically poor and launch backward countries on a road to modernization. Capitalism is ideal for enterprising, self-startin people but cannot do much for people who cannot help themselves. Clearly, where Communism succeeds it makes the helpless fit for capitalism.

January 5-6:50 1,M.

The nineteenth century was rich in new beginnings while the twentieth is a century of endings and harvests. Both the achievements and the crimes of the twentieth century are a harvest of what the nineteenth century had sown.

Guglielmo Ferrero, when describing the fabulous stability of the nineteenth century, says that "it could dream of anarchy, worship revolution, and amuse itself by destroying and reworking the world with its thought, while enjoying the most solid and perfect order that had ever been established on earth." The dreamers, schemers, and thinkers were planting the seed of the apocalyptic events of the twentieth century.

Jamary 12-1:00 P.M.

It is uncanny how, when trying to make sense of what has happened to America since 1960, we find the nearest analogies in Weimar Germany, prerevolutionary Russia, and Britain in the early decades of the industrial revolution. America is becoming not so much like other countries as like other countries' pasts.

Lameary 29-7:00 A.M.

There is a tendency to turn insoluble problems into aboos that must not be mentioned. In this country he racial problem is kept out of conversation. In ritain, the revulsion from work that is the main cause of the present crisis is hardly ever mentioned.

February 10.7:10 AM.

Khrushchev's Sputnik toy brought about a change a the tilt of America's social landscape from the narketplace to the universities. After 1957, many oung people who would normally have gone into busiess ended up climbing academic ladders and browing their weight around in literary and artistic liques from Manhattan to Berkeley.

It was to be expected that the potential business ycoons would feel ill at ease on the campus. Where was the action? The university seemed to them a sloated, sluggish giant cut off from the stream of life. They were going to wake up the academic world and urn the university into an instrument of power. They were going to make history, which is an acceptable substitute for making and losing millions. It was these misplaced tycoons who set the tone and shaped events in the 1960s.

Ebruary 11-9:00 P.M.

How strange that misplaced philosophers should have become grandiose builders while misplaced men of action became revolutionary wreckers.

The significant fact is that men of action metamorphosed into men of words are more readily corrupted by power than conventional men of action. Words are a potent source of self-righteousness; they serve to mask questionable motives, and justify ruthlessness. Paradoxically, the metamorphosed man of action has faith in the magical powers of words. He becomes irrational and primitive and is a threat to civilized life. Though we find it hard to accept that "In the beginning was the Word," and that words created the world, we know that words can ignite genocidal passions and squash civilized societies. It is not hard for us to believe that words may eventually destroy our world.

March 17- 1:45 1.M.

It was not long ago that national greatness seemed a legitimate goal for almost any country. At present, a deliberate reaching out for national greatness is not found outside Russia and China. It is curious that at a time when every two-bit intellectual in a democratic country wants to make history, the free world has become skeptical of great feelings and sacrifices. The democracies aspire not to historical greatness but to the attainment of a modicum of material prosperity. Will this retreat of the free world from greatness make the world ripe for Russian universal dominion?

March 21- 10:00 A.M.

It occurs to me that only birds, two-legged creatures, can simulate human speech. Nothing that crawls or walks on four legs can utter words. The snake who spoke to Adam and Eve walked erect. He became mute when made to crawl. "Upon thy belly shalt thou crawl."

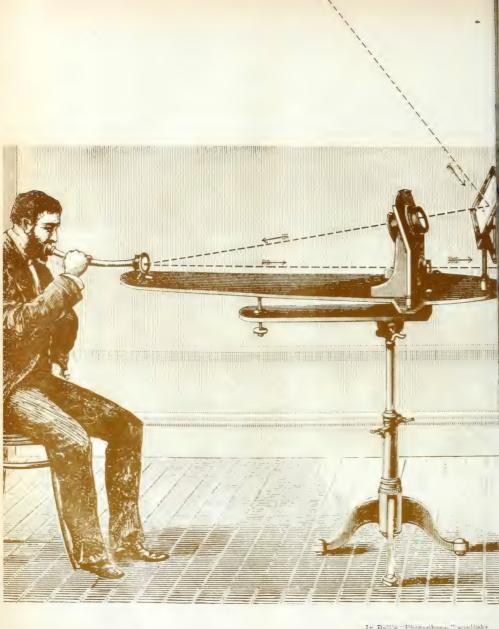
How did the snake manage to walk erect? Probably with the aid of hummingbird wings. He must have been a proud sight. To me, the story of the fall is above all the story of the fall of the snake.

April 11-7:50 A.M.

Backward countries are crying about the maldistribution of the world's wealth: one-quarter of the world's population has three-quarters of the wealth. Not a word is said about how wealth comes into being; the toil, sweat, and self-denial that make an accumulation of wealth possible. This is how a once poor and backward Japan became an affluent country. It is curious how in both domestic and international affairs there is at present a stubborn refusal to see a connection between effort and income. It is widely assumed that individuals or countries are poor because they are exploited or discriminated against.

May 3-8:30 A.M.

It is incredible that as recently as the 1950s the British were unaware of what fate had in store for them. Years have now the weight of centuries. It is to their credit that the British know how to decline gracefully. The French have messed up Europe for a century in their refusal to adjust themselves to the reality of being a second-class country.



In Bell's "Photophone," sunlight was bounced from a reflecter through a less to a mechanism that vibraced to response to speech. This caused the light beam to vary in intensity. At the receiving end, a selentium detector translated these variations into electrical current to recreate speech through a telephone receiver.

7 years before we nvented the laser, Professor Bell had a perfect application for it.

In 1880, only four years after invented the telephone. exander Graham Bell received patent for a remarkable ideaing light, rather than wire, carry phone calls. Professor Bell built an experiental "Photophone" that ansmitted his voice over a am of sunlight. It didn't work rv well, however. Sunbeams are scattered by r, rain and fog. In any event, e sun doesn't always shine. ae Photophone, unfortunately, as an idea whose time had not

new kind of light

et come.

By the 1950's, scientists again ere looking for a way to use ght for communications.

In September, 1957, Charles ownes, a Bell Labs consultant, and Bell Labs scientist Arthur chawlow conceived a way of roducing a new kind of light—xtremely intense, highly directonal, and capable of carrying nmense amounts of information.

Townes and Schawlow eccived a basic patent on their

invention—the laser.

Since then, Bell Labs scientists have invented hundreds of lasers, including many firsts—gas and solid-state lasers capable of continuous operation, high-power carbon dioxide lasers, liquid dye lasers that produce pulses shorter than a trillionth of a second, and tiny semiconductor lasers that work reliably at normal temperatures. Some of these, no larger than grains of salt, may emit light continuously for 100 years.

Getting the light to the end of the tunnel

While we were developing lasers to generate light, we also looked for a way of shielding it and guiding it for long distances and around curves.

Extremely transparent glass fibers, perfected at Bell Labs and elsewhere, provide the answer. These hair-thin fibers can carry light many miles without distortion or the need for amplification.

In 1977, the Bell System took lightwave communications out

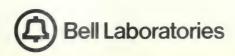
of the laboratory and put it to work under the streets of downtown Chicago. The system, the first to carry phone calls, computer data, and video signals on pulses of light, is working successfully.

Spin-off

Laser light is now used in many other ways—to perform delicate eye surgery, detect air pollution, read product codes at supermarket checkouts, and do a variety of manufacturing tasks. Western Electric, the Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit, was the first company to put the laser to industrial use back in 1965. Hundreds of applications in many industries have followed.

Sometimes, it takes a lot of work and a long time to make a bright idea—like Professor Bell's—a reality. Often, the things we invent, such as the laser, benefit not only Bell System customers, but society in general.

Bell Laboratories 600 Mountain Avenue Murray Hill, N.J. 07974



May 4-6:30 A.M.

With its boundless hope and unimpaired authority, the nineteenth century could view human affairs as rational and predictable. The human condition was seen as something unclean and was not allowed to rise to the surface and foul up the flow of events.

Things changed after the first world war. With the loss of hope and the breakdown of authority, the logic of events came to the fore and life became subject to the irrationality, unpredictability, and primitiveness of the human condition. Words acquired magical power and medicine men and tribal chieftains shaped events.

May 11-8:45 A.M.

To maintain social discipline, an affluent society must know how to create a new kind of scarcity—a new category of vital needs that are not easily fulfilled. In an affluent society the vying and ceaseless striving that made material abundance possible will have to be directed toward new goals. Just as in a time of general scarcity societies had to implant and nurture the work ethic in order to survive, so in an era of general abundance they have to know how to induce a ceaseless striving for the realization of individual capacities and talents in order to preserve their stability and health. And by passing from an economy of matter to an economy of the spirit a society enters a world of incurable scarcity.

May 23-6:00 A.M.

Soviet Russia is an empire without a history. Its true history can be written only by its enemies. To the Soviets, Lenin is almost the only historical figure. Most of the other people who played leading roles in the rise of the Soviet empire have become nonpersons. It is fantastic that the Marxist worship of history should have resulted in an abolition of history and a return to mythology.

May 27-6:00 A.M.

It is blasphemous that a quadrupling of the price of oil by a bunch of crummy sheiks should drain the Occident of its dynamism and put to nought its vaunted uniqueness. How could greatness be so meek and brittle! Of what avail are the Occident's science

and technology, its mastery over nature, and its feats of organization if a dozen unarmed tribal chieftain can bring it to its knees? Our cowardice is making a mockery of our proud past and grandiose aspiration. How could it be that in the whole of the proud Occident there is not at present one great leader who would declare the end of the fossil-fuel age, mobilize the Occident's know-how and ingenuity to produce new, cheaper, and cleaner fuel, and tell the oil sheiks to go drink their oil?

The mystery of our time is the inability of decent people to get angry. At present, anger and daring have become the monopoly of a band of mindless juvenile terrorists.

Social automatism is at its height when a society is engaged in a struggle to master nature. It is then the impersonal factors move people to action and the need for the deliberate management of men is minimal. But once things have been mastered and want is banished much of the social automatism disappears. A triumphant technology ushers in a psychological age, and history is made not by the hidden hand of circumstances but by men. For the mass of people the denouement of technological progress is a passas from servitude to things to the more demeaning servitude to men.

I used to think it self-evident that freedom means freedom from iron necessity. But it is not quite so. The moment necessity no longer regulates and disciplines there is need for imposed regimentation. On the other hand, a society living on the edge of subsistence cannot afford freedom. Thus the zone of individual freedom is midway between the extremes of scarcity and abundance.

May 28-7:00 A.M.

Does not civilized living depend on not seeing thing as they are? There can be neither order nor stability and continuity without illusions about authority, about the attainability of desired goals, about the quality of our fellow men, and about our own nature. A confrontation with naked, raw reality shreds the fiber of civilized life.

May 30 - 7:20 A.M.

Every era has a currency that buys souls. In some the currency is pride, in others it is hope, in still others it is a holy cause. There are, of course, times when hard cash will buy souls, and the remarkable thing is that such times are marked by civility, tolerance, and the smooth working of everyday life. I

DELIVERING

short story

by Andre Dubus

ents' sounds coming back to him as he had known they would when finally three hours ago he knew he was about to sleep: sir last fight in the kitchen, and Chris sleep; through it on the top bunk, grinding his th. It was nearly five now, the room sunlit; the dark, while they fought, Jimmy had tited for the sound of his father's slap, and ien it came he felt like he was slapping her d he waited for it again, wished for it again, it there was only the one clap of hand on ce. Soon after that, she drove away.

Now he was ashamed of the slap. He reached own to his morning hardness, which always : had brought to the bathroom so she wouldn't e the stain; he stopped once to turn off the arm when he remembered it was about to ng into his quick breath. Then he stood and ently shook Chris's shoulder. He could smell te ocean. He shook Chris harder: twelve years id and chubby and still clumsy about some rings. Maybe somebody else was Chris's faier. No. He would stay with what he heard ist night; he would not start making up more. omewhere his mother was naked with that on of a bitch, and he squeezed Chris's shouler and said: "Wake up." Besides, their faces ooked alike: his and Chris's and his father's. verybody said that. Chris stared at him.

"Come with me."

"You're crazy."

"I need you to."

"You didn't say anything last night."
"Come on."

"You buying the doughnuts?"

"After we swim."

In the cool room they dressed for the warm run, in cut-off jeans and T-shirts and sneakers, and went quietly down the hall, past the closed door where Jimmy stopped and waited until ne could hear his father's breath. Last night fiter she left, his father cried. Chris stood in the doorway, looking into the kitchen; Jimmy ooked over his head at the table, the beer cans, his father's bent and hers straight, the shrray filled, ashes on the table and, on the counter near the sink, bent cans and a Sea-

gram's Seven bottle.

"Holy shit," Chris said.

"You'd sleep through World War III."

He got two glasses from the cupboard, reaching over the cans and bottle, holding his breath against their smell; he looked at the two glasses in the sink, her lipstick on the rim of one, and Chris said: "What's the matter?"

"Makes me sick to smell booze in the morning."

Chris poured the orange juice and they drank with their backs to the table. Jimmy picked up her Winston pack. Empty. Shit. He took a Pall Mall. He had learned to smoke by watching her, had started three years ago by stealing hers. He was twelve then. Would he and Chris see her alone now, or would they have to go visit her at that son of a bitch's house, wherever it was? They went out the back door and around to the front porch where the stacked papers waited, folded and tied, sixty-two of them, and a note on top saying Mr. Thompson didn't get his paper yesterday. "It's his Goddam dog," he said, and cut the string and gave Chris a handful of rubber bands. Chris rolled and banded the papers while Jimmy stood on the lawn, smoking; he looked up the road at the small houses, yellow and brown and gray, all of them quiet with sleeping families, and the tall woods beyond them and, across the road, houses whose back lawns ended at the salt marsh that spread out to the northeast where the breeze came from. When he heard the rolling papers stop, he turned to Chris sitting on the porch and looking at him.

"Where's the car?"

"Mom took it."

"This early?"

He flicked the cigarette toward the road and kneeled on the porch and started rolling.

"Where'd she go so early?"

"Late. Let's go."

He trotted around the lawn and pushed up the garage door and went around the pickup; he did not look at Chris until he had unlocked the chain and pulled it from around the post, coiled it under his bicycle seat, and locked it Andre Dubus is the author of two collections of short stories, Separate Flights (1975) and Adultery and Other Choices (1977), both published by David R. Godine.

Andre Dubus
DELIVERING

there. His hands were ink-stained.

"You can leave your chain. We'll use mine at the beach."

He took the canvas sack from its nail on the post and hung it from his right side, its strap over his left shoulder, and walked his bicycle past the truck and out into the sun. At the front porch he stuffed the papers into the sack. Then he looked at Chris.

"We're not late," Chris said.

"She left late. Late last night." He pushed down his kickstand. "Hold on. Let's get these papers out."

"She left?"

"Don't you start crying on me. Goddammit, don't."

Chris looked down at his handlebar.

"They had a fight."

"Then she'll be back."

"Not this time. She's fucking somebody."

Chris looked up, shaking his head. Shaking it, he said: "No."

"You want to hear about it or you just going to stand there and tell me I didn't hear what I heard."

"Okay, tell me."

"Shit. I was going to tell you at the beach. Wait, okay?"

"Sixty-two papers?"

"You know she's gone. Isn't that enough for a while?" He kicked up his stand. "Look. We've hardly ever lived with both of them. It'll be like Pop's aboard ship. Only it'll be her."

"That's not true."

"What's not."

"About hardly ever living with both of them."

"It almost is. Let's go."

Slowly across the grass then onto the road, pumping hard, shifting gears, heading into the breeze and sun, listening for cars to their rear, sometimes looking over his shoulder at the road and Chris's face, the sack bumping his right thigh and sliding forward but he kept shoving it back, keeping the rhythm of his pedaling and his throws: the easy ones to the left, a smooth motion across his chest like second to first, snapping the paper hard and watching it drop on the lawn; except for the people who didn't always pay on time or who bitched at him, and he hit their porches or front doors, a good hard sound in the morning quiet. He liked throwing to his right better. The first week or so he had cheated, had angled his bicycle toward the houses and thrown overhand: but then he stopped that, and rode straight, leaning back and throwing to his right, sometimes having to stop and leave his bicycle and get a paper from under a bush or a parked car in the driveway, but soon he was hitting the grajust before the porch, unless it was a hou that had a door or wall shot coming, and could do that with velocity too. Second short. He finished his road by scaring himse hitting Reilly's big front window instead of twall beside it, and it shook but didn't brea and when he turned his bicycle and headd back he grinned at Chris, who still looked lil someone had just punched him in the mouth

He went left up a climbing road past a pin grove, out of its shade into warmth on h face: a long road short on customers, twelof them scattered, and he rode faster, thinking of Chris behind him, pink-cheeked, breathin hard. Ahead on the right he saw Thompson collie waiting on the lawn, and he pulled out paper and pushed the sack behind his leg, the rose from the seat pumping toward the hous sitting as he left the road and bounced c earth and grass: he threw the paper thumping against the open jaws, his front tire grazin the yelping dog as it scrambled away, and h lightly handbraked for his turn, then sped or to the road again. He threw two more to h left and started up a long steep hill for th last of the route: the road cut through wood in shade now, the bicycle slowing as the hi steepened near the hardest house of all: Clay ton's at the top of the hill, a pale-green hous with a deep front lawn: riding on the shou der, holding a paper against the handlebar standing, his legs hot and tight, then at th top he sat to throw, the bicycle slowing leaning, and with his left hand he moved th front wheel from side to side while he twiste to his right and cocked his arm and threw; h stood on the pedals and gained balance an speed before the paper landed sliding on th walk. The road wound past trees and fiftee customers and twice that many houses. He fir ished quickly. Then he got off his bicycle sweating, and folded the sack and put it in hi orange nylon saddlebag, and they started back Chris riding beside him.

From one house near the road he smellebacon. At another he saw a woman at the kitchen window, her head down, and he looked away. Some of the papers were inside now. A Clayton's house he let the hill take him down into the shade to flat land and, Chris behind him now, he rode past the wide green and brown salt marsh, its grass leaning with the breeze that was cool and sea-tanged on his face, moving the hair at his ears. There were no houses. A fruit and vegetable stand, then the bridge over the tidal stream: a quick blue flow, the tide coming in from the channel and cove beyond a bend to the north, so he could not see them, but he knew how the cove looked

; early, with green and orange charter boats I at the wharves. An hour from now, the ple would come. He and Chris and his her went a few afternoons each summer, h sandwiches and soft drinks and beer in ice chest, and his father drank steadily but y a six-pack the whole afternoon, and they od abreast at the rail, always near the bow, boat anchored a mile or two out, and on ky days filled a plastic bag with mackerel pping tails till they died, and on unlucky s he still loved the gentle rocking of the at and the blue sea and the sun warmly and wly burning him. Twice in late summer y had bottom-fished and pulled up cusks m 300 feet, tired arm turning the reel, cusk aking the surface with eyes pushed outward d guts in its mouth. His mother had gone ce. She had not complained, had pretended like it, but next time she told them it was much sun, too smelly, too long. Had she en with that son of a bitch when they went hing again? The boats headed in at five and s father inserted a cleaning board into a slot the gunwale and handed them slick cool ackerel and he and Chris cleaned them and rew their guts and heads to the sea gulls that vered and cried and dived until the boat ached the wharf. Sometimes they could make gull come down and take a head from their

They rode past beach cottages and up a oneock street to the long dune that hid the sea, ained their bicycles to a telephone pole, and rinted over loose sand and up the dune; then ilking, looking at the empty beach and sea id breakers, stopping to take off sneakers and irts, Jimmy stuffing his three bills into a leaker, then running onto wet hard sand, into e surf cold on his feet and ankles, Chris bede him, and they both shouted at once, at e cold but to the sea as well, and ran until te water pushed at their hips and they walked it toward the sea and low sun, his feet hurting the cold. A wave came and they turned their acks to it and he watched over his shoulder s it rose; when it broke they dived and he was ding it fast, swallowing water, and in that istant of old sea-panic he saw his father cryig; he opened his eyes to the sting, his arms retched before him, hands joined, then he as lying on the sand and the wave was gone nd he stood shouting: "All right." They ran ack into the sea and body-surfed until they ere too cold, then walked stiffly up to higher and. He lay on his back beside his clothes, ooked at the sky; soon people would come with lankets and ice chests. Chris lay beside him. le shut his eyes.

"I was listening to the game when they

came home. With the ear plug. They won, three-two. Lee went all the way. Rice drove in two with a double-" Bright field and uniforms under the lights in Oakland, him there, too, while he lay on his bunk, watching Lee working fast, Remy going to his left and diving to knock it down, on his knees for the throw in time when they came in talking past the door and down the hall to the kitchen-"They talked low for a long time; that's when they were drinking whiskey and mostly I just heard Pop getting ice, then I don't know why but after a while I knew it was trouble, all that ice and quiet talk and when they popped cans I figured they'd finished the whiskey and they were still talking that way so I started listening. She had already told him. That's what they were talking about. Maybe she told him at the Chief's Club. She was talking nice to him-"

"What did she say?"
"She said—shit—" He opened his eyes to the blue sky, closed them again, pressed his legs into the warm sand, listened to the surf. "She said I've tried to stop seeing him. She said Don't you believe I've tried? You think I want to hurt you? You know what it's like. I can't stop. I've tried and I can't. I wish I'd never met him. But I can't keep lying and sneaking around. And Pop said Bullshit: you mean you can't keep living here when you want to be fucking him. They didn't say anything for a minute and they popped two more cans, then she said You're right. But maybe I don't have to leave. Maybe if you'd just let me go to him when I wanted to. That's when he started yelling at her. They went at it for a long time, and I thought you'd wake up. I turned the game up loud as I could take it but it was already the ninth, then it was over, and I couldn't stop hearing them anyway. She said Jason would never say those things to her, that's all I know about that son of a bitch, his name is Jason and he's a civilian somewhere and she started yelling about all the times Pop was aboard ship he must have had a lot of women and who did he think he was anyway and she'd miss you and me and it broke her heart how much she'd miss you and me but she had to get out from under his shit, and he was yelling about she was probably fucking every day he was at sea for the whole twenty years and she said You'll never know you bastard you can just think about it for another twenty. That's when he slapped her."

"Good."

"Then she cried a little, not much, then they drank some more beer and talked quiet again. He was trying to make up to her, saying he was sorry he hit her and she said it was her "His mother had gone once.... she told them it was too much sun, too smelly, too long. Had she been with that son of a bitch when they went fishing again?"

Andre Dubus DELIVERING

fault, she shouldn't have said that, and she hadn't fucked anybody till Jason—"

"She said that?"

"What."

"Fuck."

"Yes. She was talking nice to him again, like he was a little kid, then she went to their room and packed a suitcase and he went to the front door with her, and I couldn't hear what they said. She went outside and he did, too, and after she drove off he came back to the kitchen and drank beer." He raised his head and looked past his feet at a sea gull bobbing on the water beyond the breakers. "Then he cried for a while. Then he went to bed."

"He did?"

"Yes."

"I've never heard him cry."

"Me neither."

"Why didn't you wake me up?"

"What for?"

"I don't know. I wish you had."

"I did. This morning."

"What's going to happen?"
"I guess she'll visit us or something."

"What if they send Pop to sea again and w have to go live with her and that guy?"

"Don't be an asshole. He's retiring and he' going to buy that boat and we'll fish like bastards. I'm going to catch a big fucking tun and sell it to the Japanese and buy you som weights."

He squeezed Chris's bicep and rose, pulling him up. Chris turned his face, looking down the beach. Jimmy stepped in front of him, still

holding his arm.

"Look: I heard Pop cry last night. For a long time. Loud. That's all the fucking crying I want to hear. Now let's take another wave and get some doughnuts."



They ran into the surf, wading coldly to the ve that rose until there was no horizon, no a, only the sky beyond it.

OTTIE FROM TENTH GRADE was working the counter, small and summer-brown.

"Wakefield boys are here," Jimmy

id. "Six honey dip to go."

He only knew her from math and talking in e halls, but the way she smiled at him, if it any other morning he would stay and talk, d any other day he would ask her to meet m in town tonight and go on some of the des, squeeze her on the roller coaster, eat zza and egg rolls at the stands, get somebody buy them a six-pack, take it to the beach e told her she was foxy, and got a Kool from r. Cars were on the roads now, but so many



that they were slow and safe, and he and Chris rode side by side on the shoulder; Chris held the doughnut bag against the handlebar and ate while Jimmy smoked, then he reached over for the bag and ate his three. When they got near the house it looked quiet. They chained their bicycles in the garage and crept into the kitchen and past the closed door, to the bathroom. In the shower he pinched Chris's gut and said: "No shit, we got to work on that."

They put on gym shorts and sneakers and took their gloves and ball to the backyard.

"When we get warmed up I'm going to throw at your face, okay?"

"Okor"

"You're still scared of it there and you're

ducking and you'll get hurt that way."

The new baseball smooth in his hand and bright in the sun, smacking in Chris's glove, coming back at him, squeezed high in the pocket and webbing; then he heard the back door and held the ball and watched his father walking out of the shade into the light. He squinted at his father's stocky body and sunburned face and arms, his rumpled hair, and motioned to Chris and heard him trotting on the grass. He was nearly as tall as his father, barely had to tilt his head to look into his eyes. He breathed the smell of last night's booze, this morning's sleep.

"I heard you guys last night," he said. "I

already told him.

His father's eyes shifted to Chris, then back. "She'll come by tomorrow, take you boys to lunch." He scratched his rump, looked over his shoulder at the house, then at Jimmy. "Maybe later we'll go eat some lobsters. Have a talk."

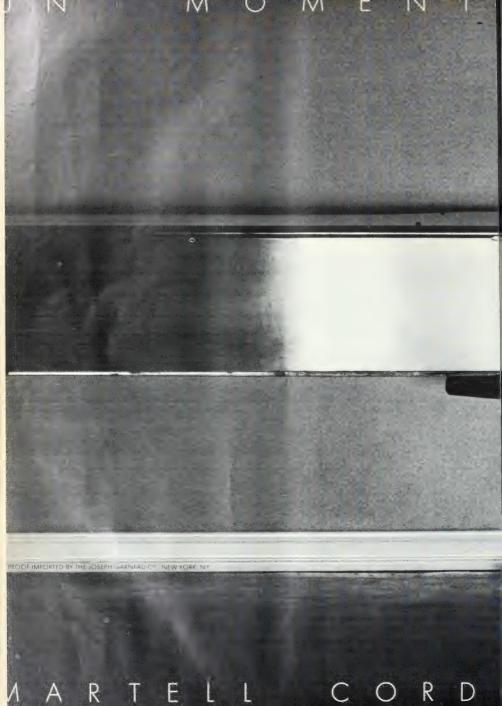
"We could cook them here," Chris said.

"Sure. Steamers, too. Okay: I'll be out in a minute."

They watched him walk back to the house, then Jimmy touched Chris, gently pushed him. and he trotted across the lawn. They threw fly balls and grounders and one-hop throws from the outfield and straight ones to their bare chests, calling to each other, Jimmy listening to the quiet house too, seeing it darker in there. cooler, his father's closet where in a corner behind blue and khaki uniforms the shotgun leaned. He said: "Here we go," and threw at Chris's throat, then face, and heard the back door; his breath guickened, and he threw hard: the ball grazed the top of Chris's glove and struck his forehead and he bent over, his bare hand rubbing above his eye, then he was cry-5 ing deeply and Jimmy turned to his running father, wearing his old glove, hair wet and combed, smelling of after-shave lotion, and & said: "He's all right, Pop. He's all right."

""When we get warmed up I'm going to throw at your face. okay?" "Okay."

HARPER'S OCTOBER 1978





DEATH MOTHER

by Frederick Morgan

I

You came as sleep, warily: when I woke things had a deep-blue look.

You disguised yourself as night, but behind the stars I saw dark flashes of your body.

And as for dreams how many you tried me with! It seems you never weary of your hopeful grim deceptions

as though I stood in need of such visions of filth and blood to move me to acknowledge your dominion, mother.

2

Lady, when you were born—frail, blue-veined from the womb but destined by a god—the proud man dashed you down. You died before you lived

yet from the detested corpse a raging spirit strode up into heaven, and the man fell shuddering seeing his death at large.

Now in the night sky with breasts like elephants, all circleted in moonbeams, dark-skinned, in your delicate dark skirt you dance out our black age.

3

Death is the least of things to be feared because while we are it is not and when it comes we are not and so we never meet it at all. That was a Greek way of avoiding the issue—
which is, that ever since the blood-drenched moment
of primal recognition,
death has lived all times in us
and we in her, commingled,
and not to recognize her is
not to recognize ourselves.

The lovely body is composed of what was dead and will be dead again. Death gives us birth, we live in her.

4

I cornered the thief in the garage at dusk. Small, furry, with quick-darting eyes, he made no sound but watched his chance.

He had none. I took hold of a heavy stick and, when he rushed me, struck him once and crushed his skull. There on the cement floor

all at once that life came to an end.
Out of the nostrils blood was oozing,
the right eye dripped down from its socket.

I felt revulsion at myself and him.
The dog edged up and nosed the body.
Later, in the dark, I dug a quiet grave,
laid him in it and covered him over,
and all was almost as if he had never been.

5

The breasts of the loving mothers flow with milk: quiet in the streamside grove they suckle the sacred children. Sit, rest yourself for a moment in the cool of those tree for it seems (on such a day) love must prevail.

But the Mother is playful and sportive, she of the burial grounds: at nightfall Helen the fair in a paroxysm of change shrivels, a hag with withered dugs.

Do not think to escape her by calling her fortunate name: from her mouth blood pours in a torrent, her girdle is human hands, she frees one in a hundred thousand the rest she holds to the game. ere was no bulldozer handy, so shoveled the corpses into the pit enty of us on detail.

m't remember which month it was, April or May.
e sun was out, a small breeze was blowing as usual.
neant wading into a complex mass of rot,
y were so many and so putrefied,
th here and there a leg, an arm, a head.
wore masks, but gagged even so—
veral passed out.

terwards, where we filled the earth in, it bubbled, d on the march back Kröger said, "My God, l rather die than do that again."
It he didn't die. None of us did, just then.

7

ou cast me from your filthy womb
here snails, worms, and leeches grow
id when I've finished out my time
tek down your great gorge I'll go
to your black and stinking gut
id crouch there centuries and rot
id be excreted, or reborn—
's all the same, it's you I'm from,
our stench, your blood, your pain and lust,
our beauty raising up my pride,
our eyes that gleam in murderous jest,
our ancient sluice that I've enjoyed.
low, dear mother mine, shall I grow free
f you who keep remaking me?

s it useful to have a mythology of death r handier just to get along with the bare idea, he barer the better? Such as plain black nothingness: easy to think of ike a light going out. Why

ike a light going out. Why get into talk of legends and deities with all their paraphernalia?

deny that consolation is the answer.
The greatest consolation (as Epicurus knew)
s the light going out. All notions
of continuance build up in us expectancy—
und that is perhaps the answer: life
us lived, responsive to its fiercest surge,
ussumes its own indefinite extension...

He has not fully lived, Lorenzo de' Medici said, who has not felt that other life to come—and yet one must not dwell on it too much or put on airs. The light goes out for sure and all the rest is images—in whose mind?

9

One sweltering Sunday afternoon in August, walking through the back-meadows as was my custom I grew sleepy, and lay down in a patch of shade to rest. Drowsed off; and had this dream I can't forget.

I saw a gigantic woman striding toward me across the fields: glad eyes in a grim face and crests of huge dark wings that loomed behind her. She held in one hand a dripping sword, in the other—dangling from the intermingled hair—a thousand human heads confused and bunched. I was the only person left alive, and as she neared and looked into my eyes I saw in hers my own self, burning bright.

This frightened me-my heart shook-and I woke.

IO

Who will laugh in coldest glee when earth darkens once for all?

When graveyard meats are the only food, who will eat the dead men's faces?

And who rides free in the night sky holding the mirror that holds the world?

Is it not I deep in the heart, I who died before I lived?

Black one, naked dancer on corpses, with you as Mother how shall we fear death.

IN OUR TIME

by Iom Wolfe

The Birds and the Bees



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MOTIVES FOR METAPHOR

by Ross Feld

Moral Fiction, by John Gardner. pages. Basic Books, \$8.95.

World Within the Word, by iam H. Gass. 341 pages. Alfred A. of \$10

Eye of the Story: Selected Esand Reviews, by Eudora Welty. pages. Random House, \$10.

N HIS VARIOUS television programs. Steve Allen used to offer now and again this bit of business: wearing a fedora a a PRESS badge jutting from the d. he'd take some innocuous fillet prose-instructions on how to go ut using electric gardening shears. description of a paramecium from igh school biology text, a Fuller sh catalogue-and read it aloud in indignant tones, with the mountaincrescendos and can't-fool-us snarls. he angry letters the Daily News likes print on its editorial page. The aunce, playing their ironic part pertly, would egg Allen on with cries Yeah, you tell 'em! and boos and a ieral yammer. It was funny. Allen's int about vahooism came across artly enough, but the comedy really in how much we actually enjoyed s sort of thing. There's an almost oiny pleasure to be had from catchcomplaining; next to the blush, the cy and superfluous razzberry may be r sweetest behavioral nugget, satisfywithout meaning anything much. Thus:

We need to stop excusing mediocre and downright pernicious art, stop "taking it for what it's worth" as we take our fast foods, our overpriced cars that are no good, the overpriced houses we spend all our lives fixing, our television programs, our schools thrown up like barricades in the way of young minds, our brainless fat religions, our poisonous air, our incredible cult of sports, and our ritual of fornicating with all pretty or even horse-faced strangers.

Holding on with both hands to the grip of this wild flail is novelist John Gardner, in a book-length essay with the Ciceronian title of On Moral Fiction. Rarely does he boil over like this, but the snippet gives a feel for the everpassionate simmer. Like the Sunday morning speaker at an Ethical Culture platform meeting, Gardner takes (and regularly pounds on) the rostrum to deliver the baleful news that "For the most part our artists do not struggleas artists have traditionally struggledtoward a vision of how things ought to be or what has gone wrong." A strand here of wistful liberalism ("our poisonous air, our incredible cult of sports") is twined with a neoconservative hank there ("Part of the problem may lie . . . in an excessively timid idea

and the state of t

of democracy")—and Gardner braids a noose in which to exhibit, then hang a literary culture content with "stunning effects, fraudulent and adventitious novelty, rant." Instead of affirmative "models of human action," we have "language-sculpture." Novels ought to advance "eternal verities worth keeping in mind, and a benevolent vision of the possible," but just try finding one nowadays.

APERY WALLS, drafty windows, damp basements, low ceilings the house of fiction has turned into the same sort of depressingly snazzy shell you'd find in any quick-buck tract. Who to blame? Only look, Gardner says, at the crew that poured the foundation. "The determinism of Freud, which undermines values by reading them as evasions"; "the pessimism of Sartre, which undermines values by defining the future as a more or less fierce rejection of the present"; "the logical and linguistic cautiousness of Wittgenstein," that cozy Viennese who declared that the limits of his language were the limits of his world. Gardner is ready to settle even older scores, too; he shakes his head sadly over Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, over all philosophers who "focus on parts of the universe that are unstructured." Under such tutelage, we've developed a new cultural pastime: staring into the abyss. Night blindness naturally has developed, along with an abnormally heightened sense of texture. More deplorable still, our writers seem to like

Ross Feld is the author of the novel Years Out (Alfred A. Knopf, 1973), and is currently working on a novel about cancer patients entitled Only Shorter. it that way. Dead in the water, they go about bad-mouthing wind.

Little wonder, then, that Philip Roth is "creepy"; that Joan Didion presses her "fashionably pained characters" through an ever more clogged nozzle of "black peeves." Walker Percy's "Catholic anxiety and his scorn of people he dislikes" simply illustrate "habitual prejudices elevated to the status of ethical imperatives." Kurt Vonnegut wallows in slightness due to "inadequate will." Joseph Heller "grinds on and on, painstakingly mirroring his age without escaping or defining it," unable to do much with his face except leer.

But no writer seems more on Gardner's mind than William Gass. Identified first as a "professional philosopher" and only next as a "celebrated author," Gass causes an extra one of Gardner's coils to redden. The progressively self-registering course of Gass's fiction has disappointed him mightily. Curvy and often scintillant with style, Omensetter's Luck was a solidly inlaid novel with a big serious theme: the mind/body tug played out among the decent, agonized citizens of a finely detailed nineteenth-century Ohio town. But with In the Heart of the Heart of the Country-again the Midwest, but mostly modern this time-the novellas and stories started to consciously extend their own narrative capabilities, flung as precisely as casts from a good fly rod. And Willie Master's Lonesome Wife was the last straw: a short assemblage of graphic tricks and reflexive prose whose happily indulged conceit was character as language and language as sex: "How close in the end is a cunt to a concept: we enter both with joy." Gass forsook Omensetter's Luck's richly piled novelizing for a plain pile of "language-sculpture."

Gass's own essays have charted this direction explicitly-some even would say more remarkably than the fiction itself. Gardner fancifully puts Thor's doubleheaded hammer into the novelist's hands-fiction on the downstroke. criticism on the back. But a Gass essay, as found in Fiction and the Figures of Life, On Being Blue, and the recent (and from here on quoted) The World Within the Word, suggests even wilder devices: the flask-cane or the AM radio/shoe horn. It "experiments with the interplay of genres, attempting both demonstration and display, skids of tone and decorum associated formerly with silent films, jazz bands, and the slide-trombone." And employing a prose style equivalent to the Slinky toy, Gass lands always on this: that writers have only language, language has them-and though the domestic relation may at times chafe and bite, it remains irrefutably monogamous. To slight the sentence-launched with a capital letter, tied off at the end with a period's pip-is to commit a basic error. Sentences make reality, not vice versa. "The world is a source of suggestion, nothing more, and every successful work supersedes its model and renders the world superfluous to it."

Picture, Gass recommends, a snowman. That carrot looks nothing like a nose, nor at the moment like a salad ingredient-stuck there, it's strictly anose-in-a-snowman. Something that we know isn't exactly real becomes instead literal. It functions. The whole snowman, in fact, has to be put together with that in mind; if the bottom ball isn't the largest, the whole thing won't stand. You may add if you liketoward whatever chic end-a Gucci scarf, but all you've done is embellish upon the conventions of a snowman, and so you must be careful. Too much lifelikeness will not only skirt absurdity-do you next go up and ask the snowman for the time?-but be well beside the point: "as eyes and nose, they need each other; as carrot or coal, they couldn't care."

Our most widely disseminated snowman is fiction. Made of words, of carrots and coal-and when the coach inside which Emma Bovary and her lover Leon avidly copulate rocks wildly down the streets of Paris, it's Flaubert holding the reins, and not horses but sentences that are being urged to keep advancing until the lovers are done. As readers, we're conned, is Gass's basic and delighted message; and the illusion, the misunderstanding, is the very crux of the game. True, that "with no undermound to raise its sentences into the wind or to shadow the page with a written shout . . . this has meant that the number of dunderheads reading Balzac the way they would skim Business Week is considerably larger"but so be it. A smart writer, like Nabokov, cuts down the odds on that by taking pains not to write novels

stuffed, like geese, with journalistic observations, determining and moralizing milieus, intensely instructional entanglements, those shifty bandilities that do credit to their authors and also to mankind, details like so many jawless clothespins, or sentiments that bless the belly of the reader to whom they are prescribed like simple soothing syrups and bready pudding.

Enter that "exemplar of oddity" a Oueen of Sentences, Gertrude Ste. Gass has remarkable metamorphic to ents when dealing with a writer likes-Malcolm Lowry, Colette, Valér he seems to wrap his own very mu alive grip around their ghostly penci -but no one more engages his br liance, and to greater effect, than Stei Succumbing happily to her famo opacity-"intricacy no objection, p tience a demand, unreadable plans pleasure"—Gass proceeds, inch by inc to lift Miss Stein's formidable skirt then with scrupulous care reset the exactly. And what's revealed is not on the subtle racket her thing-languas makes-the sharp breaks, caroms, ar kisses-but also a very convincing th sis: that out of her hard-shelled an formally beautiful paragraphs emerge a courageous and absolutely sexustory-lesbian self-sufficiency obje tified into art. Stein didn't merel provide aliases for the love that day not speak its name: she condensed in language, where it was safe from clarity while secure in candor. Gass detective work is splendid, his analys keen, his attention breathtaking; these temperatures, literary criticis turns into gold. But it's no acciden that Gertrude Stein-a writer often di missed finally as either gibbering or single-note Cubist mimic-is the one excite Gass on to such excellence. Whi a flat functional lot of special fun Tender Buttons! In the illusionless y poetic congregations of old Europ Gass would be that member who ritua ly steps up to the coffin before it leave the synagogue for the cemetery an says to the body inside in a loud voice of reminder: "Know that you as dead!" "We must not be misled," I declares with a philosopher's shru "by the ubiquitous presence of cause like bugs at a picnic. A hundred thou sand factors, including evidence, ma lead a man to his beliefs; however, for their scientific adequacy, only the ev dence matters." Fiction's only evidence is its words. The coffin is shaken, th bones rattle: music.

HE ARGUMENT BETWEEN the lifelikeness-affirmers and the language-functionaries is nothing new. Arnold Bennett and inia Woolf had it out over this 1 the century was fresh. We knew housand things about the character Irs. Dalloway, Bennett complained, out once being shown the woman: psychological suggestions do not moral basis" make. Mrs. Woolf ged right back to say that she saw eason why novels ought to ride to hounds, capturing characters like s. A few good strong scents, a o," more than sufficed. Since then, umber of critics-F. R. Leavis, me Booth, George Steiner-have ely sewn together a camp-tent in ch both Bennett and Gardner could space and fellowship; all more or support the concept of the wellle but directed novel that exhibits, Leavis's phrase, "an unusually deped interest in life" and hence an nistakably "moral" dimension. Leas personal polestar in this regard D. H. Lawrence, with additional ting by Dickens, Conrad, and ain. But in our time this has been minority voice. The modernist traon, with critical aid too prevalent letail, has held the wheel, Flaubert, nes, Conrad (certain writers are ked up by both leagues), Joyce (ain a double-draftee): they have vided models for fiction as verbal tocol. Words are rolled down a incy lane, they pick up verisimilitude pure hazard, and finally they hit an umulated target. Only the end prodmatters, and modernist critics have it its stoop scrubbed as clean as those Gertrude Stein's childhood Baltire. The writer's life: coincidental. litics: obstructive. Humane values: side the point. Long live the whited, pured work!

No weeds, then, have had to be ared to allow Gardner and Gass the en space in which to maneuver. But atching their individual styles, espedily where and when their fists come, doubts develop. Is this truly the ain event? Gog and Magog?

Pitted against E. L. Doctorow or obert Coover or John Barth, Gardner's alotry has an attractively strong proe; when he has to drop his chin in der to deal with a novelist closer to s own aims, it loses definition. Saul ellow, for example. Gardner is almost



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in on tiptoe here. He can't really fault Bellow's "theory of faith and responsible love," but he finds the novels that grow from it "sprawling works of advice, not art." Yet "nevertheless ... Bellow can still feel unabashed concern." Better maybe not to talk about Bellow at all; Gardner's own last novel, October Light, was only trickier by half than Mr. Sammler's Planet: two characters shared Gardner's imposed chores-one spun the wheel while the other ground the ax-instead of the usual Bellovian one-man job. For all the careful stepping, Gardner's complaint against Bellow is that he basically says the right things the wrong way.

Sympathy, or the lack of it, starts to look, then, like the cotter pin that keeps the lifelikeness-affirmer's argument intact. After Gardner's references to "fat brainless religions," "Catholic anxiety," and "habitual prejudices," it's hardly a surprise to find him gospeling the Good while serenely untempted to drop out one of the o's (as his mentor Tolstoy would be glad and unashamed to do). But does that justify this?: "Whether one looks at low-brow religious artists or sophisticated highbrows like John Updike or, better, Frederick Buechner, one discovers pretty quickly Who's paying them." It may have sounded a mite bush even to Gardner, since he hastens to add bufferingly: "Religion's chief value is its conservatism: it keeps us in touch with what at least one section of humanity has believed for centuries"-a last-minute tolerance that comes out more like the condescending gush of an antiques collector: Oh, Fred, look at these marvelous leg-irons! Over the fireplace in the den-can't you just see them?

Life being a very private business, you tend to affirm it according to your own recipe. To pretend otherwise can be very nervous-making: Gardner's edgy vigilance seems to have left him no time for either history or wit: both ethnic and comic writing so rarely appear in his book that you'd think they were de jacto immoral. Gardner's humorlessness, in fact, makes you itch. The barely blanketed competitiveness makes you wonder.

The Gass position has its problems also. Inconsistency isn't one of them. Though I myself am not convinced that art requires all its doors to be securely double-locked, Gass is positive of it. "The novel, we used to think, was an instrument of secular love," he explains.

It brooded upon the universe of people's passions and their things: both landscape and social scene were happily alike to it, and the brooding too was brought in democratically like the nurse with the child. Now with some alarm, we notice right along the love was sacred, for the saint who shows his saintliness by kissing lepers loves not lepers but saintliness, and life has once again been betrayed by form.

To contemporary ears that sounds about right, and we nod-but Gass was the one who brought up evidence ... and how is he so sure what the saint actually loves? Besides, saintliness seems too vaporously extratextual for him to be worrying about. His sight lines of the human game are severe: "Identities depend upon appearances and papers. Appearances can be imitated, papers forged." This frosty logic and distance from the fray threads through Gass's ideas; his fine prose tone keeps it rolled thin, but at one particular point it lumps up and pops out brutally plain: Gass feels compelled to remind us that "consciousness, as I've already observed, is nothing ... no thing; because one gunnysack full of Polish teeth makes up more room in the world than all the agony of their extraction."

At best, this is graceless. At worst (as I, a Jew, can't help but shudderingly take it), it is hurtful and offensive. Even worse, on Gass's terms it's also simply true. Are true terms, though, necessarily immune from blame? Because your car has good acceleration, do you show it off by taking it from a dead start to ninety through the window of a crowded restaurant? Language-functionaries have this problem, however; Hugh Kenner bravely has isolated it even in the masterful Joyce -and the problem is Pyrrhonism, a beetling skepticism about everything but procedure. If language is responsible to nothing but itself, the writer (being, alas, human) risks becoming a bully, content to thrash behind the wagging tail of words and getting power-high on so much autonomous will. Questioned, all a good Pyrrhonist can say is, "It's all in the bounce of the ball-which, besides, is mine."

So then ... Gardner: plumping for

the sublime but strictly on his terms, promoting laudable hopes t because one can't quite see him as one to distribute them (just as I rence-the-personality was hardly man to lead us toward the honey sex-freedom and blood-religion I rence-the-novelist prophesied), 1 the more candid and essential look camouflaged sorenesses. Gass: pur eyed from peering only through monocular microscope; a vacui packed logic that floats easily off i boorishness the moment care is relax the world honored in its small, ti mechanical parts, left to go to hell its large, ambiguous ones.

UT OF EUDORA WELTY'S luc and valuable selection of says and reviews, The Eye the Story, comes this (she speaking about the novels of Her Green): "A character with defenses on three sides will be found in the helpless as a baby on the fourth sid and generally-here is the mark of t writer-feeling better for it." Franother piece: "One of the strang things about art, nevertheless, is the the rock it is built on is not its real to Our greatest poem made a mista about the construction of the univer but this will never bring the po down," One more: "Writers of C. khov's side of the family are themselillusionists and have necessarily a c tain fondness for, lenience toward, whole shimmering fabric as such."

"Helpless as a baby"; "our great poem made a mistake"; "lenience" you don't find these words and attitue in Gardner or Gass. No one but a jud is generally thought of as lenient; past ideology and procedure, and fact is that some human natures si ply have more give than others. Yet this strange word applied to Chekh "lenience," Welty, I think, offers truer, more adroit vision of fiction th either that of a language-functions like Gass, whose protocols are ensur against outside tampering, or that o lifelikeness-affirmer like Gardner, wl frustrated by the intransigent surpr of the world, disgustedly spits in soup because it's already too thin.

"Great fiction shows us not how conduct our behavior but how to fee As simple—and enormous—as th Also a statement not to be taken t ly: it only looks mild. Right hopes goals, right speech, fine—but e e and what is right sensation? y knows—and her fiction knows deeply—that by setting them out loose leash, the lenient novelist ly allows his characters the harsh flom to land themselves in their particular holes, to suffer the same epancies, inconveniences, even unable situations—unsolved by either uage or good intentions—that we Like us, they "find out and keep of who they are, often by feeling re it hurts or how it pinches." They

can be flummoxed, slipped-up, even dead wrong. Yet there's a difference, the big one: unlike our own, the errors and shortcomings of fictional characters tremble always with "the possibility that they may indeed reveal everything."

Which is why "we come looking in fiction with more longing than in any experience save love." Everything may suddenly—on the very next page—be made clear. And the writer waits apprehensively along with us, providing "performance"—ideally something fine, fervent, and accurate—but knowing all

along that it's finally going to be "magic" that will step in and crown art's moment. Fiction's special "magic"—a matrix of inspired stumblings, accidental splendors—ensures that the human imperfection of performance will itself seem the most dazzling gift, that in the spilled drop, not the saved one, will "the whole shimmering fabric" be reflected. Each one of Welty's essays patiently demonstrates either how vain or how coldly, needlessly ascetic it is to argue for more, as Gardner does. or. like Gass, bargain for

HE TRUTH, THE IMPARTIAL TRUTH

by Charles Nicol

Stories of John Cheever. 704 es. Alfred A. Knopf, \$15.

ome words by their very nature define not our world but an ideal one, one in which we can believe but not live. It was also John Cheever's achievement to see the middle class pretends that these rds define reality, and then acts aciding to that faith, so that keeping appearances is not only a desperate court a noble stance. A faith held h difficulty, it requires a community believers and cannot sustain too se a contact with the facts.

"As a matter of jact," Lawrence said, "the house is probably in some danger now. If you had an unusually high sea, a hurricane sea, the wall would crumble and the house would go. We could all be described."

"I can't bear it." Mother said. She went into the pantry and came back with a full glass of gin.

seever has collected his stories here chronological order; this situation me from the first one, written thirty ars ago, where finally the narrar gave his brother Lawrence a good tack on the head with a piece of fitwood for preferring "a matter of ct" to the beauty of the seacoast and fusing to participate in the fictions at kept the family together.

The last story in the collection continues the argument: "Mr. X defecated in his wife's top drawer. This is a fact. but I claim that it is not a truth." This narrator, a successful author somewhat resembling Cheever, gives all his stories happy endings because of "a conviction that there are discernible moral truths." Since the news of the world continually denies his truths. his ambition is to "write an edition of the New York Times that will bring gladness to the hearts of men." In an imagined world where moral truths fly in the face of facts. Cheever's stories set up extreme tensions between what should be believed and what must be

Or heard. Take "The Enormous Radio," a well-known early story frequently anthologized. Here an exemplary middle-class couple. Irene and Jim Westcott ("the kind of people who seem to strike that satisfactory average of income, endeavor, and respectability that is reached by the statistical reports in college alumni bulletins"), discover through a malfunction in their huge, ugly, new radio that the private lives of their neighbors are "too terrible, too sordid and awful" to define any kind of satisfactory world. Under the pressure of these facts. Irene needs constant reassurance that "we're happy." that "we've always been good and decent and loving to one another," that "our lives aren't sordid." that "we're not hypercritical or worried about money or dishonest," but eventually Jim reminds her of what Cheever coolly told us in the first paragraph: "The Westcotts differed from their friends. their classmates, and their neighbors only in an interest they shared in serious music." Irene has been abruptly confronted with broadcast facts instead of with her own belief in noble truths. and the impartial disasters she hears about once the radio is repaired are as damaging to her world as were the revelations of her neighbors. We must live by our hopeful visions whatever the realities, and wake from our dreams of a better world as one Cheever narrator does, sitting up in bed and declaring "Valor! Love! Virtue! Compassion! Splendor! Kindness! Wisdom! Beauty!"

F THE CONSISTENCY of Cheever's vision seems as remarkable as the high quality of his stories, it should be noted that these collected stories begin a full ten years after he started writing, and five years after he began selling to the New Yorker (the preface merely warns that he has dropped some early works and that "these stories date from my Honorable Discharge from the Army at the end of World War II"). We begin,

Charles Nicol is an associate professor of English at Indiana State University.

"A writer to watch"

savs Publishers Weekly

David Black

winner of an Atlantic First Award

TIKE FATHER

"A strong, lovely first novel," continues BARBARA A, BANNON in Publishers Weekly, "LIKE FATHER reaches into the heart of things buried surprisingly, beautifully, wisely," "Wholly original," writes ANTHONY BURGESS, "full of skill, humor and humanity," "It's a rich, complex fascinating book," adds ANNE

TYLER: "I ached for all the characters and was sorry to say goodbye to them at the end." JAMES BALDWIN says: "I have never read anything quite like LIKE FATHER ...[it] is written with painful and beautiful understatement."

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then, with a mature vision if no fully mature style.

Cheever was the middle John tween O'Hara and Updike in give the New Yorker a long preeminence the short story—and in nearly lock the magazine into a permanent attament to upper-middle-class suburlamalaise. His preface acknowled Harold Ross's help in both provid a market and teaching him that "corum is a mode of speech, as p found and connotative as any oth differing not in content but in syntamic in the suburlamant imagery."

Decorum is a concept not often fended or celebrated these days, a the strain of keeping it up is a f quent theme of Cheever's more rece stories. In one, an old poet famed f lucidity and nobility of soul develo a sudden obsession with writing of scenities and cheap pornography. another, the vogue of adorning lite ature with four-letter words has force the graffito scribblers into praising g raniums in Victorian prose on the wa of public restrooms. In a third, intelligent well-digger cautiously r jects reading a best-seller on fecal ma ter by an Indiana professor. In a fourt my favorite, the narrator's wife h practically abandoned her family perform in an all-nude theatrical pr duction complete with simulated co ulation and an audience-participation "love pile." Vulgarity does threate the myths by which Cheever's peop live, and their perplexity is genuin enough, but Cheever's decorum begin to sound defensive and to run head long into simple nostalgia.

Nostalgia used to be a more day gerous occupation. In "The County Husband," possibly the best story, a the eternally socializing commute "seemed united in their tacit claim the there had been no past, no war-ththere was no danger or trouble in th world." The country husband, wh "had not developed his memory as sentimental faculty," abruptly finds h memory reawakened and his feel for life renewed, only to fall passionatel embarrassingly in love with his ch dren's teenage babysitter. A psychi trist recommends woodworking as course of therapy, and it succeed "Francis finds some true consolation in the simple arithmetic involved ar in the holy smell of new wood. France is happy." Cheever can make buildir offee table sound like a trial of ex-

he straight and narrow is still, for e desperately happy commuters, a trope over the abyss, but the best Cheever's more recent stories reveal mellow craftsmanship of an old ster with an abundance of tales to "Metamorphoses," like its Ovidian lel, contains a number of stories ar) linked by the common theme of transformation; in one of them an unhappy girl is turned into a swimming pool. "Another Story" presents the narrations of two tourists at a Russian airport; their only connection, and their implied resemblance, lies in the classic "that reminds me..." that begins the second narration.

The next-to-last story in the collection, simply titled "Three Stories," carries this technique a step further, while in the very last, the narrator keeps his tale dangling as he develops one incidental character and then another, until we think we're going to get another version of Mark Twain's story about the old ram, where digression was everything and the ram got lost for good after the first sentence. Cheever has become a virtuoso of the excursive who loves his shaggy dog and prefers the telling to the tale.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Patagonia, by Bruce Chatwin. 205 ges. Summit Books, \$8.95.

Bruce Chatwin's witty and conspicusly entertaining account of his walk-tour through Patagonia—the fabled thern region of the Argentine—consone's suspicions about Borges, rtazar, García Márquez, and so many ler Latin American surrealists: they we not been writing surrealism at all, tonly the most objective, naturalisrealism about this wonderfully abord and spectacular world.

What does one find today in this fany land? There are Welsh villages rete with tidy gardens and tearooms, uchos, a French soprano, a German rnestly toasting Mad King Ludwig, ers, gringos, a scholar-genius named ther Palacios who makes no sense at l, sheep farmers, missionaries, Scotsen, Russian emigrés, and the Mylon-a giant sloth, actually extinct now r about 10,000 years, but still, like e Loch Ness monster, the object of inded expeditions. Historically, Chatin finds a cast of characters just as strageous. He tells the bizarre stories Butch Cassidy, the Sundance Kid, id the beautiful Etta Place-none of hom was likely killed in that Bolivian nootout as the movie asserted: of rélie-Antoine, a nineteenth-century rench lawver who successfully acaimed himself king, then retired to a alparaiso boarding house to work on, mong other matters, the national an-1em; of Charles Darwin; of the revlutionary Antonio Soto; and of many

Chatwin's sharp wit serves him well. t is as if Nabokov strolled across the South of Erskine Caldwell and William Faulkner, slicing up the clichés and the natives with observant asides. A remarkable land, Patagonia, one wants to say, but what a fine bonus to have an author like Bruce Chatwin with such a keen comic sense of it all. —W.H.

American Caesar: Douglas MacArthur, 1880–1964, by William Manchester. 793 pages, illustrated. Little, Brown, \$15.

President Kennedy gave Douglas MacArthur a gold medal inscribed: "Protector of Australia: Liberator of the Philippines; Conqueror of Japan; Defender of Korea." MacArthur was all that and more. Like Caesar, he was a genius in many fields, including generalship ("he was America's most gifted commander of troops"), political administration ("he was an imaginative conqueror"), and propaganda (he used reporters as he once used his Eurasian mistress: they were flattered when needed, ignored when not). His great achievements resulted from his exceptional talents and the force of his character: his failures, large and small, resulted from the many flaws in his character; there was a weakness for every strength. His tangle of contradictions confused his admirers: although he paid lip service to conservative po-

William Harrison is the author of several novels, most recently Africana. Byron Farwell has written five books of biography and history. Frances Taliaferro teaches English at the Brearley School in New York City. Paul Berman contributes to a number of national magazines and journals. Jeffrey Burke is copy editor of Harper's. Ralph Tyler is articles editor of Bookviews.

litical shibboleths, in practice he ignored them; a "consummate actor" and poseur, he was "painfully shy in social situations"; an "embodiment of machismo," he frequently wept.

William Manchester concentrates on MacArthur's character and personality and the reactions of others to him, giving only sketches of his battles and omitting almost all references to battles fought by others. Adjectives tumble over each other. MacArthur was brilliant, noble, inspiring, uncommonly brave, most sublime, and "the best of men." But he was also, says Manchester, outrageous, arrogant, ridiculous, conceited, obsequious, "extremely devious," paranoid, ruthless, and "he could not be trusted to keep his word."

The first half-century of MacArthur's life occupies only a bare fifth of this biography. It was a time of early successes at West Point and in World War I, where he became a much-decorated hero and a general. It was a time, too, when, at age forty-two, he married (over the objections of his mother) a sexy divorcée, whom he subsequently divorced. Between 1937 and 1951, at a time of life when most men are finding hobbies for their declining years, MacArthur remarried (at age fifty-seven), sired a son, and then earned all the titles on the medal Kennedy gave him.

The book contains very few errors of fact, for Manchester has relied heavily on Professor D. Clayton Jones's scholarly three-volume Years of MacArthur. And in spite of a few bits of egregious writing ("Korea hangs like a lumpy phallus between the sprawling thighs of Manchuria and the Sea of Japan"), this biography of one of the

generals is fine and balanced. —B.F.

**Lessengers of Day: Memoirs of Anthony Powell (Volume II).

224 pages, illustrated. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$10.95.

Anthony Powell turned twenty-one in 1926. True to archetype, he came down from Oxford and set out on a metropolitan career, largely ignorant of his predecessors in the novels of Balzac and Stendhal but sharing with "every reasonably literate young man of the period the vague intention to write a novel myself one of these days." His mood monochrome, post-Oxonian, he found seedy-chic lodgings in Shepherd Market and began his apprenticeship with the publishing firm of Gerald Duckworth & Co., Ltd. (Duckworth is known to readers of Quentin Bell as one of Virginia Woolf's wicked half-brothers, a characterization that Powell approaches with some caution.) It was hoped that Powell would provide a link with the literary activities of the younger generation.

Powell's modest account makes it unclear how often he performed that service. His participation in publishing may have produced more epigrams than literary milestones, to wit, "If the virus of bibliophobia is dormant in the blood there is nothing like a publisher's life for aggravating the condition." Immune to that infection, Powell read his way through the Duckworth file copies and on into other formative discoveries: Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Proust and Stendhal, and, most mesmerizing among the Russians, Lermontov's A Hero of Our Time. Away from the shelves, his education continued at deb dances and country house visits, and in the raffish London pub world, "peopled by transient shapes" but especially by painters, who left a strong impression. "I don't think there was ever a period when I learned more in a short time."

The Powell enthusiast is tempted to dowse his way through the memoirs, hoping for the tremor that will reveal a source, an original of some figure in A Dance to the Music of Time. Powell's detached candor suggests that the relation between life and art is more chaste than is often supposed.

With one or two exceptions, the most colorful figures in these memoirs have no counterparts in the novels; to seek them is Procrustean foolishness.

This volume vividly records Powell's friendship with the composer Constant Lambert: with all the Sitwells; with Evelyn Waugh, his first wife Evelyn Gardner and her second husband John Heygate; with Rosa Lewis, legendary proprietress of the Cavendish Hotel; and with Henry Lamb, who painted the quintessential portrait of Lytton Strachey and who became Powell's brother-in-law. There are also crowds of minor Powelline types: seedy, elegant, idiosyncratic, mischievous. Powell's characterizations are as deft as might be expected. (On Anna Wickham, a poet: "When she strode into the saloon bar, her severe air, Roundhead cast of feature, broadbrimmed hat, short skirt, grey worsted stockings, suggested Oliver Cromwell dissolving Parliament.")

At the close of this volume in 1934, the young man has fulfilled the metropolitan pattern, accomplished the "Stendhalian necessity" of romantic love and the Balzacian aim of writing his first three novels. Messengers of Day may be read topically as well as archetypally: of London in this period, we catch the triviality, the artistic excitement of clearing out Edwardian debris, the sense of "urban pastoral." Of Powell himself (as with his novels' narrator, Nick Jenkins) our knowledge is oblique. Above all, this ravishing memoir is a portrait of the writer's apprenticeship. —F.T.

Leon Trotsky, by Irving Howe. 160 pages. Viking, \$7.95.

Thirty-eight years after his murder, the story of Trotsky's rise to power with the Bolsheviks, his fall under Stalin, and the final flowering of classical Marxism in his prodigious literary output from exile remains one of the significant dramas of the century. On this ground alone a biographical essay by Irving Howe is particularly welcome. But Howe's brief book also has a special worth stemming from what Howe calls his "rather complicated intellectual relationship" with Trotsky. What this "relationship" means is that Howe has spent a full forty years grappling with the principal issues Trotsky raised: the questions of whether Stalinist tyran flowed inevitably from Lenin's pr ciples, whether Stalinism constitutes historical "advance" over capitalis. whether it is a debased form of cialism or, on the contrary, a form society that has ceased being social altogether. Howe's entire political velopment, from City College Trotsle ism to his current identification wi the moderate socialist faction of t Democratic party, may be said to ha revolved around such questions. H discussion of them in the course of i telling Trotsky's life is a model sophistication and finesse.

Howe's involvement with Trots may also be said to go beyond po tics. Trotsky, after all, set the patter for the Marxist man of letters, t clear-toned, erudite, vigorous, polen cal socialist critic and historian-ti type of figure, that is, of whom Hov in his own fashion is the leading Ame ican representative today. Witho making too much of Trotsky's infl ence on Howe, it seems reasonable discern some echo from the Old Ma not only in the intellectual bread that Howe has cultivated but also his prose, in its muscularity and i cisiveness, in the confident authori of its tone. Howe's critical analysis these qualities in Trotsky is one of th chief attractions of the book. -P.

Ladies' Man, by Richard Price. 26 pages. Houghton Mifflin, \$8.95.

This novel describes one week in the life of thirty-year-old Kenny Becke as told by Kenny Becker, formerly The Bronx, currently living in Ma hattan, only a borough yet world away from his fictional forebears his creator's previous books, the tee age gang members of The Wandere and the nearly adult Stony De Coo of Bloodbrothers. Kenny has acquire the independent, well-accoutered con fort of a middle-class New Yorkernice apartment, books, record album stereo system, live-in girlfriend-an lost along the way the ties-friend family-that bind people together an save them from running the gauntle alone.

A lone wolf is what Kenny become when his girlfriend walks out on hin Unable to conceive of a life withou orgasm, he flexes his machismo an shops around. Singles' bar, massag

r, gay bar, porno shop-the Big e's a buyers' market for the bereft o. Sex follows Kenny on his job door-to-door salesman (the usual sies), and even colors a reunion two high-school buddies, one of n reveals that he is bisexual. By lay at week's end Kenny feels "the izing sensation of time wasted, wasted, . . . terrified of [his] lones." He's a far cry from the pre-; Monday's frustrated stud-but 1 closer to making finally a huconnection—as he phones his ound gay friend with a desperate to have dinner.

idies' Man is an effective depiction meliness, and Richard Price is an rt on the fulsome and frenzied cts of New York City. Kenny ter is a perfectly conceived charr; so perfect, in fact, that he is oughly unpleasant to listen to at s-length. The clichés, the hipness, latest urban argot, the masculinity overweening that it whines-in t, the unrelenting gracelessness, ever true to the social type Kenny esents, demands a high degree of rance or a peculiar affection for ect. But that is a native New Yorkreaction: outside city limits Kenmay well be considered good com-—I.B.

the Village of the Man, by Loyd le. 214 pages. Viking, \$8.95.

ovd Little puts the needments of a political novel into an adult fairy . In the spring of 1977 the CIA is ingled with various Laotian and nese Communist parties in a smallle opium war centered on Sop Hao, village of the Man. One of the oldtribes in Southeast Asia, the Man d a quiet life, planting rice and pops, trading with caravans that pass ough their village in northwestern os. They believe in sorcery and in charms of periphrasis, as in this plogy for boring a guest: "Recitans of the old stories, while fascinat-; to the teller, sometimes so enrape the listener as to usher him into condition indistinguishable from

The novel recounts a brief interrupn of this idyll. Concerned with Sop no's strategic proximity to the Chise border, the CIA replaces a murred operative with "an agent going

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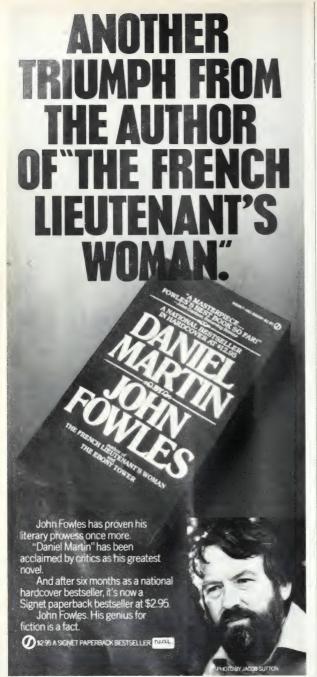
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BOOKS

sour," giving him his last-chance signment. In the process of complet his mission, the agent, along with s eral other American characters-Baptist missionary, a doctor and helpmate-is lured gradually, irres tibly, humorously into existing entire on the Man's terms. The cultural conterpoint produces slapstick and delicirony-an exposition of follies and v tues in the human comedy that tal place in every neighborhood but here all the more delightful for its e otic setting. The author's consideral knowledge of the Man's daily life pr vides the authenticity required of ble. And fable this is, though Lit' keeps one foot in reality with its intr sions of grimness-bandits, dru smugglers, politics, intrigue. Such u pleasantries succumb to a potent Ear West combination-magic and mon -and the idyll is resumed. The unfo tunate effect of so enchanting a nov is how much you regret having finish it.

The Last Good Kiss, by James Crur ley. 256 pages. Random House, \$7.9

What Chandler did for Los Angelein the Thirties, James Crumley does for the roadside West of today, evoking semirural sleaze of cinderblock bar motels, and diesel fumes. A note about the author says he "lives and writes Karnes County, Texas, Missoula, Motana, and on the highway in between That part about the highway is easy believe.

Crumley kicks off the story with bravura bit of violence in a bar in S noma, California, where Sughrue, the redneck private eye who works out a tin office in Meriwether. Montan has gone in search of a blocked noveli on a binge. He connects with tl novelist all right, and with his drin ing buddy, an alcoholic bulldog name Fireball Roberts who laps beer fro dirty ashtrays and rusty hubcaps. Tl three set out on an odyssey familiar readers of the genre: the search for missing girl through a quicksand te ritory of people gone sour and mea Crumley's sure grasp of Texas verna ular and swagger stands him in goo stead. It's as though nobody told hi the private-eye fable is as fossilized the sonnet. As long as he writes lil this, nobody should. _R.

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 19

INVENTING LITERARY LIVES

biographical fallacy

by Hugh Kenner

ARLY ALERTS around the reviewing circuitry were jangling in May; my own repose was broken by calls from five ent editors. In June, Harcourt e Jovanovich published Deirdre s Samuel Beckett: A Biography, pages of text and 83 of notes, with it (3 pounds) contrived to apprise nat we finger monumentality. Like r literary biographies with which sighs in-Mark Schorer's Sinclair is, Carlos Baker's Ernest Heming-Joseph Blotner's William Faulk-Richard Ellmann's James Joyce* e life of Beckett makes its initial rtion by sheer physique. Here we . ponderously, Fact. If Waiting for ot, a mere fascicle, blows about in minds, \$19.95 will buy us the brick

nd lo. the lead reviews flowered where: testimony rather to Beckett 1 to the book, in which you'd not 1 past page 10 if you'd never heard ts subject. Yet attention to the story is life is a puzzling testimony, since aing of Beckett's own writing has a received such a press.

Why this sudden access of caring? ne and the New York Times Book niew, Newsweek and the New York iew of Books did not spring to sultaneous attention and dedicate ir most prominent space when Endne appeared, or How It Is, or Happy ys. Hole-in-corner notices were the e, or silence, or expressions of wan-

Beckett, we've gathered for years on the large-circulation papers, is a lious minor author who buries the man race in sand and then stomps it, and his biography would seem belong with "The Life Cycle of the rbish Lousewort" on the list of a second

* Which may have been the target sok for Harcourt's designer; with 30 treent fewer words, the Bair cedes it so than 10 percent in weight. Not that two words are weightier, but her paper is.

minor university press. But no, the involvement of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich testifies to something Lucelings and Timesmen have never had words for, Beckett's power to trigger the kind of chronic itch only a biographer seems able to scratch. If the great public has been widely tipped off that it doesn't want to read Sam Beckett, it's also been made party to a consensus that something needs to be done about him, and the biographer's is the tested American strategy for doing something about unassimilable phenomena like Howard Hughes and literary genius.

This is true even though a literary man draws his claim on our attention from hours totally hidden to scrutiny: hours spent sitting and thinking, consulting dictionaries, driving a pen, staring out the window, scratching through what was just written, anagramming, doodling. Even Dr. Johnson, whose works excluding the *Dictionary* fill twenty volumes, seems in Boswell's pages to be doing little save talk; pe-

Hugh Kenner is the author of numerous books, including Samuel Beckett: A Critical Study (University of California Press, 1974).



riodically we're told that in this year he published so-and-so, having seemingly stepped off Boswell's stage to write it.

And what would you learn if you could sit for two hours watching Shakespeare write? Less than there is to be learned sitting for two hours watching Sam Beckett play billiards. I derived from that session (London, 1964) a lasting vision of his kinetic presence, released by joy in the game: a springy lope, a delight in Newtonian precision.

His tie draped itself over the cue as he lined up his shot; gray eye and bony hand drew a slow bead like a Hemingway rifleman; then the gaunt frame uncoiled in a mime of exultation when some syntax of clicks and rebounds unrolled as foreseen, to alter the table's topography as decisively as one Beckett sentence can alter that of a paragraph. Complex and lively, he lives in a different world from his narrators, who take none but a grudging and morose pleasure in anything, and for insight into his way with them I'll stake that evening against Deirdre Bair's whole biography, where his working time is spent disguising the confession and reminiscence he is somehow compelled to publish.

BUT I'M NOT REVIEWING her book (I've done that elsewhere): here I'm using it, and its probable prototype the Ellmann Joyce too, for a probe of assumptions such books cater to, notably the assumption that a writer's life and his work are related as truth to fiction, truth being—surely?—the substantial quiddity, fiction its image in unstable water.

"Chapter Five: 1930–31"; "Chapter Six: 1931–32"; "Chapter Seven: 1933": dates like adjacent boxes, as place and number and citation (Bair has 1,670 numbered citations, Ellmann

more than 2.400) stiffen with their ankylosed vertebrae the recounting of long-ago years.

What was lived in those years a researcher who wasn't there must piece together from talk or from pieces of paper—letters, legal documents, diaries, fictions.

Letters can be a great help. Ellmann's Joyce would be a notably ghostlier figure save for more than 150 letters in which Jim made his brother Stannie his chief confidant during an anguished time (1902–12) of poverty and struggle. Beckett in his comparable period the 1930s) confided to a man named Thomas McGreevy in letters without which Ms. Bair's account of those years would be thin indeed.

But she pushes her luck. "McGreevy," she solemnly assures us. "was the only person to whom Beckett has ever been absolutely truthful, to whom he told his innermost, deeply secret thoughts." That asserts that Beckett has been less than truthful with absolutely everybody else, and we're not told how she knows there were no other candors. I'll content myself with remarking that such a run of letters is apt to make a biographer feel temporarily omniscient, and pass on to another oddity.

"In many cases," we are next told, "these letters parallel Beckett's creative writings, for he transfers passages from them into his fiction and drama. from the briefest image and scantiest phrase to whole paragraphs." We're later to learn that Beckett's candor with McGreevy terminated in 1945, when Beckett found his old friend back in Dublin toadying to the clergy. The great creative period began a year after that: all but two of the novels, all of the plays. So how did the letters to McGreevy seep into them?

Perhaps Beckett kept copies or drafts of the letters, in which case their status as unrestrained effusions grows suspect. Perhaps both letters and plays preserve copyings from a third source, such as a diary, in which case we must imagine Beckett amassing verbal material for years before he'd any idea what to do with it. Perhaps Beckett, elsewhere represented as forgetting so much, remembered chunks of old correspondence verbatim. Perhaps... Whatever we opt for, we're deprived of the simple model in which parallelism with the letters helps confirm that whole

pages of the novels and plays are out-

More public documents too can mislead or get miscopied. The first printing of Professor Ellmann's James Joyce had the subject born in Rathmines instead of Rathgar, and the book still places Joyce's 1882 baptism in a church that was not opened until 1904.

Ellmann for his part has brought Joycean expertise to a review of Ms. Bair's book, noting that she places La Baule, on the Breton coast, in Switzerland (thus getting the Joyce family's 1939 movements into an impossible muddle)



and has Nora Joyce urging Beckett to cooperate with her husband's biographer at a date when she'd been dead two years. (One may add that Bair is apt to be unlucky with Joyce, ascribing a circular form to *Ulysses* where it's not to be found, or depicting his bereaved friends playing his two recordings from "Anna Livia Plurabelle" though he made only one.)

Such slips, of a kind familiar to any grader of sophomore papers, suggest that large areas of information are being gotten up rather fast, for they go askew when the biographer lacks some knowledge more general than the errant fact.

Though more general, it may be trivial. Joyce was baptized in the small Roundtown Chapel of Ease, now demolished. Professor Ellmann placed the event in the successor church, St. Joseph's, Terenure, because the Chapel of Ease records are now preserved

there, but we'll hardly flunk him j for not knowing that.

ESS TRIVIAL IS the first ev in Deirdre Bair's book. confrontation between a pi of paper and a repeated stament of Beckett's, involving as it d a truly substantive generality.

Beckett alleges that he was born Good Friday the 13th (April 13, 190 but his birth certificate specifies M 13. However we choose to resolve the we commit a judgment weightier the facts we're resolving: of the casu ness or otherwise of Irish recordkeing, of the punctiliousness or otherw of Beckett's parents, of the credibil of numerous witnesses (duly invoke who think it uncharacteristic that a parents should not have been punct ous; finally, of the probity of Beck himself, concerning whom, in dismiting the problem, the biographer write

Whether or not [Good Friday the 13th] is true, he mentions the date with carefully feigned diffidence to scholars and critics. Should they seize upon it as being important, he shrugs offhandedly and dismisses it. He has planted the seed of symbol, correspondence, parallel—whatever—and for Samuel Beckett their confusion is amusement enough.

What we're watching here, the bo not two pages old, is the first delint tion of its principal character: a m chievous tease, not above petty a needless deceptions, who moreov shares with Ms. Bair the distaste f "scholars and critics" that is a min letimotif of her book.* You'd this she'd watched him. "with carefu feigned diffidence," assure a postula he was born on a date he wasn't. Eno. this is fiction.

As biography is: biography is fin ly fiction, and save in the most tru worthy hands—F.S.L. Lyons in I Parnell, William M. Murphy in I Prodigal Father—it works the way it cellulite generalities when the day

* Distaste also sponsors a certain furiness, since the only significance anyo could rationally ascribe to the more fa ful date is the possibility that Becknimself has gone through life thinking fateful. Symbol, correspondence, par lel are merely words to goose critic with.

nuity requires are lacking. If, unhe novelist, the biographer can't t fact, he can invent ways to cover sence.

may have recourse to the transil devices of the magazine novel"The daydream of himself as Dr.
, poet, epiphanist, and physician,
unded by fair women..."—that
ofessor Ellmann getting past the
hat Joyce's motives, at twenty, for
ing medicine are in fact undocued. Needing momentum at the
ing of a new chapter, he contrived
itence that would impart some. If
o imparts our cue to condescend,
we're past believing, aren't we,
human impulses may ever really
cend vulgar formulas?

ne attentive reader of Ms. Bair's seenth chapter may watch the same being played on a larger scale. It artime, and Beckett, his work in Paris Resistance dangerously comised, is part of a refugee comity in the Unoccupied Zone. There, e starts Watt, a paragraph comces:

eckett suffered a very real breakown in Roussillon—probably his tost serious—one directly related the schizophrenic form and conent of much of Watt. To Suzanne nd his friends it seemed as if he ad fallen victim to the general valaise that afflicts persons incarerated against their will for long eriods of time.

ote the planting of "schizophrenic," ngenuously sponsored by the ngeness of a book; note in the next ence the look of documentation—Suzanne and his friends"—and the et plausibility of what they're said nave seen. (And no note indicates t Ms. Bair ever interviewed Sune—Mme. Beckett.)

hen—too long to quote—paragraph ows paragraph, itemizing Beckett's eral guilts and self-hatreds, specify-the warring selves within him, outing his strategies for channeling his ifusion as in writing Watt he "set up mokescreen of obscurity and comitty behind which he carefully hid talizing clues for his readers." You'd nk the biographer really knew all

But turn to the notes, and you'll find) that "information about Beckett's akdown is from exiles, villagers, d personal friends who have asked to remain anonymous"; (2) that the five-page analytic narrative was managed by Ms. Bair with the aid of three doctors and R.D. Laing's *Divided Self*.

Here the fate of Beckett, a character in a trendy fiction of Laing's, matters perhaps less than the fate of the naive reader, who is apt to think one more book has been explained away—auto-therapy, booby-trapped against outsiders—and may even pass up Watt, a great delight.

And what did "exiles, villagers, and personal friends" observe? Their contribution isn't particularized, and efforts to imagine collide with the statement that Beckett in those months, thanks to "astonishing reserves of self-control," could "force himself to act as if nothing untoward were happening." Still, all manner of people have surely since chatted about the strange Irishman. He was certainly someone to tell stories about.

HEN PEOPLE give interviews they're telling stories. If they're Irish in Ireland, their stories are especially apt to be pointed and shaped by narrative skills. Talk to six Dubliners about anything, and you'll get six different, highly circumstantial versions.

This fact is of especial import for the biographer of Joyce, much of whose early life we must get at from oral testimony. Since, in general, Professor Ellmann's notes record no contradictions, we must assume he's resolved them with the aid of what we're forced to trust all through James Joyce, his sense of what will fit his narrative. The same is true when Ms. Bair cites interviews. It's the writer we're being guided by, not the sources, people who spoke words we're almost never allowed to hear.

If we could hear their voices we'd be hearing that very essential human phenomenon, gossip: the endless talk by which people assimilate one another's oddness. Gossip is oral, gossip is an unbounded sphere of speech, renewed without cease. It is never idle, also never objective; it unites those present in a sustaining fiction about someone absent. It thrives in villages, it thrives in all small communities, academic, cultural, professional, it thrives in neighborhoods, thrives wherever people subsist on each other's company, make do with each other's mysteries. It thrives in Dublin.

By contrast, print is a praying mantis, gossip the mate she eviscerates. From gossip the book-writer sucks a goo called information, to cement edifices of assertion with. Footnotes that cite "interviews" and "informants" have evolved with print-dominated conventions. John Aubrey's seventeenthcentury Brief Lives, among our earliest literary biographies, is unabashedly gossipy, and Boswell a century later is generally respectful of oral provenance even when he must work with "materials" imparted by others. There emerges from The Life of Samuel Johnson not only the firmly drawn protagonist whom we now tend to think of as Boswell's literary creation, but also a sense of the variousness of human testimony. When it varied unacceptably Boswell rebuked it, but he preserved it.

It was Boswell's working assumption that the world couldn't have too much of Johnson's exemplary wisdom, with which his celebrated writings formed a continuum. In the age of psychoanalysis we may doubt this continuity, and biography in the age of the tabloids tends to assume that what isn't readily apparent is probably discreditable. The literary biographer in particular tends not to reflect on his assumptions (an exception is Leon Edel's Literary Biography, a suite of meditations on what he was about when he was writing the life of Henry James). The tacit assumption tends to be that the subject's work, whatever trim surfaces it may present to unwary critics, is really his effort to live with the events of his own life, systematically falsifying them out of mischief, neurosis, desperation.

This work-what we had before the biographer arrived-critics if they like may continue to twiddle at, elaborately doing next to nothing (though as Didi said to Gogo while they waited for Godot, "It's the way you do it, the way you do it"). It is for the biographer to disclose the authentic mess of misfortune, self-deception, and imposture that make up a word-man's life. With more grip on things he'd be something other than a word-man. And it's for the unwary reader, like Aesop's dog, to drop the solid bone and snatch at the bone an inverted dog seems to hold beneath the stream.

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 1978

TWINS

by Harvey Stein

Twins do not occur infrequently enough to be considered freaks one birth in eighty-seven produces twins—but they are unusual, particularly when they are mirror images of each other. And yet regardless of how alike identical twins appear to be, the camera can freeze their reality and allow the differences that do exist to be revealed.

"The only good thing about the 727 we fly in is that it has double jump seats so we can sit together when we take off and land. This way, we'll be together if we crash, and probably both survive or perish together. We think about this often."



Ella and Lila Wigren of Arlington Heights, Illinois, were one of the original sets of Toni Twins in the early 1950s. Statistically, they are one of the most identical sets of twins yet discovered, having -exactly 153 ridge counts on their fingerprints -same toe prints -identical eyeglass prescriptions -same blood pressure, heart rate, and cholesterol levels -similar tooth problems.





Dick and Tom Van Arsdale are the only twins ever to play in the National Basketball Association.

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Total Points Average Points Per Game Rebounds Dick Tom 15,079 14,232 16.4 15.3 3,807 3,948



"When you are a twin, your body is a uniform. But when you put a uniform on top of that uniform, the twinness is accentuated even more."

These photographs are from the book Parallels:
A Look at Twins, by Harvey Stein and Ted Wolner, to be published this month by E.P. Dutton

A FORMAL AFFAIR

Robert Altman's Wedding

by Stuart Byr

UDEN SAID SOMEWHERE that while most kinds of writers like to use words to say something, the mark of the potential poet is that he likes to hang around words to see what they say. By that definition, there is no more "poetic" talent working today in the American commercial cinema than Robert Altman. The subject of most of his films is the cinema itself, its conventions and possibilities; through the films he tinkers joyfully with cinematic expectations.

For example, when private detective Elliott Gould cold-bloodedly murdered client Jim Bouton at the end of The Long Goodbye, the motive was as much artistic as it was anything else. In the great tradition of detective-story beginnings, Bouton had come to Gould claiming to be a man wrongly accused of murder, and Gould, again traditionally, had spent the entire movie searching for the real murderer. But it turned out that Bouton had been rightfully accused, and that by fooling Gould he was breaking faith with the conventions of an entire literature. As for last year's 3 Women, I sometimes feel that the director's main reason for making it was to execute an abrupt switch from social comedy to Jungian fantasy three-quarters of the way throughperhaps the most outrageous change of tone in Hollywood history.

If A Wedding, Altman's new film, is a giant step forward for the director, it is because Altman does not limit his experimentalism to broad generic strokes; this film is constantly breaking the rules in small as well as big ways. And yet, if people are predicting that A Wedding is his best shot at a mass popular success since M*A*S*H (1970), it is because Altman has con-

Stuart Byron, Hollywood editor of Film Comment, is writing a history of the entertainment weekly Variety.

fined that experimentalism to his way of telling his story. As long as it can be figured out, the story itself-unlike that of The Long Goodbye or 3 Women -should be familiar enough to the average viewer. I understand (though I don't agree with) the complaint of a friend of mine that when all is considered in comprehensible form, A Wedding is nothing more than a hipper, more sophisticated version of Lovers and Other Strangers. Its selection as the opening night film at this year's New York Film Festival ("entertainment values" are supposed to predominate on opening night) is testament enough to its potential popularity.

The movie chronicles the events that occur during a wedding ceremony and reception in a fashionable Chicago suburb. The groom is the product of a mother whose old-line family was ostracized by the rest of high society when she married her mysterious Italian husband. The bride is the youngest daughter of a nouveau-riche trucking family from Louisville.

That is the basic narrative situation, and one way of talking about the ways in which Altman challenges linear traditions is to report that this information is only half-revealed at the beginning of the movie. Half. The strange, convoluted history of the groom's family is hardly hurled at us in one piece, and there are times when we're meant to be briefly misled-for example, for a short while we think the groom's father has Mafia connections-but that history does become clear to us early enough on. At the very least, there comes a point when, as in most dramatic structures, we can stop figuring out who people are and start concentrating on what they do and how they act.

Not so with the bride's family. Until the sudden revelation that they are millionaire truckers is thrown at us fifteen minutes before the movie's end,

we have been forced to wonder who they are. And we have probacome to all the wrong conclusions. Brenners-the bride's family-have mildly hillbilly manner and dress in decidedly homey manner. They m be poor, we think, else why is the ception taking place at the groot home? When it turns out that Brenners were the ones who paid the wedding, when we learn that the have an income of \$5 million a ye we are forced to reconsider everythi that has already happened in the me ie. We are forced, perhaps, to come terms with our own class assumption in what is still, apparently, a financi ly mobile America.

FILM IN THE Brueghelesq tradition of Grand Hotel a Truffaut's Day for Night not to mention Altman's or Nashville-A Wedding does not rea have one "story." It's best describ as a series of episodes, revelations, a stories centering on a unifying situ tion, in this case a wedding reception Forty-eight characters, twice the nu ber in Nashville, have been created Altman, in collaboration with scree writers John Considine, Patricia Re nick, and Allan Nicholls, though t two-hour running time requires th some characters are more equal th others. A formidable cast of know and unknowns mills about the groon huge family mansion all afterno playing these characters. Mother of t groom Nina Van Pallandt turns out be a heroin addict. Father of the groot Vittorio Gassman is not a mafioso af all but a former Roman busboy who secretive air is designed to hide l lower-class past. Mother of the bri Carol Burnett has a wild, two-ho near-affair with uncle of the groot Pat McCormick. Uncle of the bri d Busby, a minister, reveals a d past. Caterer Viveca Lindfors, by fever, is given amphetamines in unethical doctor and sails gh the reception on wings of vernanity. And so on.

e feels that what interests Altman this is not so much what is pred, but how. It is not only that we the bride's family "as people" e learning the basic socioeconomct that they are millionaire truck-It is that we are consistently ex-1 to character and personality out having the slightest idea of a person is or why he or she is e wedding. Very early on, for exe, a security guard prevents a sting Nina Van Pallandt from eng the reception. This would be y if we knew at the time that Van undt is the mother of the groom, thus, mistress of the very house is being prevented from entering. we don't: What interests Altman e raw behavior of the character, pective of context. It's almost as e, the audience, were strangers at wedding and had to figure out everybody was. By the end, we n't quite done so; as at a real wed-;, we leave muttering, "Who was Was he related to the bride?" This of constructing a film thus breaks :he rules of the "well-made play." avior is what interests Altman first, what he shows us first. Behavior leads to character, and only at the do we reach "story" or "plot."

ut even as he shows us behav-Altman often wants us to misrpret it. That the Brenners are far Ithier than they appear to be is but of the many deceptions that the y director perpetrates. A thief stealthe presents turns out to be the om's uncle-examining the press. A teenager who seems to be using lepsy as an excuse to pop pills turns really to have epilepsy. A homoual seduction in a shower is really, en we look closely, nothing more n an attempt to sober someone up. nurse who appears to be a shirker erges as quite serious about her job. lian Gish, as the matriarch of the l-line Chicago family, plays the same eet, benign old lady that has become r latter-day specialty-but it turns t that she's a stern, inhumane family der whose uncompromising demands ve driven her daughter to drugs.



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by Carolyn J. Hursch

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There's one final, spectacular deception that it would be unfair for a reviewer to reveal. But so dramatic is this episode, so startling in its spectacle, that it forces us into considerations of the nature of art itself, of the differences between art and life. An incident that, in real life, would be a shattering event turns out, when its true nature is revealed, to be irrelevant to the concerns of the people in A Wedding. Every work of narrative art, Altman seems to be saying, sets up its own areas of feeling, sympathy, and concern-and what would in life be a complete catastrophe is little more than a shaggy dog story when placed in the context of a particular work of art. In any event, the main subject of the film is revealed to be film-i.e.. art-itself. The question is: Is this enough?

ONATHAN ROSENBAUM, who is one of the director's most sympathetic and perceptive critics, complains in the current (September-October) issue of Film Comment that Altman is too readily considered a "modernist." Rosenbaum thinks that this term should be reserved for such undiluted experimenters as Jean-Marie Straub and Jacques Rivette. Yet it seems to me that despite its trappings of entertainment, A Wedding is so interested in formal issues and so devoid of paraphrasable content that only the modernist term will suffice to justify it. After three viewings, it is almost impossible for me to discover anything that the film has to say morally, sociologically, or metaphysically. Only as a formal experiment, a daring attempt to make us realize how we "read" works of narrative art, does the film succeed-and succeed magnificently-in being an imaginative filmgoing experience.

Such formal pleasures are more than enough for me, but those who look for kernels of meaning from movies are not going to be satisfied. Auden himself might not approve; after all, a fascination with words or forms was the sign of the potential poet. The mature one has, as English teachers put it, "something to say." And if there is a general argument against Altman, it is that too often his films are indifferent to content. Even when they contrive to say something, the argument goes, they say two contradic things. Reviewing Thieves Like U Time, Jay Cocks argued that the p lem with the typical Altman movi that it is very carefully constructed be open to any interpretation. No ter example of this thesis can be for than the ending of Nashville, the rector's last big conversation piec happen to think that in that partic film Altman had a lot to say, but the no doubt that it lends itself to l optimistic and pessimistic interpr tions. Some argued that the crowd country-music fans singing "It D Worry Me" following the assassinal of a singer showed the indomitable of the human spirit. Others claimed forcefully that it was meant to dem strate the crassness of the Ameri soul. But what seems most likely is t the filmmaker wanted us to be able draw both conclusions.

If I were forced to extrapolate meaning from A Wedding, I wo say that it probably emanates from event that occurs early in the mowhen the family matriarch played Lillian Gish dies; such is the mom tum generated by the wedding sched that the celebration proceeds as or nally planned. This may well be message that Altman wishes to impa People survive. They go on. For m of us, life has its own mindless n mentum. Life is not a movie; that tumultuous events ("drama") do 1 really affect us. Asked about the lon figure of Shelley Duvall at the end Thieves Like Us, Altman replied, "Sh a survivor." So maybe all of his p tagonists, at the end of all his movi are simply survivors.

For me, an Altman movie pas from success into greatness when I of say of it that its characters not or survive but, like Faulkner's Manking endure. For this to happen, the hum sympathy and complexity realize throughout the movie must be ve strong. It's happened twice-with A Cabe and Mrs. Miller and Nashvi Two masterpieces during the Sevent are one more than any other America director has provided us, and, if Wedding doesn't make for three, it s says something about Robert Altm that he is a director from whom expect masterpieces, and that we disappointed when he doesn't qu make it.

HARPER'S / OCTOBER 1

WHAT PRICE POSTAGE?

vestment guide

by Matthew Stevenson

the close of the mailing day Saturday, stamps were off in light trading-ng to 14.88 cents--as mailers bid up postcards, anticipating an early fourth-quarter
. This marked the third straight day of decline for stamps, which have
under pressure since the postal workers' labor difficulties. A source at the U.S. Postal
ce noted: "Until this strike thing is out of the way, we're expecting letter writers
t tight and draw on existing inventories." In the West, stamps were down the market limit
action to one report that a letter had taken eight days to go from Oakland to
ose (Reuters).

irs threaten to drive the market lower in the near future. Mindful of the rising price 1, which plagues postal deliveries (and shows up on the bottom line), traders are thing to late-night phone calls, thus sending stamps into oversupply; however, one ill Lynch analyst said: "We're bullish on stamps. We think prevailing economic factors to push the price to near 20 cents by fiscal 1980." In Zurich, speculators sold are and bought stamps, bringing an angry response from Treasury Secretary

Merrill Lynch reports
on a recession r
growth industr

Mike Blumenthal, who urged "restraint" in international markets. Meanwhile reports of a recession, which would drive up the price of postage because of the resultant increase in the number of unemployment checks to be mailed, produced a surge in futures late in the week. The March contract, No. 11, was 16.43 cents, F.O.B. South Bronx.

In the near term we expect stamps to remain down, except for postcards in coastal vacation areas, which continue to be up the daily limit. The Western parks and the New England beaches recently reported brisk trading—a seasonable adjustment, according to Salomon Brothers, a New York investment concern.

ervative political groups were among the most active mailers in August, reflecting the indswell support for Proposition 13. The Young Americans for Freedom intervened heavily he post offices of Dade County, Florida, thereby sending nearby spot prices to 2 cents. Unconfirmed reports showed the ACLU interested in bulk rates in the Chicago area. It is the late-summer lull in trading we urge mailers to cover for 1979, when settlement he carrier contracts and inflationary trends will drive up the cost of delivering tter. Those speculating in Christmas cards might benefit from a straddle long the lan mark and short the stamp. We see nothing in the distant future that will decrease price of postage, although temporary shake-outs are expected. For instance, an iming Congressional proposal, urging private ownership of the mails, might make the bull a bear and send the market tumbling. In isolated areas that are now experimenting h private companies for delivery, prices will go lower in the short run (our letter, 5/77), at least until the Supreme Court rules such practice illegal. On intracity letters, orious for delay, mailers are advised to affix additional postage to hedge any market urges during the delivery period.

new Stevenson, a speculator, recently cornered the Special Delivery market.

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Solution to the September Puzzle Notes for "Tossed Salad"

The nine unclued lights each referred to another light in the diagram. Each of these, when given 1 Across—FRENCH DRESSING—was to be considered as a French word, rather than as its clued English meaning. and the English translation of that word entered. Thus 15A referred to 47A, which was MERE; the French word MERE was then put into English at 15A: MOTHER.

Across: 11. rep(reversal)-roof; 12. ex-panse(homonym of "pants"); 13. hidden; 15. MOTHER(MERE); 17. lit(reversal); 19. two meanings; 20. Tet(palindrome); 21. anagram; 23. pun; 24. as-pens; 25. (the en)tries; 27. ALL(TOUT); 28. c. ha; 30. two meanings; 32. homonym; 33. anagram; 35. bras(h); 36. BREAD(PAIN); 38. PLATE(PLATEAU); 40. homonym; 41. two meanings; 43. HOW(COMMENT); 45. anagram; 47. me-re; 48. re(do)lent; 49. anagram; 50. re-(pan)try. Down; 1. f(R)ce; 2. repel-8.(reversal); 3. anagram; 4. co(M-men)t; 5. two meanings; 6. rechear-s.)al; 7. two meanings; 8. homonym; 9. anagram; 10. gent(l)le; 14. CAT (CHAT) 16. t.-out; 18. Tell tale; 21. pain(ting); 22. anagram; 26. anagram; 28. c.(Ali)c-0; 29.(t)act; 31. (h)arbors; 34. anagram; 35. bo(he)a; 36. BED(LIT); 37. DIRTY(SALE); 38. par(reversal); 39. ARM(BRAS); 42. see(m); 44. hidden; 46. two meanings.

PUZZLE

SIXES AND SEVENS

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

(With acknowledgments to Zander of The Listener)

This month's instructions: The clues to words of six and seven letters are grouped separately. Solvers must determine where each answer belongs in the diagram, using the answers to the numbered clues as guides. Answers include three proper names. 25D is an uncommon word. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 111.

CLUES
ACROSS

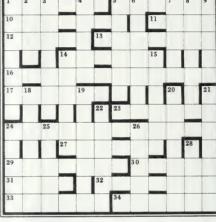
- 12. Move behind place for storing game (5)
- 16. Prostitute is anile in the belltower, for instance? (4, 8) 24. Master key gives worn-out member way to escape
- 30. Heroic ... not I ... in a scramble I'm yellow (5)
- 31. Kind of mate! (4)

DOWN

- 2. Dried out shell of arachnoid (4)
- 4. Reserved one flip-over toy (5)
- Very fashionable act, one result of marriage (2-3)
- 9. Teddy swallows whiskey . . . or he attempts to (5)
- 24. Sound was walking stick (5)
- 25. Piece of glacier raised concerns (5)
- 26. French flower on her shifts? (5)
- 28. Unvaryingly odd characters engaged in torture (4)

SIX-LETTER WORDS

- a. Peace's deteriorating into retreat
- b. Leach alkylic element like limestone
- c. Improve the morals of 50—if awkward, put outside
- d. 2 A.M.—time always to start gong (hyphenated)
- e. A cheap tailored Parisian hood
- f. Quite acceptable fur if you take the head off
- g. Girl coming out with bad smell's upset, broke into tears



- h. Just an odd sort of vacation activity
- i. Soft English sheep, excellent little fellow j. Coffee additives? Spread around ... ugh ... it mean the same thing
- k. Spanish tie makes big impression
- 1. Wastelands-heartless symbols of home

SEVEN-LETTER WORDS

- a. Joint protection born in retrogressive organized grou
- b. Tall ape outrageously synonymous to a. . . .
- c. . . . disastrously overweight colleague
- d. Discovery of Raleigh (English explorer going the wron way with commanding officer)
- e. British Islander is cross between two persons
- f. Sources of knowledge requiring a closer arrangement
- g. King who in this moment shows expertise (hyphenatea
- h. It's not in the least true-but it could produce flatne about the pole
- i. Stage villains-you'll find one in casts
- j. Lover of beauty comes through, makes the team
- k. Dole's statement to the press
- 1. Crisco cooked with a bit of oil makes a hot breeze

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Sixes and Sevens, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016. Entries must be received by October 12. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a oneyear subscription to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the November issue. Winners' names will be printed in t December issue. Winners of the August puzzle, "Superfluities are John R. Wiles, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Suzanne Wo ram, Salt Lake City, Utah; and Evelyn T. Livermore, No York, New York.







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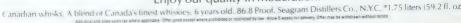


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- Arthur I. Blaustein

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 Hucksters rallied California voters to Proposition 13 with the promise of something for nothing. Unfortunately, Mr. Jarvis's vaunted tax revolt is a shell game only the rich can win.
- Andrew M. Greeley

 27 AFTER ELLIS ISLAND

 More than fifty years after the Immigration Act established quotas to limit the influx of racial inferiors, similar biases linger among the guardians of America's cultural establishment. The ethnic revival is nonetheless a critical element of the nation's sense of itself.
 - Henry Fairlie

 33 TOO RICH FOR HEROES

 Heroes are not born but made in a society that looks beyond its own narrow interests. They represent the aspirations of an age, as Lindbergh did in his flight to Paris; and without heroes the country is enfeebled.
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 Despite vivid campaign rhetoric to the contrary, the ambassadorial spoils system thrives in the Carter Administration. The system anoints not only political friends and luminaries but also career diplomats—the pride of the State Department—whose best credential for an embassy abroad is their mastery of the old-boy network at home.
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LETTERS

After Silent Spring

In his August article "Of Mites and Men," reviewing the promising new "biological" insecticides and their problems at the Environmental Protection Agency, William Tucker makes disparaging and erroneous reference to my article on the same subject in the New York Times Magazine two years ago.

Crediting "several newspaper stories on the subject" as the inspiration for his own latter-day interest, Tucker claims: "In all these stories . . . no one seemed willing to consider . . . that the broad snare of regulation designed to capture DDT and other 'old-fashioned' pesticides had now entangled the new generation of pesticides as well." The very lead of my 1976 Times piece, which Tucker cites as among his background reading, says: "... strict pesticide regulations established in DDT's aftermath have made it difficult for the entomologists to get their methods accepted for use outside the laboratory." And I devoted the climactic dozen paragraphs of my story to the paradoxical and retrograde influence of the EPA, quoting the same principal sources Tucker quotes two years later, saying pretty much the same things.

Never mind. It's a good story, worth more space than it gets, and I was hardly the first or the last to cover it. Tucker is welcome to join the group. Far more serious are the errors and confusions Tucker rushes into when he strikes off on his own in his self-appointed role as the scourge of the "environmental movement." I can only suggest:

-It suits Tucker's argument, but not

Editors note:

Readers familiar with the famous wave painting by the Japanese artist Hokusai will recognize it as the source for Rick Tulka's September cover illustration. the facts, to allege that only the EPA stupid intransigence prevents a who arsenal of hormones, pheromones, and other biologicals from making showork of most major insect pests. The are many tedious, expensive, ofte frustrating steps between research ar development long before the question of EPA registration ever arises.

-No doubt the EPA's requirement for environmental safety testing, e pecially as they are inappropriate an unnecessary, only add to the unce tainties and frustrations of companie that are trying to bring biological in secticides into the commercial marke Despite Tucker's dire predictions, how ever, there is no sign that support fo biological control research and deve opment is about to dry up in discour agement. The Rockefeller and For foundations, the National Institutes of Health, the USDA, and a host o other institutions continue to support the work, despite the scientific and regulatory difficulties it involves. Tuck er's sly charge that the environmenta movement spends 95 percent of it money on litigation and lobbying and only 5 percent on research can b supported only by arbitrarily exclud ing from the movement all those in stitutions that support research an including only those that do not. O. the commercial side, Conrel, the com pany whose success with the pink bol worm Tucker describes, got its EPA registration almost as quickly as proved its system could kill bugs. Th company has now acquired a phero mone-manufacturing operation and i developing new applications for it system, despite the EPA.

—Tucker asserts that there is no basic difference between poison chemical insecticides and the "biological" alternatives: that DDT and the other toxin are perfectly safe except if they ar "abused"; and that, indeed, they ar as "natural—or as "unnatural," a Tucker would have it—as "wheat, balley, oats, potatoes, corn, carrots....

ucker really believes this tendens, tortuous science fiction, why he worry about the fate of the blogical? insecticides, which will be as cheap, as broadly effective, ong-lasting, or as easy to use as poisons? And if as Tucker states, pests can evolve an escape from ogical insecticides as easily as from poisons, why not relax all pesticide lations and bring back DDT and the rest?

Anthony Wolff New York, N.Y.

The most serious error among the ny in William Tucker's irascible cle attributes to me the view that ironmentalists' claims of potential nan carcinogenicity for certain pesdes rests on manufacturers' inabilas a matter of logic to prove consively that their products do not use cancer. While this is how elents of the chemical industry sometes characterize their critics' argunts (and it was in this context that was quoted) such is totally inaccue. It is of course true that applicable

law places a continuing burden of proof upon pesticide manufacturers to show that their products are safe, but whenever the Environmental Defense Fund has raised the issue of a pesticide's potential human carcinogenicity, that claim has been based upon hard scientific data.

> WILLIAM A. BUTLER General Counsel Environmental Defense Fund Washington, D.C.

WILLIAM TUCKER REPLIES:

As for Mr. Butler's contention that it is only "elements of the chemical industry" who claim that environmentalists like himself use the double-negative argument on carcinogens, I will quote from the Advisory Committee Report from the Consolidated Hearings on DDT, submitted to the Environmental Protection Agency on April 25, 1972. In ruling that "DDT is not a carcinogenic hazard to man," hearing examiner Edmund Sweeney summarized the testimony of Mr. Butler and several other witnesses by saying: "Really, it can't seriously be contended that

the fact that DDT had not been proven not to be carcinogenic to man, is a logical basis for advocating a complete ban on all future uses of DDT" (emphasis in original). The double-negative argument has been a foundation stone of the Environmental Defense Fund's case against pesticides for almost ten years, and Mr. Butler made his comments in exactly the context I described in my article.

I don't think Mr. Wolff and I disagree on as many points as he contends. He has argued, first, that his New York Times article made all the points of my story, and second, that most of the major points of my argument are wrong, so I don't know on which side to meet him.

To address only a few points. I did not say that major funding for biological research was about to dry up, but only quoted one of the major scientific researchers making that prediction. Yet I don't share Mr. Wolff's certainty that a lag in new research can't happen. A director at the Rockfeller Foundation expressed nothing but despair about the problems with EPA



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regulations when I talked to him.

There is nothing "sly" about my charge that the environmental movement spends 95 percent of its funds on lawsuits and 5 percent on research. In fact, it was rather charitable, since the figures are probably closer to 99 percent and 1 percent. I included in my survey the Rachel Carson Trust for the Living Environment, in Washington, D.C., the major repository of nearly all environmental funds for basic research. They told me that they were sponsoring only two or three small projects, had almost no money, and were barely able to pay their own salaries. They told me if I wanted to know where the money was going to call the Environmental Defense Fund. "They sue people," was the explanation. I also looked at the Sierra Club's tax returns over several years, and found that the hundreds of thousands of dollars being disbursed every year were going almost exclusively to groups involved in lawsuits.

There is no "tendentious, tortuous science fiction" in saying that wheat, barley, and oats are genetic hybrids that have been created by human intervention, and that creating a new chemical in the laboratory is essentially the same process. I thought I made that point clearly by pointing out that the Food and Drug Administration is now starting to require toxicity testing on new hybrid plant varieties. If Mr. Wolff believes that hybrids are "natural," the FDA apparently does not. I must disagree, however, with his pessimistic prediction that biological controls will never be as cheap and broadly effective as poisonous chemicals. I think the success of the pink bollworm pheromone proves they can be successful.

RFK as saint and sinner

It is obvious that Walter Karp doesn't like Arthur Schlesinger's biography ["RFK Enshrined," September]. Karp's Kennedy appears to be one of the supreme villains of our time. The bewildering fact that people still revere his memory is evidently a sort of antidemocratic perversity.

Robert Kennedy was a politician, not a saint, and he had all the flaws of the breed. But to argue that he was a fiend is a grotesque distortion. Even saints do things of which they are later ashamed. We knew Kennedy would make mistakes but that, in the end, he would try to do the right thing. If a democratic republic needs its saints and heroes—Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, for example—we could do a lot worse than Robert Kennedy.

EDWARD B. FUREY, JR. Oakdale, N.Y.

WALTER KARP REPLIES:

Mr. Furey's remarks are somewhat puzzling. He seems to be suggesting, no doubt inadvertently, that I should not have singled out Kennedy's undemocratic views because he was no worse than his colleagues. What puzzles me is why that exceedingly modest claim should, in Mr. Furey's eyes, entitle Kennedy to a place alongside Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln.

For richer, for poorer

George Gilder's "Prometheus Bound" [September] is an eloquent appeal for the release of those bold spirits in our society who have done so much to expand the frontiers of the American economy. By overemphasizing the capital gains tax Gilder downgrades the importance of the income tax levy on individuals and corporations. It is this monstrous government tax burden that is suffocating private initiative and diverting resources to the government bureaucracy.

I am convinced by Gilder's philosophical arguments in favor of risk-taking. I am not convinced, however, that abolition of the capital gains tax would automatically restore private initiative and innovation. I would rather place my faith in Howard Jarvis and the other populist tax rebels who aim to cut all government taxes.

J. S. DUARTE Whittier, Calif.

GEORGE GILDER REPLIES:

I support the Kemp-Roth bill and most other legislation designed to retrench federal income taxes. Nonetheless, because the capital gains tax focuses directly on the rewards for risk and innovation, I think it is exceptionally destructive. The low revenues it collects are evidence not of its unimportance but of its devastating impact on speculative investment.

Furthermore, it being politically possible to cut all taxes, we should to distinguish among them. By fusing to make distinctions, we a play into the hands of so-called political tax-cutters, who would be con to leave the taxes on investment effect.

It has come to my attention to Rep. Ronald Dellums (Dem.-Cali reported as a supporter of the Stei Amendment in my article, later considered his position and vo against the bill. Mr. Dellums, m concerned with poverty, apparer fails to realize that capital gains a losses, not government programs, the key redistributors of wealth America, and the principal source durable upward mobility for the po

Arms and the m

Don B. Kates, Jr., has not c vinced me in his argument ["Agai Civil Disarmament," September] favor of each American having own handgun. A curious omission his discussion is the fact that sell firearms is big business. Those agai the sale have to battle powerful lobl in state and federal government, w fight, with their enormous resource to keep profits intact for their patro the arms manufacturers.

GENE MITCHI Dallas, T

DON B. KATES, JR., REPLIES:

The fact that I oppose bann handguns does not mean that I "fa each American having his own ha gun." I did say that minority groliving where the police have given on crime control are not going to s render their guns because middle-cl whites in high-security buildings a well-policed suburbs think they will safer that way.

Gene Mitchell chides me for mentioning "the fact that selling f arms is big business" and that "perful lobbies" oppose handgun la Those gun manufacturers who tak position favor handgun restrictic In 1968 the seven largest compar themselves proposed a national St van law—long before the organitions now championing that idea isted.

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AN EDITOR'S ESTATE

In memory of John Fischer

by Lewis H. Lapham

OHN FISCHER died on a Friday evening in August, at the age of sixty-eight, after surgery in a Connecticut hospital, and a great many people will find the world a poorer place for his absence. Perhaps I feel this because I had the good fortune to know him, and because I often had occasion to draw strength from the example of his life and the generosity of his spirit. He was editor of this magazine for fourteen years, between 1953 and 1967, and for a somewhat longer period of time he wrote the articles and essays that appeared under the rubric of "The Easy Chair." He made the magazine an instrument of rigorous social inquiry, publishing much of the best and most constructive political thought of his era; in his own writing he was constantly offering modest but useful suggestions about the ways in which people might improve their lot. I didn't come to know him until after he had relinquished the direction of the magazine, but by observing his method and listening to him talk I learned most of what I know about the arts and duties of an editor. If I presume to praise a man who was characteristically wary of eulogy and valediction, I do so for a reason of which I think Jack would have approved. I have no wish to make of him a statue in a public park (he detested anything that had about it the stale and metropolitan air of the sentimental, the pretentious, and the grandiose), but the courage of his mind and the cheerful compassion with which he looked upon the perversity of his fellow men offers an example of which a great many people, myself among them, stand sorely in need. Elsewhere in the pages of this issue Henry Fairlie discusses the disappearance of the American hero. He makes a persuasive argument, but I think he might have come to a less dismal peroration if he had known Jack Fischer.

I first met Jack in the spring of 1971, in the midst of one of those literary quarrels that pass muster in New York for a crisis of international significance. Jack's immediate successor as editor of the magazine had resigned as a result of a dispute with the publisher, and a number of other editors also had resigned. Various people were giving statements to the newspapers, and in the back rooms of cultural opinion it was being said that the magazine (as well as the cause of American literature) had suffered a calamitous defeat. Art had died: the philistines had triumphed, and there was nothing left to do except to quote at length from the works of Jeremiah

FISCHER, JOHN, editor, writer; b. Texhoma, Okla., Apr. 27, 1910; s. John S. and Georgia (Caperton) F.; student U. Okla., 1928-32; Rhodes scholar Oxford (Eng.) U., 1933-35; LL.D., Kenyon Coll., 1954; Bucknell U., 1954; D.H.L., U. Mass., 1936; m. Elizabeth Wilson, 1936; children—Nicolas, Sarah. Reporter, Daily Oklahoman, Oklahoman City, Amarillo (Tex.) Globe-News, and other newspapers in Okla. and N. Mex., 1928-33; reporter U.P.I., Eng. and Germany, 1933-35, A.P., Washington, 1935-37; with U.S. Dept. Agr., 1937-42; various positions with Bd. Econ. Warfare, Washington, 1942-43; chief rep. Bd. Econ. Warfare and Fgn. Econ. Adminstrn. in India, 1943-44, in charge econ. intelligence and lend-lease; with Fgn. Econ. Adminstrn., Washington, 1944; asso. editor Harper's Mag., 1944-47, editor in chief, 1953-67, contbg. editor, 1967—Vis. fellow Yale. Mem. Presdl. Commo. on Rural Poverty, 1966—Trustee Brookings Instn. Mem. Am. Polit. Sci. Assn., Phi Beta Kappa. Club: Century Assn. Author: Why They Behave Like Russians, 1947; Master Plan, U.S.A., 1951; The Stupidity Problem, 1964; Six in the Easy Chair, 1973; Vital Signs, U.S.A., 1975. Contbr. articles New Yorker, Harper's, Reader's Digest, Life, etc. Home: Shell Beach Rd. Guilford CT 06437 (from Who's Who in America, 40th Edition, 1977-1978)

and Norman Mailer. Jack had no patience with this sort of thing. He never understood why people took pleasure in parading themselves as victims, and he had little sympathy for the fashionable gestures of despair. Although in poor health at the time, he took the train from Guilford, Connecticut, and promptly addressed himself to the business at hand. He wasn't interested in who said what to whom, or what was the burden of the gossip of the trade. He inquired instead about practical matters-about the state of the magazine's inventory (depleted), about the attitude of literary agents (suspicious), about which writers could be counted upon (with no more than the usual degree of uncertainty) to deliver which manuscripts in time for which deadlines. A man of modest height, he had a gaunt but kindly face and a perpetually questioning look in his eyes. I had the feeling that Jack would never tire of asking questions of one kind or another and that no answer would ever seem to him entirely satisfactory. His slightly stooped figure conveyed a deceptive impression of frailty. He had been raised on the High Plains of the Texas and Oklahoma panhandles, a child of the last American frontier, and he possessed the qualities of character and temperament useful on a frontier-resilience, toughness of mind, resourcefulness, and a distrust of the emotional displays that he associated with the luxurious East. As a boy of ten, he knew how to butcher cattle, string barbed-wire fences, grease windmills, and build barns. He admired the same kind of enterprise in other people, and he preferred the man who could perform a number of different tasks with a high degree of competence to the virtuoso who could perform only Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's. 'rom "Survival U: Prospectus or a really relevant University," jeptember, 1969:

luman ecology is one of the oungest disciplines, and probably he most important. It is the tudy of the relationship between nan and his environment, both natural and technological. It eaches us to understand the onsequences of our actionsnow sulfur-laden fuel oil burned n England produces an acid ain that damages the forests of Scandinavia, why a well-meant farm subsidy can force millions of Negro tenants off the land and lead to Watts and Hough. A graduate who comprehends ecology will know how to look at "what is going on in the world," and he will be equipped to do something about it. Whether he ends up as a city planner, a politician, an enlightened engineer, a teacher, or a reporter, he will have had a relevant education. All of its parts will hang together in a coherent whole.

And if we can get enough such graduates, man and his environment may survive a while longer, against all the odds. one trick with exceptional brilliance. On the frontier, virtuosos tended to be something of a nuisance. They seldom could shoe horses, and they weren't much use in a fight with Comanches.

As I came to know him better I understood that Jack expected most human arrangements to go astray. Human folly seemed to him as much a fact of nature as the weather, and he was never surprised if people got themselves into trouble or if things weren't always as they seemed or as they had been advertised in the mail-order catalogues. He liked politicians because he had no illusions about them and because he didn't expect them to be prophets or magicians. He had seen the New Deal as it made itself manifest in Oklahoma pork barrels, and he knew that it was not the embodiment of pure spirit imagined by editorial writers for the New York Times. Nor did he expect that this year's announcement of political transfiguration would lead to anything much more than next year's announcement of political catastrophe. He understood that even with the best possible mo-

tives, people could bring down upon themselves calamities they dreamed possible. His fondness for the people caught up in the well-meaning absurdity of this spectacle accounted for his habitual cheerfulness. He had a sly and subtle wit, and I sometimes wondered if he didn't suppress his laughter only out of courtesy for the person telling him about yet another mistake in what was supposed to be God's perfect design. Being an economical man, he didn't permit himself the luxury of complaint (no matter how eloquently phrased), and it never occurred to him to dwell too much on the refinements of aggrieved sensibility. Despite his inexhaustible curiosity and wide acquaintance with people of all kinds and convictions, Jack remained an elusive and in many ways a solitary man. He never appeared as the hero of his own cautionary tales. If he told a story about himself, it was always to make a point about something or somebody other than himself. He used the incidents of his life by way of illustration because they were convenient and ready to hand, because



From "Letter to a New Leftist, From a Tired Liberal," March,

What this country needs is radicals who will stay that way—regardless of the creeping years, the inevitable blunders, defeats, and combat fatigue... You and your conrades-in-arms will keep trying, I hope, even when you are long past thirty and a younger generation of radicals is watching you with impatience and pity. For the only corruption you really need to fear is the corruption of despair.

usually they were sufficient to the purpose he had in mind, and because he knew them to be accurate and therefore reliable

ACK'S LACK OF INTEREST in the exquisite complications of self (an attitude of mind that put him at odds with the romanticism of the 1960s) allowed him to notice that the world was full of wonders. It was his delight in the world and all its marvels that made him so fine an editor and so dependable a source of enthusiasm and encouragement. Certainly this was the spirit in which he edited the magazine. He had an affection for almost everything he saw, as if he thought of himself as an outrider in advance of the great expedition of American democracy. He had a profound faith in the future and in the American expedition moving slowly and laboriously forward in both time and space. He liked to travel around the country as if he were riding circuit around a large farm, stopping here and there to ask people what they were doing about the problems of education and municipal government, to see how they were getting along on their particular stretch of the river, or in their particular sector of the range. He was constantly looking for signs, judging the direction of the wind, seeking out the access to water, looking for the best pasture. His articles read like so many reports to the main party. If the people in Scranton, Pennsylvania, had found a way to improve their drainage or their schools, then perhaps there was a lesson to be learned for people in Mississippi or Michigan.

He liked plain narratives, and he filled the pages of *Harper's* with useful suggestions. The titles that he gave

to articles and essays testified to his cautious optimism-"Can Ralph R. Widner Save New York, Chicago, and Detroit?" "How to Rescue America from Plumbers, Carpenters, and People Like That"; "Is There a Teacher on the Faculty?"; "What Happened to the Civil Rights Movement?"; and "A Possibly Practical Utopia." He published arguments on as many sides of a question as he deemed reasonable, opening the pages of the magazine to ideas with which he didn't find himself in sympathy, but from which other people might derive some practical benefit. Jack thought of the United States as a country of second chances and new starts, and in this sense he was the true heir of the American Revolution. In the 1930s, after studying at Oxford on a Rhodes scholarship. and writing for the Associated Press in Washington, he had worked for Henry Wallace in the Department of Agriculture; during the war he worked for the Board of Economic Warfare, and in 1952, the year before he became editor of Harper's he wrote campaign speeches for Adlai Stevenson. He knew enough about the workings of democracy to know that quite ordinary people had the tools at hand to better their lot if only they had the wit to understand them and the will to use them properly. He was a tin-

From "Letter from Leete's Island: Field Notes on the Manners, Morals, and Customs of the Connecticut Yankee," January,

When I was in high school I learned from Don Marquis, one of my literary heroes, about The Almost Perfect State. I have been looking for it-and writing about it, in one way or another ever since: though I am no longer so hopeful as I once was of finding it in one lifetime. Now, as time gets short, I would be willing to settle for The Reasonably Decent Society. And, with a nervous glance at my Confederate ancestors, I am ready to admit that these New Englanders may know something about it that the rest of us don't. At least they are trying hard to create a little part of the Super-City which will combine modern industry with a humane way of life, and a respect for the land, the water, and the past. How they come out might well be a matter of some interest to the rest of America.

kerer with the machines of gove ment and the models of human p sibility. I think of him as a m forever asking questions and offeri advice, openings doors and windov peering with a lantern into mi shafts.

More than anybody else I ever m Jack Fischer embodied what I thi of as the democratic spirit and t idea of the American experiment. I was a revolutionary in the sense th he knew nothing lasted, that all thin changed much more quickly than pe ple liked to suppose, and that m and civilizations continually had adapt themselves to shifting sets circumstance. If he thought of himse as an outrider, he assumed that was opening the land for people wh would build and settle, not for peop who would graze. He had grown t in an arid and inhospitable landscap and he had watched the topsoil blov ing away in the dust storms of the 1930s. He knew that the social topso was equally precious and equally us stable, and so he was concerned t preserve not only the land and water but also the institutions with which men held together their fragile soc eties and settlements. His generosit and largeness of spirit evoked in peo ple fortunate enough to know him a enlarged sense of their own capacit and self-respect. He was constant looking for people whom he coul praise, saving that with only a little bit of courage and a little bit of pa tience and common sense, people coul achieve so much more than they migh have thought possible, that they ha it in themselves to become so muc more than they gave themselves cred for. Every December it was his custon to compose what he called a "Chrisi mas List," in which he celebrated th deeds of particular people or group of people who, in the previous year had done something to make their fe low men "a little more comfortable civilized, or light-hearted." This is what Jack attempted to do, and i large measure succeeded in doing, wit his life, his writing, and Harper magazine. For as long as they wer within reach of his kindness, his wis dom, and the sound of his voice countless of his fellow countryme could feel themselves that much less afraid and that much less alone.

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER 197



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PROPOSITION 13 = CATCH 22

California's rush for fool's gold

by Arthur I. Blaustein

HE REACTIONARY DREAM of George Wallace and Ronald Reagan, repudiated by the nation at large in 1968 and again in 1976, has come to pass in California under the rubric of "a people's tax revolt." Four months after the passage of Proposition 13 by an enthusiastic majority in that benighted state, politicians elsewhere in the country have declared themselves in possession of a new revelation. In primary and election campaigns this fall they have been saying that big government needs to be reduced, and they advertise themselves as courageous representatives of an electorate righteously aroused. Before the rest of the nation joins the headlong rush to the sea, the fine print in Proposition 13 deserves a slightly more careful examination than has been provided by the wise men of the doting media.

A number of states have adopted the initiative and referendum process, but none has used it so often as California. Since its inception sixty-seven years ago, the initiative has not proved to be a very sound means of enacting legislation. Initiatives are typically re-

Arthur I. Blaustein is chairman of the National Advisory Council on Economic Opportunity, and a contributing editor to Social Policy.

flexive, emotional reactions to an issue, poor substitutes for the hearings, debates, compromises, and deliberations that distinguish the legislative process. And so with Proposition 13.

A disarmingly simple initiative of 389 words, it limits the taxes levied on any piece of real property-houses, apartments, factories, and businesses -and makes the limitation binding on the state legislature as an amendment to the constitution. Proposition 13 promised to cut California's high property taxes by some \$7 billion per year. from \$12 billion to \$5 billion. It immediately reduces property-tax bills approximately 57 percent by rolling back the maximum rate of tax to 1 percent of the property's 1975-76 assessed valuation, and restricts future levies to 2 percent per year. The initiative further requires a two-thirds majority in both houses of the state legislature to approve increases in any other state tax.

Under Proposition 13, the tax savings for a typical \$60,000 house will amount to about \$765 per year, a seductive figure indeed for California homeowners like myself whose taxes have risen 40 percent in the past two vears.

Howard Jarvis, the chief architect of the initiative in concert with Paul Gann. a retired real estate salesman, spent \$28,000 to secure 1.264,000 signatures, more than twice the 500,000 needed to place his petition on the ballot. And amid the hoopla of his lavish public relations campaign, a number of insidious provisions in the initiative were obscured. For example, Proposition 13 states that property will be assessed at current market value "when purchased, newly constructed, or change in ownership has occurred." Unfortunately, California homeowners are the most mobile in the nation: on average, houses are sold once every seven years. Thus the conditions by which assessments will be unfrozen ensure that tax relief for most homeowners will be at best temporary. As houses are built and change hands, they will receive far higher assessments than voters were led to believe. And because families move more often than such corporate leviathans as Standard Oil, Lockheed, Kaiser, and Ford, the heaviest property tax burden must shift from the corporations best able to bear it to individuals. (A recently completed study of the impact of Proposition 13 in San Mateo County found that, by 1983, homeowners will pay 60 percent of the county's property tax; prior to the passage of Proposi-



n 13, the homeowners' share of the

Fewer houses will be built as a relt of Proposition 13's requirement a two-thirds majority of the electrate to pass the bonds that subdivididepend upon to finance such pubfacilities as schools, fire stations, d water works. Because available using stock will diminish, market ices are bound to soar and with em the taxes new homeowners will ye to pay.

Landlords will realize a considerable cut under Proposition 13 that may may not be passed on in equitable jounts to tenants. Although rent rections and controls are being deted in city councils throughout the ite, appended to local ballots as refenda, and likely to be introduced as lls before the legislature, tenants at esent can depend only upon the good ll of their landlords-a group not ted for its charity. With profits ineasing dramatically, the market valof rental property will inevitably se. In effect, then, landlords enjoy th an "increase value" windfall and "tax free" windfall. Thus, here again lief is greatest where it is needed ast. The only way these windfalls ight have been avoided was through transfer tax or capital gains tax on operty sales, as Jarvis understood ily too well and thus prohibited in s initiative. (Voters would have been ise to question Jarvis's selflessness ven his position as head of the Apartent Association of Los Angeles Counand the fortune he has made in varus business enterprises.)

LESS STRINGENT alternative was available to Californians. if they had only been willing to consider it. Governor Jerry rown and the state legislature, stung / Jarvis's achievement, drafted a comomise measure that appeared on the allot as Proposition 8. Sponsored by epublican State Senator Peter Behr, roposition 8 would have given homewners a 30 percent cut in property xes, paid for lost revenue through ate budget surplus, and placed a costl-living ceiling on state and local exenditures. Proposition 8 offered no elief to landlords and businesses. Thus the San Mateo study found that Proposition 8 had passed, homeown-



The Royal Family Assortment of Pure Cigarettes by Nat Sherman.



TATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MAN-AGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION (Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code). 1. Title of Publication: Harper's. 2. Date of Filing: October 1, 1978. 3. Frequency of Issue: Monthly. (a) No. of issues published annually: 12. (b) Annual subscription price \$11.98. 4. Location of known office of publication: Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. 5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. 6. Publisher: James A. Alcott, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016; Editor: Lewis H. Lapham, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. 7. Owner: Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Minneapolis, Minn. Stockholders owning I percent or more of the total amount of stock are: John Cowles; John Cowles, Jr. Sage Fuller Cowles; Russell Cowles, II; and Otto A. Silha, all care of Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Minneapolis, Minn.; Howard Mithun, Minneapolis, Minn.; Joyce A. Swan, Rapid City, S. Dak.; Morley Cowles A. Swan, Rapid City, S. Dak.; Morley Cowles Ballantine, Durango, Colo.; Sarah Cowles Doering, Cambridge, Mass.; David Kruide-nier, Des Moines, Iowa; Des Moines Register and Tribune Company, Des Moines, Iowa; Kingsley H. Murphy, Jr.; Kingsley H. Mur-phy-III; Barrett Barnes Murphy; and Cecily Michel Murphy; all of Wayzata, Minn.; Castri, M. Lebeson, Minnes, Ill. Georgia M. Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn.; and Dorothy Anderson, Tucson, Ariz. 8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: (none). 9. Extent and nature of circulation: A. Total copies printed: Average number copies each issue during pre-ceding 12 months, 385,250; single issue nearest filing date, 385,000. B. Paid circulation (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales; average number copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 32,843; single issue nearest filing date, 33,500; (2) Mail subscriptions: average number copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 279,834; single issue nearest filing date, 277,552. C. Total paid circulation: Average number copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 312,677; single issue nearest filing date, 311,052. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies: Average number copies during preceding 12 months, 8,000; single issue nearest filing date, 8,000 E. Total distribution: average number copies during preceding 12 months, 320,677; single issue nearest filing date, 319,052. F. Copies not distributed (1) Office use, leftover, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: Average number copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 5,768: single issue nearest filing date, 9,448; (2) Returns from news agents: Average number copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 58,805; single issue nearest filing date, 56.500. G. Total: Average number copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 385,250; single issue nearest filing date, 385,000. 39. U.S.C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsec-tion unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates." In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in Item 1 at the phased postage rates currently authorized by 39, U. S. C. 3626. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

James A. Alcott, Publisher

ers in that county would be paying only 41.5 percent of the total property tax in 1983, against a much higher and more equitable business share of 58.5 percent.)

Proposition 8 was further distinguished from the Jarvis-Gann amendment by offering special tax breaks to tenants—who are ignored by Proposition 13—and to the elderly. Proposition 8 was designed to limit the growth of the state treasury rather than to diminish its existing size, as Proposition 13 will do. Further, Proposition 8 could have been amended by the legislature. Proposition 13 can be altered only by a two-thirds majority of California voters in another popular referendum, and thus binds the state to a condition of fiscal extremity.

With all its contradictions and at best dubious advantages, the amendment's passage nearly defies reason. One understands the success of Proposition 13 only by noting the influence of mass media, and the cultivated susceptibility of their audiences to buzzwords like "the new revolution," "mo-mentum," "avalanche," and "steamroller." By simple repetition, these words established their own credibility and the amendment's virtue. Thus the three networks, Time, Newsweek, the New York Times, and the Washington Post anticipated the passage of Proposition 13 as a reenactment of the Boston Tea Party and the Battle of Bunker Hill. Howard Jarvis was afforded the celebrity status more appropriately reserved for Charlemagne or Douglas MacArthur. Dazzled by hyperbole and captivated by their own greed, California voters rallied like vokels at a county fair to win something for nothing. Unwilling to evaluate the contents of the amendment, they were singularly unprepared to confront the realities of its passage-which were swiftly made manifest.

At present, the leadership of California is best described as a government by provisional catastrophe. The state legislature is being muscled for funds from all directions and county boards of supervisors are still meeting far into the night trying to figure out priorities. Do they shut down schools or hospitals, museums or transportation systems, firehouses or police stations, senior citizens' centers, parks, playgrounds, community colleges, or sanitation dumps? Howard

Jarvis told the voters that his initiative would trim the rolls of politicians and bureaucrats. But as voters might have guessed, the best estimates are that no one bureaucrat or politician is goin to lose his job. Instead, more than quarter of a million public-service en ployees and 10,000 CETA (Comprehersive Employment and Training Act workers will be threatened in the nexe eight months by the pink slip.

With one pie to cut, some will eatheir fill, more will go hungry. Banksavings and loan associations, and corporate California were written into the initiative as beneficiaries by Mr. Jarvis. It is no small wonder that the United Bank of California chose the day after the election to release it survey of the state's major corporations. The survey showed that these corporations raised their profits at rate nearly double that of comparable companies outside California in the first quarter of 1978.

first quarter of 1978.

Jarvis made a point of reminding homeowners about their \$7 billion windfall. He failed to mention tha \$2.5 billion will be transferred to the federal government in the form of high er income taxes because Californian will have less property tax to deduct He neglected to mention that \$3 billion would go to out-of-state corporations and individuals who own land it California. After corporations in California take their share, the bottom line in this "middle-class tax revolt" is less than \$1 billion in the pockets of home owners.

F CORPORATIONS and property owners are the winners, the losers are the disadvantaged and the poor Senior citizens will lose their centers and the public transportation on which they depend; fewer young Chicanos and blacks will be educated at community colleges; women who seek jobs will face a market glutted with the sudden addition of numerous unemployed. All this to save the typical homeowner in Orange County \$900 in taxes. But he will have ample time to contemplate the consequences of his choice when the local fire department takes fifteen minutes to respond instead of five; at least he will be able to view the fire from the comfort of his kidneyshaped pool.

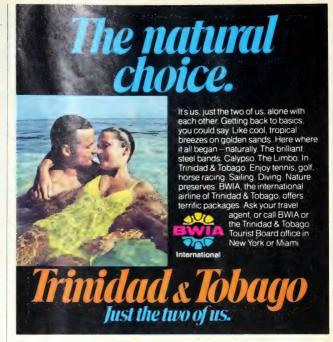
It is a curious paradox that the so-

lled revolt of the middle class should gin in suburban California, where e middle class enjoys more material xury than it does anywhere else in e country. Suburban Californians are aeryous breed of the "newly arrived." nev suffer the neurosis of having too uch and not knowing how well they we it. Fear of displacement makes e newly arrived rather unpleasant ople to live with, and Jarvis and mpany played to that fear.

The nervous suburbanites ask themlves every morning what will save em from labor unions, taxes, blacks, sar Chavez, the women's movement, ising, illegal aliens, fluoridation, and, orst of all, from government. They nited for a message that would prerve them from these evils, and Howd Jarvis gave them the message. He id that Proposition 13 was their nstitutional guarantee "to life, libty, and the pursuit of property." Aptrently happiness is property, accordg to Jarvis. And a majority of Calirnia voters agreed. No matter that oraries would close, that schooloms would overflow with sixty-five ildren to a class, that thousands of cople would lose their jobs. The owds danced on election night. We we not come very far from Conrad's eart of Darkness: Kurtz sitting on his tle piece of private property with s neighbor's head on a pole.

Mr. Jarvis made no bones about it: likes money, knows how to amass operty, and these activities pose no nilosophical dilemma, since his moility and his self-interest are conveently identical. Ironically, Jerry rown, his chief opponent, had been orking the same side of the street for our years, as had Reagan before him. Taking a page from Don Quixote,

Howard Jarvis played the Knight of e Rueful Figure, then Jerry Brown layed the Knight of the Mirror. But e must bear in mind that Cervantes' naracters possessed an ethical consisency not shared by the heroes of Caliornia's contemporary romance. Chantig "limitation" mantras and raising arma, Jerry Brown helped to create ie hostile antigovernment atmosphere the state that yielded Proposition 3. In his four years as governor, rown failed to secure decent tax reorm. He accumulated the largest state udget surplus in the nation's history, nd this proved the most effective



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weapon in the arsenal of the initiative's advocates.

The surplus, estimated during the campaign at \$3-\$5 billion, was intended to be Jerry Brown's ticket to the White House. The governor could only enhance his candidacy in 1980 by pointing to the huge surplus as evidence of his frugality. But Howard Jarvis discovered Jerry Brown's pot of gold, and he beat Brown at his own game. When critics of Proposition 13 objected that its passage would cripple the government's ability to provide essential human services, Jarvis had only to cite the surplus in rebuttal. It was left to the voter to imagine what would become of those services once the surplus was depleted-as it is expected to be within a year.

The conservatives who supported Proposition 13 were betting that the state would step in and bail out the local communities. But they must have known that with the power of the purse comes control. It has seemed to me that the two cardinal tenets of conservatism are home rule and antibureaucracv. Yet the ink was scarcely dry on the amendment before a special bipartisan Proposition 13 committee of the state legislature was organized to work out the necessary legislation that would keep schools, cities, counties, and special districts operating when the amendment became effective on July 1. The committee secured immediate agreement that the state should provide \$4 billion in direct assistance and another \$1 billion in emergency loans for the coming fiscal year. Oddly, it was the Democrats in the legislature, led by State Senator Leo McCarthy, who urged that the money be distributed by straight formula, with no strings attached. To the contrary, Assembly GOP leader Paul Priolo asserted the conservatives' preference for "earmarking" to special interests. Although it was argued that local officials were already hard-pressed and needed no additional restrictions on their limited funds, the conservatives fought to sell out the principle of home rule. Now some communities are refusing any state money to avoid becoming enmeshed in the strings attached. Local governments, over which individuals have traditionally been able to assert most direct influence, are now becoming more aware and fearful of the threat of state authority.

ow that the amendment has passed, Brown speaks if it had been his own identified in the National Governors' Conferent late this summer might have been it tered by Howard Jarvis himself. What ever ideological differences may exhibit between the two are invisible to the naked eye.

Side by side, the new Left and toold Right spin their fantasies. In the 1960s the Left argued the hothouse in tion that one could bring down the sytem by going after Pacific Gas & Eletric, Bank of America, Safeway, ar Pacific Telephone. It advocated suddirect action as stealing from coboxes, forging credit cards and check and tossing homemade bombs at power lines. It never occurred to these idelogues that the companies so harasse would simply pass the costs on to the consumer, and that the people humost would be the poor.

In like manner, Howard Jarvis foun eager recruits in his battle again "the politicians." But politicians from Sacramento to Capitol Hill reserve special maneuver for such assaults one step to the right and one step back ward. They raise a finger to the win and "get tough." Getting tough mean slashing budgets for social programs Just as the corporations pass busines costs on to those who can least afforthem, politicians pass social costs of the poor, the minorities, women and young people.

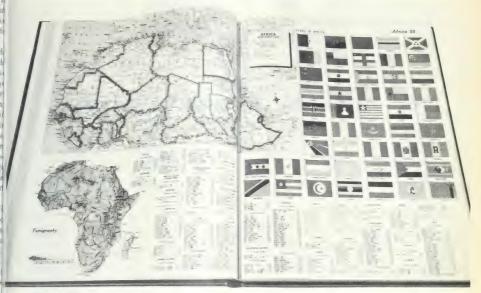
Jarvis's sales pitch had a deceptive ly libertarian sheen calculated to in spire backlash. His ballyhoo about cut ting government and taxes down to siz was so much snake oil to soothe the consciences of landlords and moneyee taxpayers. It expiated their guilt by suggesting that self-interest is consistent with principle: a neat trick.

Proposition 13 indeed proclaims a message, but it is not the one sung ir popular chorus. The issue of big government versus small government is moot; big government is here to stay. The real issue is whether government will be dominated by privileged interests and their hucksters or whether ordinary people will have some say through the conventional political process. The paradox of the California referendum is that so many ordinary people voted their power away.

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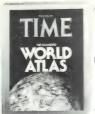


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AFTER ELLIS ISLAND

1 praise of ethnic chauvinism

by Andrew M. Greeley

F CRITICS OF the ethnic renewal would get out of their armchairs and come down off their ivory Ltowers, they would discover that e question about America is not nether it can survive an ethnic reval but how it has survived, and ther well at that, so much ethnic dirsity for such a long period of time. iven the size of the nation, the quickss with which it was put together, id the multitudinous peoples from nich it was formed, it is amazing that ere has been only one civil war. ven in the worst disturbances of the 60s the casualties were relatively inor compared with the other polyrome, polyglot, polyethnic societies the world.

So why does talk about ethnicity furiate the official guardians of our tional culture? Evidently, it offends em, particularly when the ethnicity volves European white ethnic groups. iose whose job it is to explain, inpret, and defend the culture of our untry prefer things neat, homog-

enized, and simple. If you feel duty-bound to talk about America in clean, aseptic sentences without marring your style by qualification, you can hardly afford to be tolerant of the "throbbing," "vital" (William James's words), and disgracefully messy pluralism that the word ethnicity implies.

The "ethnic revival" of the past ten years has been an affront to the culture guardians in midtown Manhattan, Harvard Yard, and the Washington Post building. Periodically they sally forth to denounce it, and then wait expectantly for it to go away.

Oddly enough it doesn't.

Courses of ethnic studies have spread like contagious diseases through college catalogues. Community organizations with ethnic motifs have appeared all over the country, wrestling with HUD for the soul of America's threatened cities. Good-sized paperback bookstores have shelves lined with books on "ethnicity." Dissertations are pouring out of the sociology, psychology, anthropology, political science,

history, English, and even journalism departments in the great universities. Chambers of commerce in large and even medium-sized American cities have busily compiled lists of the "ethnic" restaurants, including many that didn't know they were ethnic but are now perfectly delighted to have the tourist trade (even trade from their own city) wash up on their doorsteps. Roots was an enormous success, and one of the networks promises that it will offer soon James T. Farrell's Studs Lonigan as an "Irish Roots." Geno Baroni, who a decade ago was just beginning to discover his Italian origins, has become, as Assistant Secretary for Neighborhoods, the country's protoethnic in Marcel Bruer's monstrous HUD building. Keepers of the vital statistics records in European towns and villages find themselves inundated with requests for birth, baptism, marriage, and death certificates from Americans engaged in searching for their roots.

The culture guardians stir restlessly in their official chairs (some of them endowed) and nervously assure one another that it's all going to go away soon. One of them, a West Indian black from Harvard named Orlando Patterson, recently has written a book saying that the ethnic revival is chauvinistic, reactionary, and fascist. The New York Times Op-Ed page (the monastery church door of the official culture guardians) carried an excerpt from Patterson's anathemas. I can't blame the cultural inquisitors for being anxious. Recent survey data suggest that teenagers think ethnicity is more important than their parents do, and no one seems to be able to persuade young people that ethnicity is Andrew M. Greeley is a Roman Catholic priest, a professor of sociology at the University of Arizona, and a program director at the National Opinion Research Center in Chicago, His most recent book is The American Catholic: A Social Portrait (Basic Books).





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reactionary and dangerous; they are too busy writing family histories.

HE WORD ethnic has come to have many different meanings during the years of the revival. It is not that the word means nothing, but rather it means whatever the user wants it to mean. Sometimes it stands for "minority" and refers primarily to black, brown, native American, and Asian American, as in "ethnic studies" programs at universities; other times it is a code word for Catholics, as in "the white ethnic backlash" or "white ethnic opposition to Carter because of his Baptist religion." When the national news magazines or journals of opinion speak of ethnics, they mean Catholics, as when the Nation announced Daniel P. Moynihan as "ethnic." When I use the word, I normally refer simply to the variety of American subcultures whether that variety be based on race, religion, nationality, language, or even region.

The ethnic revival has essentially been cultural and intellectual rather than populist. When Orlando Patterson speaks in horror of an ethnic revival "sweeping" the country, he means, if he means anything at all, that it is sweeping the college campuses. There are no masses of ethnics with pitchforks or rifles ready to revolt against the national political and cultural establishment, nor is there any intention in the ethnic population of seceding from the American culture or policy. Even at the height of the unrest of the Sixties, only a tiny minority of black Americans thought about a separate enclave, and only a few selfanointed Chicano spokesmen would like to return to Mexican rule. As for the so-called white ethnics, they're the last ones who want to stop being Americans or to withdraw from the American common culture. Why should they? They never had it so good.

Those who have seen political peril or political power in the ethnic revival (the "Ethnic Millions" of which Michael Novak spoke, to the horrified delight of the critics of the ethnic revival) were revealing more about themselves and their own biases than they were describing anything that actually exists in the American nation. A purely ethnic political approach doesn't

deliver the votes of any America group-not even the blacks. Tho who saw new ethnic coalitions emer ing or worked for a new coalition blacks and ethnics seem to have misse one important point: Since the ear days of the New Deal there has bee a black-white ethnic political coalitic in the United States, and it's calle the Democratic Party. Indeed, in son of the cities where the ties of the coalition are strongest it's even called the "machine" or the "organization What, then, has the ethnic revivalwhatever the word ethnic means, an to whatever extent it might be a re vival-accomplished? It has reopene the questions of unity and diversity i American life, it has forced som Americans to reconsider the judgmer of the Dillingham Commission and ra cist immigration laws of the 1920s. I has raised pointed questions about th inferiorities of some subcultures an it has pushed the search for a mode of American society that both trar scends and combines the "melting pot and "mosaic" images.

From the beginning, American have been caught by the dilemma ex pressed in the national model. Wha kind of unity, and what ought to hap pen to the many that are forged into the unity? On the one hand, the na tion has argued that anyone can be as American who accepts the principle of the Constitution and the Declara tion of Independence. Indeed, English as a requirement for citizenship wa imposed only at the beginning of thi century. On the other hand, the nation has been uncomfortable with the diver sity that its tolerant approach to cit izenship has created. It excluded Asian immigrants, discriminated agains Eastern and Southern European im migrants, oppressed its black and na tive American minorities, put enor mous pressures on the children and grandchildren of immigrants to forge their national origins and simply be come "good Americans." Yet it could not insist that the immigrants give up their religion or their nationality of even those aspects of their culture tha were compatible with the country's political philosophy.

Ought we to become a melting po in which all differences are refined away, or ought we to maintain cultura pluralism, a mosaic society in which at least the most intimate ties are

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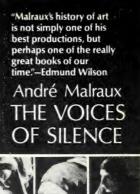
ight and maintained within our ethor religio-ethnic groups, or is there he middle course possible that comies the two? Just at the time when ny of the country's cultural and inectual elites had breathed a sigh of lef over the successful "assimilan" of the waves of unlettered peass with vowel-ending names who I swarmed in before the first world r, the question of cultural diversity, sumably solved by the Americantion of the last wave of immigrants, s forcefully raised once again.

HE ETHNIC REVIVAL stirred up instant hostility, Naomi Bliven, writing in the New Yorker, said that the ethnic revival s second-rate, mediocre, Martin Marwho pronounces on social and reious trends in the Christian Century. iodically reassured his readers that ethnic revival was becoming unhionable. Norman Podhoretz, in the ges of Commentary, worried about at ethnicity would do to the comn culture. Harold Isaacs, a political entist at MIT, in his Idols of the ibe analyzed the power and the poiancy of ethnic identification but rned solemnly of the dangers of cont and destruction that ethnicity conns. A reviewer, writing in the New public about a book on the Irish. sed the question of whether the intry did not already have too much inicity and whether it might not be ter if there were only one ethnic oup.

Who needs a homogeneous common lture from which all untidy, messy rersity has been squeezed? The govment, for one-the same governent that passed the immigration laws half-century ago to keep out those ks whom all the "best people" (the icial guardians of their own day) id would never be good Americans. ice you admit that there is a rich, zzling, and unpredictable diversity America, you complicate the lives bureaucrats enormously. However, e bureaucrats have also bought the tion that one has to do something r minorities. Various agencies, from e United States Census to the conact compliance offices of HEW, Labor, id the Equal Employment Opportuty Commission (that government ency which is in charge of antiwhite, anti-male, and anti-Catholic discrimination), have issued ukases as to who is a minority and who isn't. Currently, Aleuts, Samoans, Asians, and native Americans are minorities, but Iews, Irish, Italians, and Poles are not. You don't get very good answers from the bureaucrats about the reasons for these distinctions other than the occasional reference to the fact that "minorities" (i.e., the real ones) have been the victims of discrimination in the past and often still are victims. Government research agencies avoided funding ethnic revival research as though it were the bubonic plague. The National Institute for Mental Health and the National Science Foundation, in particular, behaved as though assimilation had produced a thoroughly homogenized society. A peer-review panel of the National Institute on Aging recently commented-in complete defiance of the existing evidence-that ethnicity was irrelevant to aging. Foundation and government bureaucrats saw the ethnic revival as a conspiracy, an attempt to capitalize politically on the white ethnic racist backlash.

The bureaucrats take their orders from culture watchdogs who have decreed a kind of historical compromise that some kinds of ethnicity are less objectionable than others. If you can't eliminate all messy diversity, then you can at least draw the line at the Irish, the Poles, and the Italians. The ethnic revival is turned by a marvelous alchemy into "affirmative action" and thereby nicely tamed. (Not for long, though, unless I miss my guess. The average American is against quotashowever named. But if you are going to have them, then each of us wants to be in one.)

None of those who suggested that the political or cultural enterprise would be hurt by ethnicity were encumbered by empirical evidence. None of them felt the need to look at the concrete manifestations of ethnicity in American life. Indeed, Patterson dismissed empirical research with a wave of his hand as "biased." The arguments about divisiveness were and are a priori and abstract: ethnicity introduces particularism; particularism is divisive and separatist; therefore ethnic diversity is bad. Indeed, it is bad even to talk about it. Normally the kind of ethnic diversity it was bad to talk about was white ethnic diversity.





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which ordinarily means Catholic diversity. There has been much less objection to the emphasizing of black, Hispanic, and Jewish subcultures. The overwhelming burden of the empirical evidence, of course, is that the Catholic ethnics have not the slightest desire to opt out of the general political and cultural consensus, and they are appalled, when they are not mystified, at the suggestion that being concerned about being Polish, Irish, Italian, Slovak, or Lithuanian is somehow or other un-American.

HE CHALLENGE of the ethnic revival to the cultural chauvinism of the country's intellectual elites is still muted. The best of the ethnic talents (especially the Irish) are creamed off the top, converted, co-opted, tamed, and taught how to hate their neighborhoods, laught at their grandparents, be ashamed of their Catholicism, repeat all the fashionable liberal clichés, and even know the meaning of some common Yiddish words. After all, you have to earn a living.

But as the ethnic revival broadens and deepens its base in a new ethnic intelligentsia, college- and graduate-school-trained and mostly under thirty-five (some of whom see no contradiction at all in having children who represent the fourth generation to live in the same neighborhood), the challenge to the cultural homogeneity imposed by midtown Manhattan will grow. Small wonder that the fury is mounting as the revival celebrates its tenth birthday.

One result of the ethnic revival is to raise, however so softly, the question of the persistence of nativist bigotry in American society. The national immigration commission in the early part of the present century (the famous, or notorious, Dillingham Commission) decided on the basis of allegedly scholarly evidence that Eastern and Southern Europeans were racially inferior. Italian immigrants, the commission told the American people, had innate criminal propensities; and Polish immigrants, despite their Northern European background, were racially predisposed to instability and personality disorder. Immigration was cut off and an enormous "Americanization" campaign was launched during the

Twenties and Thirties to teach these racially inferior groups to be the best "Americans" they could possibly be. The public high school in particular, it was argued, would be the great Americanizing institution, turning the second generation into full-fledged Americans. After World War I, the University of Chicago's school of sociology rejected as an explanation of racial inferiority a death rate three times the city average in the Polish districts of the city. The Polish peasant in Europe and America was not racially inferior, the rest of the country was told, but merely culturally inferior. His peasant mores and superstition simply did not equip him for urban industrial society. There was bound to be social disorganization until, with the assistance of the various "helping" professions (though they weren't called that in those days), the children and the grandchildren of the immigrants would become fullfledged if still unfortunately workingclass or blue-collar Americans.

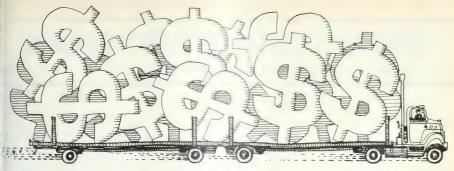
This stereotype and the racism that produced it have never been critically examined by the nation's cultural and intellectual elite. Indeed, the blue-collar ethnic-the Polish or Irish Archie Bunker-so dearly loved by the national media, is a descendant of the racially inferior immigrant described by the Dillingham Commission. The ethnic revival has forced a considerable number of Americans to reconsider the nativist stereotype and the bigotry that produced it. In fact, the ethnics are no longer disproportionately blue-collar; in the years since World War II, Poles and Italians have crossed the national average in proportions of young people who go to college, choose white-collar careers, and become managers and professionals. The Irish are the most financially successful of the Gentile groups in America, and the Italians are close behind them, both well ahead of the British-American average. The predictions of the Dillingham Commission and the Chicago school about the unassimilable immigrants turn out to be false. The question arises: How much of the rest of the stereotype is false? Senator Moynihan pointed out in a graduation address last year that of the three great bigotries-anti-Semitism, racism, and nativism-the last seems to be the most intractable of all.

INALLY, the ethnic revival forced some Americans t open the question of the ture of human nature as struggle with the prior questio how one creates unity in human ciety. Patterson and many of the er critics of the ethnic revival ed unity with uniformity, integration homogenization, universalism alienation from roots, heritage, to tion. The common culture, the un society, the universalist world v they suggest, can be achieved only those who are willing to break the past, write off their traditions, get the experiences that shaped the dispense with the symbol systems absorbed in childhood. Such, Patte would tell us, is to challenge the thetic, the vision of the rational soc

On the other side, some of the nic revivalists would wonder whe even such a goal is desirable-if fact, possible. Can you really cut yo self off from your heritage? Can really effectively suppress the sym system of your youth? Does not transcend the limitations of one's particular heritage more by prob the depths and finding the univerin them (as Jesus did in the Seco Temple era of Judaism; as Dante with late-medieval Florentine Cath icism; and as Shakespeare did w early-Renaissance English poetry)? the universal and the particular cont dictories, or merely opposite poles tween which the mature human pers oscillates? Is unity the result of u formity or the integration of diversit Is a common culture achieved by eli inating all variety or by treasuring within a broad context that revels diversity? Does the universal m need roots? Does the rational m have to have a neighborhood? Is American normally someone who also something else in addition to ing American, perhaps even as a w of being American?

These are difficult, complex, abstruquestions. The critics of the ethnic vival presume that the answers a self-evident, but the persistence of the revival in the face of its critics sugests that the answers may not be evident, and that the questions numust be honestly debated instead presumed to be answered before the discussion begins.

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For example, issues like these:

DEREGULATION

Certain advertisements explain why the trucking industry is solidly against "deregulation". It is most important that law-makers understand this. The Motor Carrier Act of 1935 was designed to protect the public interest by maintaining an orderly and reliable transportation system, by minimizing duplication of services and by reducing financial instability. It is an excellent law that does just that. "Deregulation" would mean that fleet owners would

NOT be compelled to distribute goods to small out-ofthe-way towns; truck service would be spotty; vicious competition would erupt for the limited profitable routings and shipping costs elsewhere would skyrocket. Investment "capital" for trucking operation, new replacement equipment and service expansion would flee from the resulting melee.

THE HIGHWAY TRUST FUND

Other advertisements explain why the trucking industry is one of the strongest defenders of the Highway Trust Fund. The Fund was established in 1956. It was created and designed for a specific purpose: to build the vast interstate highway system. Today—these interstate networks get you from here to there, faster and more safely. If you drive a car, you pay about \$38 a year into the Fund in user taxes. Trucks, which comprise only 18.8% of all the vehicles on the road, pay 41.8% of these taxes. Special interest groups, however, repeatedly pressure Congress to divert Highway Trust Fund money to other programs, such as rapid-transit systems for big cities. If that happens—the superb road system you are paying for will not be completed. The ATA Foundation advertisements try to make that vital point understood.

SERVICE & SAFETY

Yet other advertisements describe the rules that trucking companies make for their drivers—rules for driving courtesy, abiding by the laws, vehicle design and handling practices to improve highway safety. Did you know that now the industry is collaborating with government agencies to find a way to control the splash and spray of big rigs on wet highways—so the truck wake does not impair the vision of following and passing drivers? This costs money too.

Monsanto has a deep respect for the trucking industry. Not only do the truckers who serve us have a commendable record for the transport of our agricultural chemicals, man-made fibers, plastics and petrochemicals (upwards of a thousand different products)—but the trucking companies are also solid corporate citizens. We are proud to be associated with such a responsive and responsible industry. And to help in making its voice heard.



HOW TO SAVE ON AUTO INSURANCE

A GOOD DRIVING RECORD CAN LOWER YOUR PREMIUMS. SO CAN HIGHER DEDUCTIBLES

In many parts of the country the average cost of car insurance has risen over 50% in the past five years.

Liability insurance protects you against the claims of others. Its cost, like that of any insurance, is based on what the insurance company has to pay in claims plus its overhead. And the cost of everybody's individual liability insurance is inflated by large court settlements and exaggerated claims.

Although liability insurance is required by law in many states, in light of the trend toward higher settlements, you should be sure that your coverage is adequate.

But in the "voluntary" parts of your car insurance—collision and comprehensive (fire and theft)—that cover physical damage to your own car, there are some things you can do to lower your insurance bill.

Safe drivers pay lower premiums for both liability and collision coverage. Insurance rates are set that way because drivers with a good past history are less likely to have accidents in the future. Many insurance companies define "safe drivers" as those with two or less

moving traffic violations and no "chargeable, at fault" accidents within the past three years. Their premiums may be as much as 25% lower.

You can often cut your premiums for collision and comprehensive by 25% to 50% by raising your deductible. Many people still choose full-coverage comprehensive and \$100 deductible collision

value of your car on the usedcar market, and your own financial situation. If your car is more than five years old, it may not pay to buy any collision insurance. If you do have an accident, casualty losses over \$100 that are not reimbursed by insurance coverage are tax deductible, in many instances, providing you itemize your tax return.

TYPICAL INSURANCE PREMIUMS FOR A FULL-SIZE 1978 MODEL GM CAR*

	Full-coverage comprehensive and \$100 deductible collision		\$200 deductible comprehensive and \$500 deductible collision	
	Standard	Safe Driver	Safe Driver	
ATLANTA	\$267	\$201	\$111	
CHICAGO	\$947	\$711	\$395	
LOS ANGELES	\$476	\$358	\$197	
SANTA FE	\$412	\$311	\$172	
WINNETKA, ILL. (suburb of Chicago)	\$372	\$280	\$154	

Insurance premiums are based on many factors, including your age, the kind of car you own and where you live. Rates vary from company to company. The figures above do not include liability coverage.

coverage. That means they pay the first \$100 on collision-related damages and the insurance company pays the rest. But just look what happens when you increase the deductibles to \$200 on comprehensive and \$500 on collision: In Los Angeles, for example, the typical annual premium for a safe driver will drop from \$358 to \$197. The higher the deductible, the lower the premium. (See the chart for more examples.)

Of course, you assume more of the risk by choosing higher deductibles. It's a personal decision that should be based on a thorough evaluation of the age of your car, the We believe that if you have enough information you won't have to spend as much money to own and maintain a car. And that'll be good for you and good for us.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

TOO RICH FOR HEROES

ward the recovery of myth and legend

by Henry Fairlie

DO NOT HAVE HEROES any longer, or perhaps it is more accurate to say, we do not make heroes anymore. There are some o do not mind this, and even think we may safer without heroes. But even they acwledge that the absence of heroes is a mark our age, telling us something about the d of people we are. It is more than a ceny since Carlyle wrote On Heroes, Herorship, and the Heroic in History, in which lamented, "I am well aware that in these 78, Hero-worship, the thing I call Herorship, professes to have gone out, and finaleased." He called Napoleon "our last Great n," because the modern age "as it were nies the existence of great men; denies the irableness of great men." In all of this he s putting his finger, as he often did, on a tracteristic of the age that was just beging, one that our own century has only conned. Carlyle is himself something of a hec writer, with whom, for that reason, we not come to grips.

A society that has no heroes will soon grow eebled. Its purposes will be less elevated; aspirations less challenging; its endeavors strenuous. Its individual members will be enfeebled. They will "hang loose" and y back" and, so mellowed out, the last thing which they wish to hear is heroism. They not want to be told of men and women ose example might disturb them, calling m to effort and duty and sacrifice or even chance of glory. "We have a great many es and flageolets," said Emerson, "but not sound of any fife" to summon us. More n a century later, we hardly have even

flutes and flageolets, but we do have a great many guitars. Heroes need other music than strumming.

"Not only is a hero needed, but a world fit for him; a world not of Valets," said Carlyle again. As we read the word, his finger seems pointed at us, at our own world. If we no longer have any heroes, it may not be because no one is fit to be a hero, but because we are not fit to recognize one. It may even be that the powers-that-be in our societies do not want us to have heroes. Heroes are against things-as-they-are. They break through the pattern of valetdom, the ruck that most of us accept out of indifference or weariness. They say that things aren't necessarily so, that they can be altered if we strain to change them. All heroes are rebels-which does not mean that all rebels are heroes-and as rebels they are spirited. Our times are dispirited.

We need to begin with a model.

The past heroic

HEN WE THINK OF the Elizabethan Age as heroic, it is not only a few exceptional men and women when we recall, but a whole society that burst alive at the summons to a great enterprise, engaging the hearts and souls of all. The sea captains were joined in the same endeavor with the poet dramatists. They were often joined in the same person, the merchant adventurer and accomplished sonneteer. The Elizabethans made up one small new Protestant country, defying the Catholic might of Europe; no more than an

Henry Fairlie is a British journalist who lives in America. His most recent book is The Seven Deadly Sins Today (New Republic Books).



island—"this little world . . . this blessed pld -vet their world seemed boundless to the Even though we have the universe in our les their age still seems more boundless than o own. They roamed the main, pirates for the Queen, for gain and glory and booty, and d of the sheer lust for life. They found a la guage that had only recently taken root, a they made it blossom in verse and prose. Th blew on their vocabulary as on a dandei clock, scattering it to the world and the ag and still they had time to thrash the Spania The whole society had a heroic spirit. Its wa were lissome, with sword and song. It was scoundrel age as well, but the heroic spi could encompass that. Beside it our own bedraggled. The compass of our world, ev as we soar to the galaxies, is the bathroc scale. There is where our eyes are fixed, pounds and ounces. We do not even find ar thing heroic in our venture to the heavens.

Sir Philip Sidney was a perfect exemplar the Elizabethan Age: poet, statesman, soldi-Friend of Spenser; composer of a pastoral mance, Arcadia, with such a tuneful void eager to voyage with Raleigh and buccane with Drake; but a member also of the Aer pagus, whose members experimented in wi ing English verse in classical forms, fortuna ly with no success; writing his sonnets to l "Stella" almost to the end; subtle diplor for his sovereign with her most deadly enemi and most needed allies; gallant and true any of her captains, at last to die of a wou in his thigh, trying to trounce the Spaniar once more. He was still only thirty-two. hero of heroes in his time-Spenser and Dra ton both commemorated him in elegies, a even a king wrote a poem in his memory he sprang from a heroic age. From an a not of valets. If he had had the misfortu to live today, the foundations would not ha given him a ducat. He was far too full a m for valets.

At the beginning of his essay on "Charter," Emerson says that one cannot find tweight of such men as Philip Sidney or Geor Washington in their deeds alone, that will they did does not add up to the man. What lay behind their works was character, a "served force which acts directly by presence



on which they could always draw, more than they had occasion. It is enough for men simply to arrive. Yes! But only if own time will recognize them. We feel "reserved force" in Washington. He was ent to the last. We can still call on him; rill come if we believe. He deserves every l of James Flexner's tribute to him-"the lest of history's captains, one of the heof the human race"-but he lived in a ic time that could acknowledge him as a . Unable to find heroes of our own, we even shamefaced to talk of him as a hero. Moses Hadas says in his foreword to Sir iam Tarn's life of Alexander the Great, we schooled to take "a cynical view of tradial heroes." Carlyle again saw what was pening, "Show our critics a great man, a er for example, they begin to what they 'account' for him; not to worship him, to take the dimension of him, -and bring out to be a little kind of man!"

e cannot see even the heroes of the past. we must be clear that, in the past, heroes not made only in retrospect. Heroes heroes to their contemporaries. Although prophecy of Carlyle was coming true, g men and women were heroes until the nd world war, a date at which we will have ook to try to see what has happened since to expel the hero. Missionaries, explorers, jous leaders, soldiers, politicians, sports res. poets, novelists, even film stars. All ht be allowed a heroic size, greater than r accomplishments or their success. What happened since then has happened to oures, and we will have to ask, among other gs, if it has anything to do with America's acement of Europe as leader of the West.

N HOW MANY CLASSROOMS now does a picture of Washington crossing the Delaware hang on the walls? It has been replaced by the daubs of the child's own f-expression." It is well enough to put e dribbles on the door of one's refrigera--if one must-but the darlings should at t have some heroes on the walls of their ools. The young need heroes if they are to ed out of and beyond themselves. Sidney

had the ballad of Percy and Douglas. He never read it "but that I found my heart moved more than with a trumpet." Alexander slept with the *lliad* under his pillow. He found his heroes in the noble spirits of Achilles and Heracles. Washington may not have been a well-read man. But the heroes of antiquity were in the air he breathed. Childhood and adolescence are periods in which the circumference of one's own world is so narrow that, if the young are not drawn out of it by heroworship, what Michael Oakeshott calls "the sweet solipsism" of youth will extend to adulthood. This in fact has happened.

"If I have never been fascinated in childhood by my heroes and the wonders of life," said Josiah Royce in The Philosophy of Loyalty, "it is harder to fascinate me later with the call of duty." The "well-known disposition to idealize heroes and adventures" in childhood is not only "fascinating and joyous" to the child, "but also a very important preliminary to its life as an adult." Royce criticized "too great a literalness in the interpretation of human relations," which makes us see our neighbor as "merely a creature of the day, who walks and eats and buys and sells." (One might say today that this is the American Enterprise Institute view of life.) A child may see a playmate as an "ideal comrade," and idealize "our literal doings and his own." These idealizations and fantasies of its heroworship are "prophecies of the coming of conscience," and with such "unconscious wisdom" he "begins to enter into the kingdom of

We do not have the face to talk like that now, either to or of our children. We try to ingratiate ourselves with them, and send them off to play therapy and massage. "It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person," wrote Emerson, "'Always do "The compass of our world, even as we soar to the galaxies, is the bathroom scale."



Henry Fairlie TOO RICH FOR HEROES

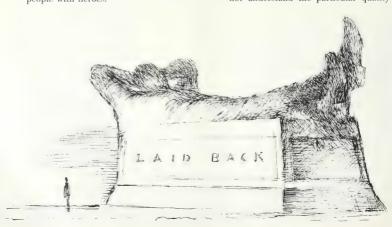
what you are afraid to do." We do not think to say such a thing to our children now. If they are afraid, we cosset them. If there are tears of pain in their eyes, as they attempt their own peak, we try to smooth the way for them. We would do far better to read to them the flaming retort of Antigone, when she is warned by her sister Ismene that she will fail: "When I have tried and failed, I shall have failed!" Instead we have bred a generation of young people committed to "coping" and "survival."

No previous generation has treated childhood with such little respect, edging the child to cowardice, not allowing it its tribulations, lest we feel guilty, and so denying it the opportunity to develop its own heroic fantasies. By thinking that we understand childhood better than we did before, we in fact enter the world of childhood with our flat feet. I do not agree that Piaget shows us the wonder of childhood. He shows us a vapid adult wish of what childhood should be like, something that we may join in order so kindly to bless. Childhood is fierce as tigers. Tame the tigers, there is no childhood. We even needed Bruno Bettelheim a few years ago to remind us-and himself?—that fairy tales are important to childhood. Fairy tales with their heroes and villains, cruelty and forgiveness, ugliness and beauty; with their strong child's sense of the endless struggle between good and evil, their breathtaking way of giving the child a hundred worlds to inhabit when it still has only its own. But among all these fantasies, none is more important than the fantasizing of the child's own environment, its past and its present, which it must not only people but people with heroes.

Not to see a grandfather as a hero, to a up from his knee and love and worship, al all to listen and listen, but instead to "account for him, as Carlyle says-what deprival be more terrible? Children are now very kr ing about their elders, beginning to psy analyze them about the age of three. This not their fault. Their parents are there to a them. They are not left-let alone encoura -to feel awe. What is the child then to m of its own past? Is this all that it came fr all that led up to it, all from which it learn, all that will one day be its responsi ty? Insofar as the search for roots is not spurious, is it not a search by people for roes in their own pasts? And through o own past, the heroes of the historic past? grandfather had tales to tell. He had actu seen W. E. Gladstone during the Midloth Campaign of 1880—itself one of the he election campaigns of history-and here a today personally connected to a great ev almost a century ago.

The spirit of Lindber

HERO IS NOT JUST someone whom admire. He is someone whom idealize. The hero has some very inite attributes of his own, but if we who give a special significance to the The process is two-way. We choose the he is fit to be chosen. To talk of heroe therefore to talk of ourselves, of our own a rations and our endeavors to realize them what we expect of ourselves and of our tir We will not find heroes among us if we not understand the particular quality of



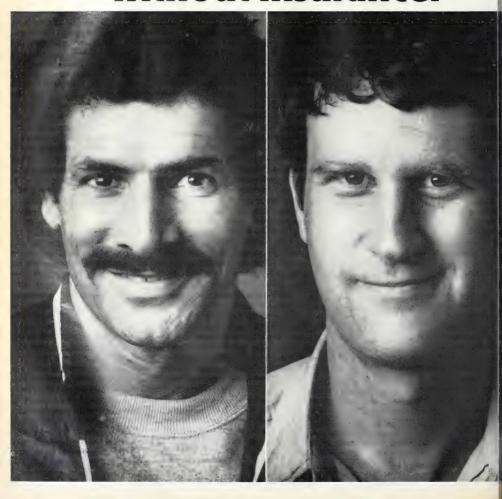
sm. That many people are capable of acts courage, whether from day to day in the nsactions of life, or on the field of battle or nbing a mountain, does not by itself make m heroes. Heroism is not just bravery. Most us are capable of being brave from time to e. Heroism is a virtue: the virtus of the mans. Virtus included the ideas of valor 1 excellence. Valor is again different from rrage. It is the quality that makes us couryous when it matters, the character that kes the courage seem more than an act of every. Virtus in Plutarch also included ideas generosity and forbearance. Heroism is irage given a value that is beyond courage. It is this additional worth that we idealize the hero. Lindbergh was at once acknowlged to be a hero, not only in America but over the world. His name is still one of the y few that is mentioned by people of all s when this subject is raised. Even now no seems to doubt that he was and is and will nain a hero; and the youngest often sound if they look back wistfully to a world that ild make such heroes. His daring was of irse the stuff of legend. One stands in front The Spirit of St. Louis—little more than a te held together by wires-and gasps that rone should have thought to fly the Atlantic it. But other aviators at the time had the ne dream, were prepared to risk as much, I in fact performed other deeds that were less daring. No! Standing in front of The irit of St. Louis, it is not primarily of his ing that one thinks.

His contemporaries saw him as heroic beuse they saw his venture as heroic. They bered in it before they believed in him. This s something that the human race had and ght to do. Man had been flying for barely enty years: then let man fly the Atlantic in ox. Since it was generally believed that it ould and must be done, it is not hard to ieve that Lindbergh also thought that it ould and must be done. He did it for the ze money? Of course, He did it because he s young and ambitious? Of course. But if believes that these were really his reason n one will not so much believe anything as ieve nothing, which is much how we regard se who might be our heroes today.

For one thinks of something more as one nds before *The Spirit of St. Louis*, and alls the amazing receptions in Paris and adon, as well as the ticker-tape parades en he returned home. The even more danous first solo flights across the Pacific used much less stir. Who now remembers lives lost in those seas? So one stands ted in front of the plane, until one's eyes



One of these men has a good job, coaches his son's baseball team and drives without insurance.



He really doesn't want to. But his et's tight. Inflation is driving the of everything up. So he's trying to y without insurance. That's taking risk. For himself and everyone on the road with him. That bothers us. We're a major of property and casualty insurcompanies and we don't like high any more than you do. Unfortu-1, the cost of accident repairs and claims has risen more than the of general inflation itself. et's take a closer look at these covered by your insurance. For \$100 spent for the same exes in 1967, here are the amounts in 1977: \$204 in auto repairs, in hospital services, \$202 in medare items and \$206 in physicians' Those are increases ranging from to 200%.* So you can see the em we—and you—are faced with. We want to keep the cost of insurdown. After all, helping you afford ance helps us too. There isn't we as a single industry can do to nflation. But we're doing our best. are several things you can do to Most importantly, don't be like the on the right. Don't drive without car The Bureau of Labor Statistics, U.S. Department of Labor insurance. Even in times of inflation, the security of car insurance isn't a luxury, it's a necessity.

Here's what we're doing to keep costs down:

- Working through the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety to make cars more crash resistant and highways safer.
- Investigating injury and repair claims more thoroughly.
- Cracking down on insurance fraud practices through the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute.
- Supporting a pricing system that allows more pricing competition within the industry.
- Improving our data collection so your rates will be based on more recent claims experience.

Here's what you can do:

- Re-evaluate your present policies and check for overlapping coverage.
- Talk to your agent about the right coverage for you.
- Raise your deductible to an amount you can absorb. It'll lower your premiums.
- Know what your insurance coverage can do for you.

nessage is presented by: The American Insurance Association, 85 John Street, New York, NY 10038.

Henry Fairlie TOO RICH FOR HEROES

narrow to its name. The Spirit of St. Louis. Why, of course! This was America come back to Europe. To still war-torn, weary, exhausted Europe, knowing that its day was over. America might have retreated from the League, might have been pressing Europe for its war debts, might have saved the Old World and then gone back home. But now out of the West, on wings almost as fragile as those of Icarus, but this time able to bear the aviator, came The Spirit of St. Louis. How could one have missed it before? Lindbergh was the youth of an old civilization come from the West as had been promised: a civilization that felt itself old-with only fear and failure at its heart, as the Times Literary Supplement said at the time-but still believed that a miracle from the West might redeem it. And if this was why Europe greeted the young hero with such fervor, did not the Americans at the time also believe that he had turned them outward in the freshness of their new power, when their leaders had led them back in on themselves?

The conquest of Everest in 1953 was the fulfillment of another dream of the human race. To stand on the top of the world! Yet how many today can tell the names of the man and his sherpa who first stood there? Theirs was not just an achievement of technology, as we say condescendingly of the astronauts. In the end they were two men alone on the fearful face of a mountain. Yet the names of Hillary and Tensing are probably less known than those of the great—but no greater—explorers of the Arctic and Antarctic before them, such as Amundsen and Scott and Peary. Is it not we who by 1953 had ceased to believe in the venture, and so had ceased to find those who accomplished it heroic? It was we who could find no additional worth in the deed of Hillary and Tensing. It is we who no longer believe in the venturing of either our civilization or the human race. What is there that we believe enough to wish to see it idealized?

Great men, to be heroes, need our idealization, and what is new in the modern age is the refusal to idealize. Precisely as Royce warned, our literalness has taken over, and we have made our lives prosaic. One thing is worse than as unreal a mythical picture of Washington as that concocted by Parson Weems, and that is to be incapable of seeing our great men as legendary figures at all. We should be able to follow the judgment of as careful a historian as Marcus Cunliffe when, in his introduction to a new edition of Weems's Life of George Washington, he says that "far from being ruined by his tales [some of which, he said, may contain 'valuable truths'], we decide

that American history would be thinner without them." It is this thinness with which a today regard even our history that contribute to the thinness of the public lives of our so eties, and so to the feeling of thinness in or private lives that so many novelists have cetured and some even seem to celebrate. Anyowho was old enough to respond to the atm sphere in Britain in 1940 knows that the ideization of Britain's "finest hour," and its fitter idealization in the person of Winst Churchill, so lifted one personally out of a beyond oneself that one's own life was criched, thickened, and made piquant.

N IDEALIZING THE HERO, we see him larger than life. We cannot discard algether the original meaning of the wor L"a mythological or legendary figure dowed with great strength, courage, or abili favored by the gods, and often believed to of divine or semidivine descent." This my not be what we mean by a hero now, but the meaning must be in our own concept of his He is and he does more than we expect of man, more than we otherwise know is in hman capacity. Transcending these limitatics himself, he inspires others to transcend the as well. This is what Carlyle was driving In the meanest of individuals, he said, the lies something noble, "the unspeakable Divi Significance . . . that lies in the being of ever man," and Emerson says much the same, differently. It is in this sense that we may without any mysticism, speak of the hero larger than life. He reminds us of what la unrecognized and unused in ourselves, and hardly less what lies unrecognized and unus in our societies. But we have to wish to reminded if we are to find the hero who wll do the telling.

Not only do we not want any hero to us, we do not want any leader to tell us eith This is exactly the frame of mind of Frank before 1939. It is what Churchill sensed or visit to France in the mid-Thirties, returning to say that the French bourgeois were rottle to the core and would not fight. Many yell later, in his savage eyewitness account of collapse of France, The Taxis of the Mar Jean Dutourd set his pages aflame: "Coura like artistic inspiration, begets itself.... parently the hour for courage had not struck France had forgotten the word.... All the could think of to arouse us was the slogic 'We shall win because we are the stronge. Base words. They should have painted on | walls 'We shall win because we are the bri est.' . . . We were the strongest and we did

Many try, but none succeed. You just can't copy a true original.

Because it's rare.



Henry Fairlie TOO RICH FOR HEROES

conquer. What was missing was virtue.... There is no historical fatality: one man of genius and ten men of honour could restore France in six months." (This was written shortly before the return of de Gaulle to power in 1958.) France did of course have that one leader, that one hero, in 1940 but found him too late, when he was in exile, and its honor had been surrendered with its land. Should not Dutourd's language-with its emphasis on courage and virtue: he described de Gaulle as "a truly antique example of republican virtue" -make us uneasy today? Was not France's weakness, not that there were no heroes or leaders in its midst, but that it would not acknowledge them? That it thought that it could do without them? That it would not see anyone as larger than life, in order to act larger than life itself?

One of the extraordinary aspects of France in 1940 was that it seemed unable to appeal to or be strengthened by its history. The nation with the greatest martial history in Europe—from Joan of Arc and before to Napoleon and after—could find no one larger than life to speak to it from its past. (This was

certainly not true of Britain, which in 1940

reveled in its fables.) A nation that thinks

unhistorically of itself is in present peril. That we no longer find heroes among our own politicians or military leaders, that we have abolished the hero from our literature and our art, that we do not look up to heroes in our religions: all this is our right if it is our inclination. But we have also taken the hero out of history, unable to acknowledge him where he once was, and one wonders by what right we cut down the heroes of our ancestors, making them the agents of impersonal forces, or subjecting them to the inquisitiveness of pyschohistory. Great peoples who in the past have done great deeds have had great heroes whom they honored. Just as Alexander and the Hellenistic world had the Iliad, so did the Norsemen have their sagas, and the Jews made a scripture of the deeds of their heroes. Can we imagine Rome without the pietas with which it celebrated its founders? To think of France without Joan is hardly to think of France at all. England without Alfred! Scotland without the Bruce! Italy without Garibaldi! Holland

without William the Silent! Sweden without

Charles XII! America without Lincoln! Spain

without ... Don Quixote! (Before you say

that Quixote did not live, you had better ask

a Spaniard.) Such countries stripped of their

heroes cease to be historical countries. We

have to deserve our history, otherwise it be-

comes a mere shadow; if we ourselves are un-

heroic, we will be cut off from our heroic

pasts. So we become smaller than life.

But now we seem to think that we can live well smaller than life. What we find in ou novels and dramas is almost all smaller thall life. The works of Tom Stoppard could actual ly be written on a grain of rice. We seem t believe that our societies do not need their histories, and that we personally do not nee their heroes. This may well be our curse, the lack of any feeling of need for anything but ourselves, for anything but our own now. Th turning into the self is not merely a form of selfishness. It is even more alarmingly a form of self-diminishing. Our societies are surel the first to think that they are self-sufficient that they and we personally can live only now This is again something that has happened most dramatically since the second world war but for the moment let us just hold that in mind, "I was inflamed by the history of France," says Dutourd of his childhood. It past and its heroes "belonged to me in the same way as my nursery books, my arms, my legs, my nails, my hair, and even my silly lit tle thoughts. I felt in some way responsible fol them." Not to feel responsible for them is to reveal a lack of need that in turn reveals a lack of desire. We do not live up even to our own size because we feel no urge to live up to what has been longer and greater than us.

In his embodiment of a cause, the herd again touches something in ourselves, some thing we today neglect too casually. It is all most a quarter of a century since Jimmy Porter cried in Look Back in Anger, "There aren' any good brave causes left," but it may be that the causes are there, and that we are too idly self-absorbed, as Jimmy Porter certainly was, too bent on our own "self-actualization" to give our loyalty to them, and so to a here who personifies them. The causes do not have to be political. But they will have some of the characteristics of political activity, by making us join and act with others-which already takes us beyond ourselves-in support of something whose value is agreed, and so acknowledged by all to be larger than themselves. In such circumstances the hero is discovered.

We lament the lack of great politicians like those of the past, but when one reads of La Follette, for example, he does not seem any more exceptional than many in our own time. He merely represented a cause when people were prepared to take up causes and pursue them. Today we throw up politicians for an occasion—Eugene McCarthy, say, or George McGovern—and drop them when the occasion is past. These are not very sterling examples of heroes, it may be said, but then neither were most of those in the past who were allowed a

roic stature. They simply acted in a time en people were prepared to commit themves to causes that would be long-lasting and use their lives. The special-interest politics today, in which the politician deals directly th special-interest groups in his constituency, the very opposite of the political causes of past. The special-interest groups are only e-minded people come together to advance ne narrow like-interest The politics of the st brought together people of dissimilar nds and interests to advance some cause at went beyond their own immediate conens, and in fact embodied some common lues that might then be idealized in a hero. If a country is generally agreed that a war ould be fought, for example, it will without I find heroes among its soldiers. They will found in two senses. Great leaders fit for hour will come forth, like the American ld commanders who swept across Europe in 44-45; and we will find them heroic, and be more ready to exert ourselves in the ase. If the country is not so agreed, then it Il find no heroes. America had no heroes in etnam-at least none on its side. It did not en celebrate any heroes in the ranks, alough there must have been many acts of urage. This was not because it did not winroes are often found in retreat and defeatt because the nation was not united. If we w have no heroes anymore, in the wider idscape of our civilization, it is because we ve no shared values to inspire us to a comon effort, of which the hero would be a odel. In the grossly distorted individualism today, we are incapable of imagining the flessly disinterested hero. This may not em to matter; we may think we can do witht him. But what it also means is that we e incapable of imagining the selflessly diserested hero in ourselves who would give nself to a cause.

Perhaps we do not have or see any causes, ain, because we do not feel the need for any uses: we think not only that it is enough to ok after ourselves but that we can do it by rselves. The point about the obsession with elf-improvement," the dieting and the mediion and the jogging, is not that these are t legitimate ways of looking after oneself, t that the part of the self that is being "imoved," to give a feeling of well-being and se, is so limited that of course one can do by oneself. One does not think what else e might be or do, or in the old-fashioned rase, what one was put on this earth for. eting is the almost perfect form of the kind activity that is meant to distract one from ore difficult questions. It takes hours for the dieter not to eat! No time to go to a meeting, if one is spending all one's time in a health-food store; no time to read The Rights of Man, if one is studying the list of ingredients on a label. No time to march, if one is jogging. The hero would disturb all this; he would show one a cause that demanded some commitment. Moses would have come denouncing down from Mount Sinai: the bathroom scales are a graven image.

"In the grossly distorted individualism of today, we are incapable of imagining the selflessly disinterested hero."

Causes and communities

HE HERO REPRESENTS and embodies a cause, and yet represents something beyond it, to which we all can respond and in the end do so. The hero must embody not merely his cause or idea or country, but some virtue in it that others can salute. We are here coming to an essential point. Hero-worship is discriminating. We do not hero-worship the world conquerors as such, the men who killed hundreds of thousands and even millions for their ambitions. Hero-worship will allow a lot to ambition, to mistakes, and even to effrontery, since these are normally among the emblems of greatness. But it will not allow anything to lack of conscience. One has to count the piles of bodies over which a great man has trampled, and set them against what else he did to justify such a massacre. Was his vision of the brotherhood of man a justification of Alexander? Was Caesar justified in tearing the rotting republic up by its roots in order to save Rome for its destiny? Did the saving of the Union justify the unsparingness with which Lincoln waged the war? These are perplexing questions to anyone who considers them deeply, but what matters to us here is that the idea of the hero poses them sharply. Hero-worship sifts, as Carlyle sifts through the achievement of Napoleon and finds it wanting. Hero-worship does not give a place to Hitler or Stalin.

It is important to understand that heroworship is discriminating, because one of the reasons given today for not making heroes is the example of men like Stalin and Hitler. But it is because we do not acknowledge these as heroes that we ought to realize that heroes are not a danger to us. We weaken our democratic societies if it is only undemocratic societies that are allowed to acclaim heroes in Mao Tse-tung or Castro or Ho Chi Minh. We dishonor the civility of our (on the whole) peaceable ways if it is only violent movements that erect heroes like Fanon or Guevara. There is something seriously at fault when a whole eneration of West- (continued on page 97)

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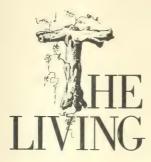
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DODGE COLTS.
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A story by Annie Dillard



OMETIME IN THE MIDDLE of a September night in 1905, in the town of Port Hammersley on Northern Puget Sound on the north coast of Washington State, a man called Clare lay asleep with his wife in their bed. He swas a thin man thirty-one years old. He slept like a baby. He slept facing the window, facing west toward the water; his wife slept on her belly between him and the window. His sleep was a great falling, a free and confident drop into nowhere. The man's mind was wholly absent. It was not dreaming, but purely nowhere, purely

sleeping. While he slept his body fell continuously, coincident with itself, on the mattress beside the wife in the upstairs bedroom of the house on Lambert Street.

At some time during that night, at some time before he woke for the day, some time before the sun itself rose but after its light had appeared, while he slept, the man's two eyes opened. The eyes' lids rose; the man's head lifted an inch from the pillow; his eyes moved together for a minute or two, as though pointing at the nest of wife's hair on the mattress, the paling west wall of the room, the rooftops visible from the window, and beyond them the sea's tide swelling with light under the brightening sky. The man's two eyes moved in the direction of these several objects, but they moved reflexively and alone, as though the man were dead. He slept. The eyes' lids dropped; the skull rested; the eyes moved together under their lids for a few more minutes, then rolled upward and were still; the man slept on.

Annie Dillard is the author of Holy The Firm (Harper & Row).



HE SHEEPSKILL RIVER is born of a drip in a cirque at the tongue of a glacier hung on a western slope of the Cascade Range. The drip freezes into an icicle which hangs into a small pool; a runnel from the pool threads a high valley out of the cirque and through the mountains, adding seep to melt and swelling so fast that a mile from its source a man

requires one-piece rubber waders and a stout stick to cross it. This is the Sheepskill River. It ducks into the forest, chutes between foothills, and falls asleep

on the Sheepskill plain.

The plain spreads from the hills to Puget Sound; it spreads smoothly, without shadow, because the river has rolled over and over in its sleep, or dreamily swished its heavy tail, and flattened everywhere the land. When settlers first came, they found the Sheepskill silt under the cedar-fir forest; it made a decent loam lightened by sand, and they cleared the woods to farm it. The settlers logged the timber and grazed cattle around the stumps. They found the Puget Sound winters so mild that cattle needed little hay and chickens needed little heat. They ran dairy herds and raised laying hens and planted peas on the plain; in the summer and fall they fished the salmon runs in fish traps in the river or in reef-nets hung from barges north of Sheepskill flats.

In this way the town of Port Hammersley had grown up in the 1800s and continued to grow. The settlers built the town by the water, just on the dry side of Sheepskill flats and north of False Bay. They named it a port optimistically, hoping the river could bear the timber down to the water, to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. and tugs could drag the logs in booms or its products in barges to some other fine town, and everyone would prosper. But the port

aspect failed; there was no sheltered harbor, and the shifting, silty channels around the flats could not support a boat with more than six feet of draft. Still, the wharf was good for fishing boats in season, and small tugs ran the channels when the tide was right and bore away the river's logs in booms.

Port Hammersley had been a pioneer settlement living from hand to mouth until the railroad came. The railroad came by accident when in 1900 the Great Northern Railroad awarded its spur terminus to Port Hammersley after a conflict over the contract in the rival town led to a shooting scandal. By 1903 the railroad had laid track north from Seattle almost to Port Hammersley, seventy miles of rail along the shoreline bluffs. Progress slowed just south of town at False Bay, where engineers ordered a trestle.

False Bay was a vast and useless mudflat that cut three miles into the coastline south of town. On the highest tides a deceptive three feet of water covered its mud, so that from the water it appeared to be a deep and sheltered harbor. Ignorant strangers were tempted to run their boats into False Bay; they either departed at once when they heard their anchors hit, or they ran aground three miles from shore, or their boats heeled over stranded when the tide ran out, and their hulls soon broke up or stuck. There was often a wrecked hulk awash at the mouth of False Bay; the railroad crews incorporated one of them, a smashed dory, into the causeway fill for the trestle.

It was a long, high trestle: for four miles it vaulted over the water in a wide, slow curve which ended in the town's south side. When the crews finished the trestle, the railroad built a depot and an engine shop. A salmon cannery moved in and transformed four streets of southside pleasure houses into boardinghouses for Chinese laborers. A chickenpacking plant appeared and many shake and shingle mills sprang up. By 1905 more than 9,000 people lived in Port Hammersley; the town was a town.

All engravings in this section are from Harper's Monthly Magazine



EAL OBENCHAIN stood in the False Bay mud, bounced on his boot toes, stepped aside, and watched the mud-salt water fill his boottoe dents. The tide was coming in, but it was a neap tide that would barely moisten the deep. triangular, and wholly unnavigable bay. False Bay's only use was to townspeople who scratched inferior clams from the mudflatshorse clams, bent-nose and jack

clams-and to the town's children who waded there in summer's high tides. It was the children who, the previous summer, had found the body of a Chinese who had jumped from the trestle. Things dropped from the trestle tended to wash up in Old Bay; so did lost crab pots, and broken boom logs on a

westerly.

There was an old shark carcass on the beach, which Obenchain had passed on his way to the open flats. The carcass represented a shark which had once been eighteen feet long; the living thing had fouled in a Port Hammersley fisherman's net and drowned. The fisherman, according to the story, had displayed the shark on the town wharf till the carcass exploded and stank; then he towed it out to sea and cut it loose. But then he saw a strong flood tide drag it back shoreward and lodge it, disintegrating, against the wharf pilings. At last he enclosed what was left of it in his ruined net and towed it south to False Bay: he beached his boat on the flood tide and manhauled the mess up the beach. There, on round stones under a sandstone cliff, the shark had solidified, barely bothered by shade-chilled flies. The sun and the freeze blackened and dried it; rain ran down it; the northerly wind turned it to stone.

The fisherman's net had rotted at once and his manila line became a ridge of shreds; but the shark carcass under the cliff ceased changing. It looked like a creosoted log, or a lava tube, or a vein of coal, or a sewer pipe. It was a black nothing, neither animal nor mineral. It was one of many obstructions on the upper beach that a person had to crawl over or walk wetly around: the others were all dead Douglas firs whose spiked trunks jutted out from the crumbled cliffside and pointed seaward like

artillery.

It was December. It was December all day and dark as the center of the earth. A solid cloud cover pressed over the land and the water like a granite slab. For three weeks, no one from the town had seen the eastern mountains or the morning sun. This morning the sun had in fact appeared fuzzily on the far side of a fog; but then the granite clouds had closed the sky again. This afternoon no one could see even the western islands. Walking on the mud below the beach, Obenchain could barely make out the trestle.

It was four-thirty, after sunset. The colorless light, which came from nowhere, was dimming, and the blue dark, like a purse seine, was drawing close. Obenchain stood in the center of an ever-decreasing circle. He chewed a salty clamshell and spat the bits on the mud. He could still see, halfway out of the bay where the tide still ran, a dozen drenched cormorants, motionless in silhouette, riding a tide-held log; but he could no longer see the raft of black brant sucking eelgrass under the trestle. He could see humped eelgrass in the mud by the water, and he could see black pools and channels of standing water everywhere splitting the flats where the shining darkness of the water carved the dull darkness of the mud into lobes.

There were gaudy patches of oil film visible at his feet. Whenever something died beneath the surface, its decay left a film of iridescent oils, blue and yellow, on the mud. Near one of these oil slicks Obenchain found a lady's comb. "Comb," he thought, and combed his hair. Everywhere he walked he could see big wormholes in the mud. There were bloodworms under there, bloodworms as fragile as egg volks; if you touched one while you were digging clams, it broke and spilled cold blood into the hole. And there were lugworms under there; they always stretched and never broke. Sometimes Obenchain liked to break lugworms in two with his teeth.

Now Obenchain woke from his thoughts and discovered that one of his pants' legs was soaked; he had stepped too near a horse clam's hole and the clam had squirted a load of water on him. He quit the mud then and moved to the black eelgrass heaps where he walked on hidden skeleton shrimps, sea urchins, and snails. The tide slacked. The flat stank of cold live mud, fish parts, and fog. He was a fat man, but he was getting cold.

Beal Obenchain was tall, fat, and young-only twenty. He had come to False Bay to think. He had killed a man last week and had just decided not to kill another. He and a fisherman had killed a Hindoo by lashing him to a piling under the town wharf one night and leaving him to drown when the tide came in six hours later.

They had knifed a purple starfish, which was in

the way, and pried it from the piling in sections; they stripped the Hindoo, who had, so far as they could make out, a particular dread of the big crabs that would roll in with the water; Obenchain himself had become weepy, and recited a psalm from his childhood; they gagged the man and bound his wrists and lashed him to the piling with a rolling hitch. As a final gesture, on the beach halfway between the Hindoo and the low tide water they left a lighted lantern, so he could watch the water for the first three hours as it rose, until it washed the lantern out; after that, he would have to imagine the water, until it touched his feet. They departed, and no one from the town saw anything.

The least interesting aspects of the Hindoo's death for Obenchain were its possible consequences on the temporal plane. Obenchain often thought that he was not afraid of the town. He was an intellectual and the townspeople were laborers. They were laborers with pretensions, who never left the life of sensation but only refined its objects: when they had a little land, or a twenty-year-old name, they switched in their boots from beer to sherry and got them an Indian to cut their wood, Respectable people were those who avoided outcry and polished their boots. Obenchain was more than respectable; he was a natural aristocrat, a demiurge even. He was a stranded mystic, an embodiment of pure mind; above all he was a man of science, a man who had access to the cosmological structures, a man of pure methods: he knew secrets. Sometimes he wept. he wept! when he remembered Jerusalem.

And it was by the simplest, most worldly wisdom, too, that he knew that if the powers that be were to deny him their energies, he could always use his mastery of the powers that are. He knew, dimly, that if the sluggish laborers of the town should somehow stir against him, he was smart enough to keep the sheriff flattered by losing at chess—and if that failed he was loose enough to move.

Obenchain had no ties on earth. He had rowed to Port Hammersley from one of the outer islands when he was twelve; he rowed up and down the tides for two days and a night. He sold his boat to a childless couple he found in town who put him up while he went to school. He hated the couple; he read in his room. When he was sixteen he built himself a cedar shack on the railroad right-of-way in the woods south of False Bay. For four years now he had split shake bolts from cedar stumps for cash, paid no taxes, and cultivated the landowners as an audience and as a source of books and fruit pies. Bored, he invented games with dice and with cards: he bet on bad weather; he talked to himself; he made a spectacle of himself when the pass ager coach went by. He paid cash or shingles for recent translations of books from France. He liked ideas. purity, and little else. He had killed a man last week and had just decided not to kill another.

Obenchain was young and thought he needed to

walk in order to think, or in order to quiet his thoughts; he had not yet noticed that in fact he thought best when he was talking. He had not thought well in False Bay, but he had not been wholly bored. His own actions often surprised him; his feelings and deeds overtook him like seizures, like storms of inspiration. This recent inspiration led to a rare case; Obenchain knew what he himself would do. The man he had decided not to kill was James Clare Fishburn, called Clare, who taught domestic arts in the high school shop, and whose name Obenchain had drawn that day from a bucket; and the way in which he had decided not to kill him was by threatening to kill him and doing nothing, by letting him live as best he could with the knowledge that he was at any moment to die.

You simply tell a man, any man, that you are going to kill him. Then—assuming that he believes you enough to watch his every step but not quite enough to run away or kill you first—then you make certain not to kill him and instead watch what he will do. Killing the Hindoo was less interesting than Obenchain had hoped it would be. When you kill a man directly, on no matter how gradual a tide, you do not, he learned, actually "take his life." You merely end his life; you do not take it. His "life force" is not added to yours; it is over, and nobody gets it. You take as yours, bluntly, only his body, which is of no value or interest whatever save to hungry crabs and his wife.

If, however, you make a man believe that you will actually arrange for his dying at any moment, then you can, in effect, own his life. For how could that man perform the least or the greatest act with his whole heart? You would give him, like bondsmen, self-consciousness and uncertainty, and they would deliver him unto you. How could such a man eat a plate of food or lie with his wife or take two steps in a row without thinking the very thoughts you bade him think? You would own this man without your lifting a finger. His every action and his every thought would be in some sense under your control. Life is mind, Obenchain thought, and mind in some marvelous way operates in words. In his very breath was power. You tell a man his life is in your hands and, miraculously, his life is actually in your hands. You own him insofar as he believes you; you own him as God owns people, to the degree of their faith.

And what, Beal wondered abstractly, would become of this man's former life? To what category of being belongs a dead life whose body lives on? Obenchain had known Clare five years ago, in the high school shop; at that time he had a pregnant wife, a dead-end job, a house on a hill, and a head full of nothing. Should someone hold a funeral for this dead life? Clare's body would live long after Clare's own life was over. This was the very opposite of murder, Obenchain thought, it was anti-murder; it was birth, or conception. And he thought—and

sentimental tears rose in his eyes—that in many long years when the body called Clare should die of natural causes, he, Obenchain, would attend the funeral, would attend the funeral apparently as a townsman, but in fact as the father of a dead only son.

Obenchain could no longer make out the trestle, or the waterline, or the mud. He had no more reason to be in False Bay than he had to be anywhere else on earth except in his shack, where he could light a bucketful of folded papers in the stove, fire up some wet alder, and dry his pants. He would call on Clare Fishburn after dinner. Accordingly he recrossed the mudflat in a drenching blue dark and reached the cobble beach where stones ground loudly together underfoot. Feeling his way over the beach logs, the shark carcass, and the dripping sandstone cliffs, he gained at last the plain. The bay had held more light than the land; the plain was black as a cave. Obenchain walked south, seeing nothing, and felt with his feet for the tracks.



AMES CLARE FISHBURN, with a spoon in one hand and a daughter in the other, ate apple pudding. He was leaning in and out of the lamplight; he was telling a story and waving his spoon. His wife, June, listened without looking at him; instead, against her will, she followed his apple pudding spoon as it wagged over Mabel's head and dress, and

over Clare's own shirtfront. Clare's mother was clearing the table. The old woman was sleepy. Her son was telling a long story; in a minute he would jump up to act it out. Then he would spill not only the pudding, but the child as well. Mabel slid lower on his lap. She was all but five years old—born on Christmas. She heard her father's voice through a bright fog of sleepiness. On the back porch the door banged, and banged again: Grandmother was throwing salmon scraps to the dog, the dog who had been crying pitiably since sunset, as though it had not yet in the length of its life so much as seen a morsel of food, yet knew, with its dying breath, that there was such a thing, inexplicably denied to it of all creatures alone.

Clare reached the critical point in his story. He stood up, propped Mabel on his chair, exited to the parlor, and entered the dining room again with bravura; he waved his arms in a certain way—showing his stockings—and finished the story. Then he gathered up Mabel, resumed his chair, and picked up his spoon.

They were running late. Clare himself had begun

the pudding long after dark. He had unwrapped the apples from their carton in the cellar and chopped them, red and white Kings, green and white Gravensteins, into a yellow bowl. He had shunted the wood stove's heat into its oven, where eventually the salmon baked, split by its stuffing, and five brown potatoes baked, and the dark pudding frothed down the sides of the yellow bowl. Now it was after eleven, and Grandmother was cranky, and he and June were starting to stare, and Mabel was asleep. His must be a bony sort of lap, Clare thought, but Mabel had a way of softening to fit any occasion, as though she had no bones. The skin on her arms felt hot; her hair gave off a scented steam as she slept.

Clare scraped some hardened brown sugar and butter from the yellow bowl's side; he offered it to June, who smiled, and ate it himself. He wished they had some sherry; he wished they had a piano. Tomorrow he would surprise June with a sewing machine. In the summer he would go to the mountains. They would have another baby, enclose the front porch, and things would settle down.

June stacked the dessert plates and filled a basin with water she had set to heat on the stove before dinner. Grandmother carried the tea things to the table. Clare sat alone. He could see, reflected in the dark window across the table, the yellow gas lamp, floating and globular like a planet or star. Beneath it, and also floating over the outside dark, were reflections from the kitchen window behind him—which contained again, golden, the gas lamp, and his wife's round head in motion—and Mabel near and spread pale along the darkness, and a cluster of vaporous teacups on the table, and a bottle of milk.



LARE CONSIDERED his real life to have begun six years ago, when he had come home to Port Hammersley, married his wife, signed on at the shop, and bought the Lambert Street house on a fourteen-year mortgage loan. Before then his life seemed to him formless and scattered, a series of stabs at a life. He had stumbled through jobs and towns and friends

with great good cheer and little real hope. He had greeted everything with open arms that never closed around anything. It had not mattered what he did. Before he met June he was planning to quit the high school shop and go fishing.

June had loved him for the same reasons others liked him: for his broadside and undiscriminating enthusiasm for all things equally, for a piece of music or a plate of corned beef, for snow or no snow, for whatever he was doing at any moment, for planing a plank or calling a dance or shaving his face. He looked like a boy burnt out from playing, haggard and sweet-faced, thin, quick to laugh and quick to forget. Her ease in the world matched his; her glance included him in some private joke, a joke the details of which he had been eager to learn. He quailed before her fearsomely firm opinions about some things, and stepped forward to solve her childish perplexity about others. Her feet were so small she couldn't keep his shoes on. She and his mother—who treated all men like children and hated them for it—ran the house.

Since he had married, Clare made no more changes. He had set his net and it held. Good things accumulated, and nothing slipped through. Things gathered and grew; their life spread. When his senior retired, Clare would run the domestic arts program himself. In eight years he would own the house. They had added a front porch to the house, and a woodshed; they had dug a garden, to which they added a new row every year. Chance had added to them an aggrieved terrier and a bobtail cat. His mother came. He planted a row of poplars. In the shop he fashioned cherry frames for watercolor prints of red and yellow fruit; June hung the pictures in the kitchen. He refinished the chairs; he made cider; he painted the house blue. Every year at Christmas they added new friends to Christmas dinner and new ornaments to the tree. Every spring he vowed to quit the shop, and every summer he missed his students and searched for them on the streets. He ate smoked salmon all fall and blackberry jam all winter; he made batches of beer in the spring and dug for clams in False Bay. Every summer he traveled farther down the road to cut stovewood in the forest. Every month June reminded him to pay the mortgage. He had plans to build a skiff. He wanted to climb Mt. Baker, fish for steelhead, try his hand at woodcarving, and buy a little

Almost everything was his idea of a good time. It was a good feeling to have a drink, and a pleasure to have a family, and a joy to have it rain the day he said he'd fix the roof. He would do any favor for anyone who asked. He never answered letters. Once he walked fifteen miles to save a nickel on twenty pounds of potatoes. He never deliberately told a lie, but he never happened to keep a promise. He smoked in bed. He told people he hated schedules, planning, appointments, finances—anything fussy or detailed. He enjoyed enjoyment.

He whistled in bed every morning and fell asleep every night after tea. He took his sweet time. He was late for work and late for supper and could no more remember to fetch home a sack of sugar than fly. His wife laughed at his jokes; his mother waited on him; and his daughter rode on his shoulders, bouncing her heels in his heart.



HEN CLARE'S caller came, June was finishing up in the kitchen, Grandmother was reading her Bible after seeing Mabel to bed, and Clare was drowsing alone at the table. He heard the bell and answered it. The fat

boy, whom Clare recognized, filled the doorway; he blinked at the lamplight, pushed into the little parlor, and stood in it as if it had been a chicken yard. His eyes were blank, like eyes of clay. Clare had no idea what he would do.

He offered him some tea. He regretted aloud that they had no sherry, but they did have tea and some pudding. As Clare spoke he shooed the cat from the parlor sofa and picked up a doll, a painted doll, which had been standing on a sofa cushion. Obenchain made no answer. Clare started to seat himself to put his guest at ease, but rose up again, uncertain. He had seen a revolver tucked in Obenchain's pants.

"What do you want?"

Obenchain told him, He said, looking down at Clare and then wildly at the tops of the parlor windows, that he was going to kill him, shortly, for his own reasons; that Clare had not much longer to live; and that he considered it a part of justice to share this knowledge with him. He spoke with enormous force. He was earnest, frightened, and arrogant; he rarely looked at Clare. Both men were standing. Clare wondered if Obenchain always packed a revolver. He heard June climbing the back stairs. He understood that Obenchain did not expect him to speak or to act in any way; his role was to listen until the speech wore itself out. Obenchain was saying something about "perfection, purity, and control." He apostrophized the precision of Providence, the freedom of the elect, the uses of the privileges of ownership, and the intricate structure of the "realm of shades." Clare tried to concentrate on what the man was saying; he wanted to learn his place in these abstractions. But he could not follow them. He could see only that Obenchain believed himself. He was uttering a creed. Clare hoped to get him out of the house-very carefullyso he could think.

Obenchain stopped talking; he held himself in control. Was this the boy Clare knew from the high school, whose bladder and nose and mouth used to run as if his own life had been a force like a geyser or flood, too strong to contain? He showed no malice now: he was examining Clare as if he were an unusual binding on a book. He smiled and confided, with a hint of baby talk in his voice, "I picked your name at random from a bucket." Clare wondered what June would say. Would he tell her?

What would the sheriff say? He had seen Obenchain and the sheriff together in taverns, playing chess. A weariness overcame him, and intolerance, and a wish to sleep by his wife in their bed. "You will excuse me now," he said, "but I was just going upstairs."

And so Obenchain started to leave. He had never taken off his coat. He found the door and stepped out, speaking cordially, as if he had come to dinner. Clare closed the door.

He turned back inside. He replaced Mabel's doll on the sofa; he fetched a log from the back porch and pushed it into the kitchen stove; he extinguished the parlor lamps, one by one. Then the bobtail cat cried at the door, and he opened it to let her out.

Obenchain was still there. He was standing stock still in the vacant lot below the house, barely visible in silhouette against the distant water. He was looking toward the house. Clare did not know if Obenchain could see him at all; the house was dark. "Go away!" he called out; "Go home! Go away!"

Clare lay in bed under the tall, cold window. When June asked what Obenchain had said, he had answered that he'd only wanted to use the old steam lathe at the shop. It was the first cold-blooded lie he ever told her. Now she was asleep. I am wide awake, Clare thought. He knew Obenchain had no reason to wish him dead. Obenchain liked reasons; he had a bucketful of reasons for everything he did, which he would explain to anyone who could understand them.

But Obenchain understood his own reasons, and Obenchain believed himself. He was unpredictable, he was perhaps drunk or having a spell of excitement, he was perhaps acting on someone else's orders-but, for all that, he was not kidding; he was in earnest. Somehow Clare's life had become important to Beal Obenchain. And so, even while he lay in bed that first night, Clare began the process of believing him. Who was he not to believe Obenchain, when Obenchain believed himself? People do what they believe they will do. If you believe you will plant marigolds, Clare thought, you will probably plant marigolds, and you will not if you do not. If a man believes that the concept of your death fits his plans, however obscure, then the concept of your death fits his plans, however obscure, and he is the one with the gun. Clare could try to kill him first, or he could take his family and leave, or he could try to get him locked up. For how long? Obenchain had sounded as though he meant that very night, or the next day, or the next. What about the sewing machine? Grandmother knew where he had hidden it. What would Obenchain do? When?

In the high school shop, Obenchain would do anything. He would shout suddenly, and address the class. He knew, he proclaimed that he knew, what men had forgotten: the relationship between time and eternity, in all its details. He had knowledge of

purity. He knew what power turned the big saws; he knew the limits of cold chisels, the ontology of hammers, the secrets of the numbers on the rule. Sometimes he would wander away, wild, when Clare was talking to him. Or he read books in a corner and licked his fingers, one by one. Clare saw him once in the hall standing still with his jaws open and his lips stretched down like the lips on a tragic mask. His pants were wet; his eyes were wide and astonished; his skin was red and wet with tears.

Obenchain mastered himself, Clare knew, more every year. His brilliance took on the force of coherence, the force of a large and balanced battery of ideas aimed at a single point. Most people were afraid of him. Some of the better wives in town took pity on him, and fed him pies in their kitchens; their husbands contributed books. People said that he could read Greek. They said a tree had fallen on his head when he was a boy on the island, and one of its branches had broken into his skull and lodged in his brain. They said he was a genius who would make the town famous. They said he ate cloudberries, which are poisonous; they said he ate soap; they said he had a hand in tying the Hindoo under the wharf at low tide. People said all kinds of things.

Mabel would be in good hands. What about the mortgage? June, he wanted to think; but a patch of colored fog moved in and fogged her out. June, he thought again, and for a moment saw her stiff and blurred and bewildered.

But what a fog there had been that morning! Yes, it was very late now. He had been walking to school. There was sun overhead, glad sun moving the fog, and also a wet southeast wind which meant that rain would change the scene shortly. There was sun above the fog, and the air itself was colored. It moved in balls and lobes. He admired the blue fog; it poured around the buildings' corners. A bright mass of illuminated fog swelled in a garden; he could see a rainbow dissolved in it. Batches of lighted yellow fog rose from the streets. People were pastel and porous. Everything was painted pale on moving screens.

As Clare walked he noticed his bounding blue shadow, like the Spectre of the Brocken, loom on a lighted slab of fog at his side. Sometimes the shadow disappeared altogether; it vanished into a siderift or canyon of clear air. It was a nice effect.

It was all a nice effect, a pretty one. Light soaked the air. He walked in a great bowl heaped with pale blue and pale green globes, with pale red and yellow globes. Now, in the warm bedroom with his eyes closed, Clare moved in a dazzling fog. He watched the colored globes as they rose like released balloons and filled his skull. They melded and parted at random: their hues massed and blurred. Now there was rhythm. Now everywhere in his head a light was drifting, a light senseless and beautiful, and there was no darkness anywhere.



PRING CAME TO PUGET SOUND and to the plains and the mountains. The earth rolled belly-up to the light and the light battered it. And Clare Fishburn was still alive, was still walking abroad in the daylight where everything changes, and holding tight to the tiny nights as they rolled.

Spring came to the northern coast and the daylight widened.

Daylight stuck a wedge into darkness and split it open like a log. The very sun moved around in the sky like a thing set loose. Clare never knew where to expect it. Mornings the sun seemed to appear from anywhere at random, like a swallow. It rolled up the sides of mountains and down the sides of mountains, range after range around the world's east rim. Every afternoon it threw a new set of shadows and shine on the parlor wall; every night it flew behind a different island. The sun is a creature who flits, Clare thought; it is a bee.

Winter was lost and irretrievable before Clare caught up with it. He had thought that seasons were longer; he had thought that he was younger, and that he had more time. Now things were unhinged and floating away; he was not prepared for spring. How could he prepare? People moved out of their houses more, and back in; the ducks vanished from the water, the widgeon, and the pintails, and the greenwinged teal; the white sea ducks by the wharf changed into black sea ducks; there were frosts at night, or warm nights, and the days were hot or

cold. He saw more sky and more motion. The northeaster blew, or the southeaster blew, or it blew from the west and Clare could smell the mudflats at low tide. Every time he looked out of town across the plain or over the water—he saw some new batch of blown weather: some icy clouds that lowered at once and rained, or some piled clouds that sailed slowly and lay blue prints on the water like upwelling stains. "The harvest is past," Clare thought, "the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Every day was a day in which Clare expected to die. When he woke one Sunday morning in the third week of March he regarded his sleeping wife gravely. Her head lay lightly on the mattress and smoothly, flush, as a clam rests on its shell. There was a perfection and composure in her small face: her eyelids fitted over her eyes precisely; her lashes lay in a radiating arc above her cheeks. Her face was home to his eyes. He had looked at it so often, for so long, that he half believed it was his own face, as near to him as his own thoughts and feelings which he saw expressed in her moving skin and eyes. Now she was sleeping. A strong westerly wind rattled the window and meddled with the tops of trees outside.

At breakfast Clare considered his mother. She was cheerful in the mornings, as though the day might offer her something. When had he seen her standing without a plate or a pot in her hand, or sitting without a lapful of mending or unshelled peas? She was old now, shrinking perceptibly, and her skin was softening for death.

His mother believed, Clare thought, that people





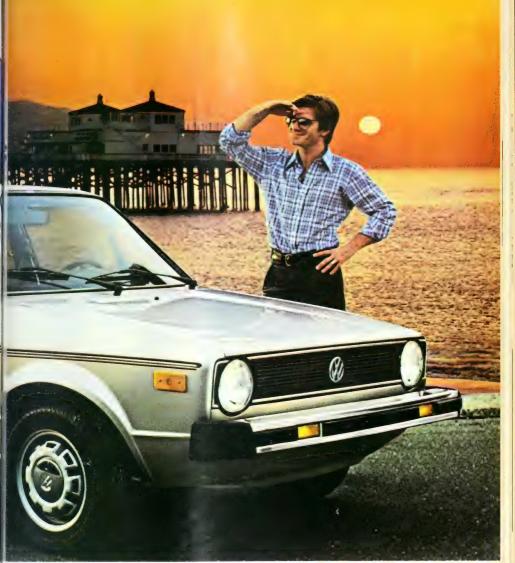


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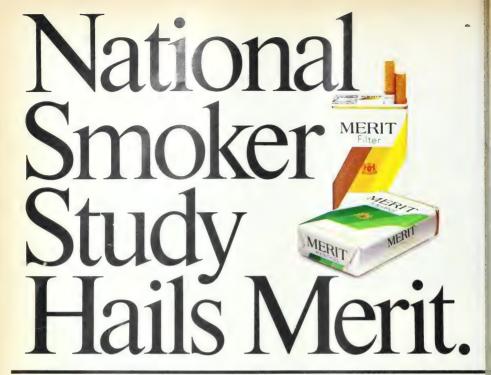
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MERIT Kings & 100's left here for so mewhere else. She would be happy to leave plates. Always she had been greater than all her tasks. She had, for instance, a private love of works of divi ne and historical prophecy, and a knowledge of the ese things, that no one wanted to hear and that she could not bake into a pie. She studied her Bible and books alone in her room. Splitting theological hairs was her specialty, and arguing Scriptum esher joy, yet he had known her to do it only once in all his life. She was strong, too, and able. She could split a piece of cedar with a tenpenny nail. Ift was a trick everyone had seen. Now she carriect dishes back and forth, being of some use, and thinking God knows what.

Her dark skir t was shiny at the seat; her hair hung white in var single thin plait; her skull was starting to show, yell ow, through her forehead. He could not remember how she looked when she was young. He had not don't right by her, and now there was nothing he could do. Perhaps there never had been? He could have let her talk to him more. He could invite Reveren do Labue to dinner so she could batter him with Scriptures. But should he himself have pretended to be interested, interested in Nostradamus and An 10.55, interested in old battles and dead

Now he would die first; he would go and prepare a place for herr, if there were places to be had. If there were tall est to be had, he would set a table for her, and bid her sit and eat. But there were no tables, and no plates, and nothing to eat. It was hard to imagine a place without any sort of plates.

kings? Would that have been right?

He looked at his own plate. He had eaten his breakfast anc? was not dead yet. A month ago he had decided not to think any further about being poisoned at home. Obenchain had talked about killing Clare very specifically, as though pinpointing him alone fron a among all the crowds of the living demanded a precision that attracted him. He would not want to risk killing someone else in the family by mistake. Or would he? Would he take them all by some neig hibor's doctored pie? Or poison their water? Oben him might do anything. But of thinking of poison, there was no end. He would not think of it. Everything tasted good.

Now June caught his eye; she was smiling and wondering at him. He touched her, covering her hand with his; but she rose just then and slipped away to the kit chen. Was he too sentimental for her? He carried his plate to the sink, following her, uncertain, and lay his hand over the small of her back. He told her he had watched her sleeping that morning. She turned to him, confused, and took his plate. He saw that she was embarrassed. People do not want to her ar these things.

There was a wagging patch of light on the wall above the sink; the bushes outside the dining room wagged too. The planet wagged on; the man who planted those bushes was dead. And time, for Clare, had sprung a leak.

For he was on his way, it seemed; he was a man already exited. To these people in the kitchen, Clare thought, all of time was a secure round space, a bubble in which one rode protected from one end of things to the other. June wiped the last of the dishes and hung her apron by the stove. Grandmother fetched a tray from the pantry and headed out back toward the cellar. Mabel sat on the kitchen floor in the peculiar way she liked to sit, with her back straight and her legs pointing every which way, as though they were broken, or dislocated at the hips. She was scratching the cat with a fork. The cat cringed and made no move to leave. Clare could see the dark at the edge of the plain. He felt a hole in the wall behind him; things rushed out of that hole. He was running out of air. Yesterday he had imagined and seen the long horizon of water and plain begin to tilt and upend; on the low side a gap appeared, and water and houses and all the world's contents slid into the gap and blew away.

Probably everyone now dead had regarded his own death as a freak accident, a mistake. Clare no longer felt any flat and bounded horizon circling round him at a distance. Every place was a tilting edge. "And I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it, and turning it upside down." Time was a hook in his mouth. It was reeling him in jawfirst; it was reeling him in, headlong and breathless, to a shore he hadn't known was there.

Something crashed. Clare woke in the kitchen to see Mabel fly out of the pantry crying. She had dropped something. She had stopped scratching the cat, he realized, and had just been helping the women; they were restocking the pantry from the cellar stores. They had all been carrying armloads of jars past him; had he been in their way? And Mabel had dropped a loaded tray of plum preserves. Every glass jar had broken on the pantry floor. Now she had run away. This precocious and selfsure little Mabel, of whom Clare usually lived in some awe, was crying too hard to help anyone clean up her mess. The women passed Clare and crowded into the pantry with brooms and dustpans. Clare found Mabel crying on the parlor sofa. She was five years old, too old and too big to pick up. Clare picked her up.

He picked her up and bore her from station to station around the parlor, around and around, absurdly pointing her face toward each window in turn, as though she were an infant still and might see some bright sight over his shoulder that would catch all her attention. But she cried wetly on his neck. Was the world not her place, either? She kept slipping inside her dress; he hoisted her up again. How had he got to be thirty-one? What had he done with his years, what had he meant to do, and to what should he devote his days? Had he meant to do anything? He had been arranging things and putting things to rights, so that he could

get started.



T HAD BEEN THREE MONTHS since Obenchain told Clare he was going to kill him. During that time—during January, and February, and most of March—Clare had watched his own increasing detachment. He had begun to see his own Lambert Street—its well-loved fresh frame houses, its lilac bushes and tended apple trees—changed before his eyes into an abstraction, to an accident, to a certain street in a cer-

tain town. Port Hammersley was a town among millions of towns, the town in which most of his life had elapsed—and his time was a time among times. This bright year, this 1906 with its shifting winds and great, specific clouds, this raw-edged spring when the puddles dried and the green-winged swallows reaped the new fly-hatches in the air—this was one year.

He had begun to wonder where, in this series of accidents, the accidental part ended. Was he to June only a man among many men? Or, worse, was she only one of many women he might have married? Might he just as easily be living on some other street, in some town he had never heard of, with some other woman—a woman he did not know? It was a terrible thought. He did not like strange women.

Sometime in January he had seen a magazine photograph of uncovered skeletons. An Indian man and woman, "a Brave and his Squaw," the article said, had been unearthed by a farmer's plow in upstate New York, where they had lain "embracing

in death" for an unknown number of years. Clare saw two human heads and some bor ues stuck in clay. The skulls looked, like all human : skulls, identical. phrenological, medical, and like no one he had ever met. They were skulls like all skull s. They had no noses, no skin or hair or tongues, and there was clay in their eyes. Those people wer e as flat as scars on a clay pot; they were a layer be tween soils thinner than groundwater. Their cla vicle bones and ribs lay on the same level as the ir teeth. Below their first few ribs the skeletons scat tered; the people seemed to have lost interest. If he couple had only one hipbone between them, no spine, and no legs or feet save a few sunken bonce's ringing them at random, as though something lik e moving water had stirred their grave. There was clay in their ears, clay in their eyes, clay in their months. They did not look unearthed. They looked ear thed.

No wonder you're cold, he though it. There was a story he and June knew about two drunken Irishmen. The first drunken Irishmen was indered into a cemetery one night; he tripped on a heap of dirt and fell into a freshly dug grave. From the bottom of the grave he moaned, "I'm so cold." I'm so cold." Another drunken Irishman, also at large in the cemetery, stumbled to the edge of the grave and peered in. He heard, "I'm so cold, I'm so cold!" "No wonder you're cold," the second drunk said, "You kicked your dirt off." When I Mabel was an infant in her cradle June had replacted her covers many times a day, and many times activised her, No wonder you're cold; you kicked your dirt off. The Brave and his Squaw had kicked their dirt off,



had kicked their flesh off, and frozen to death. Clare had held the magazine open on his knees

and looked at the photograph a long time. What did this dying mean about the two who had lived? Were they man and wife? Had they known they were going to die? Had they seen themselves as they really were, as temporary partners on some swift passage, like strangers who band to ford a stream together, or to cross a mountain pass, who part and scatter? Were all marriages then made in the shadow of death, and were they as such mere marriages of convenience? Was his to June? Surely those Indians had not seen their union as made in heaven and continued there. Probably they had not thought of it at all. But what should they have done?

What Clare really wanted to know was this: Would he ever see June again? The question embarrassed him. It was a question connected in his mind with religion, with his mother's Bible and the church he had known as a boy. He knew that fifty years ago in the West they used to say, "Ain't no law west of St. Louis, and no God west of Fort Smith." But now God had been in the West for two generations; God, and women, and railroad trains. He knew that citizens in all the Western towns and cities had welcomed the churches for their civilizing influence and their fine architecture. Would he ever see June again?

His father had died many years ago; he hadn't seen him since. From time to time he dreamed of his father standing mute in some family-filled room. Everyone would welcome him, saying, "We all thought you were dead!" Clare himself would look at the old man, overcome with affection and shyness. And gradually he always understood that, in fact, the man was dead. He had no will, no love, and no way to express his embarrassment for the overexcited living. He was an apparition, an illusion the family's hope could not sustain. Now as winter left the coast that year and spring wore on. Clare dreamed this dream again and again, and others like it.

So Clare carried Mabel around the parlor. He was among the living on a certain continent in one of the centuries, and dying early. Day by day the bursting trees in the yard seemed real enough, and the sunlight seemed handmade for the moment's heat like any fire. But if this was a year among years and him dying, and if the whole lighted, moving scene would play on in his absence, would continue to tumble into the future extending the swath of the lighted and known, moving as a planet rolls with its clouds attached, its waves all breaking at once on its thousand shores and its people walking willfully to market or to home, followed by dogs-if all this living surface lived on with him dead underneath it in the dark-then things were not as they had seemed. Of course he had always known that he was going to die. But he never believed it.



VERYWHERE HE WENT he saw Obenchain, For three months he had seen him everywhere: Obenchain brooding at the post office, Obenchain towering over all the men in the store, or pacing the street by the high school, or standing still in the vacant lot below the

One February Saturday when he and June were intent

over spades in the garden, Clare had glanced up to see Obenchain just disappearing down the back alley. The alley ran through a tangle of blackberry bushes; Clare had leaned on his spade and peered hard through the bushes to learn if Obenchain had kept moving, or had stopped. He could not tell; he could not determine if he had seen a piece of a man moving, or if he was now seeing a man standing still, or no man at all. He had stood and studied and thought, until he began to see not Obenchain, but his own self as a man with a revolver behind some blackberry bushes might see him: as an isolated and motionless target. Would he fall then handily in his own garden, with his wife at his side holding a spade? He looked at June. She was breaking clods; she had not noticed anything. Clare felt immense in his own garden and stripped, as if the garden had been a desert, and Obenchain the very sun. Clare had quit then, and gone back into the house and sat idle, doing nothing, away from the windows.

He had told June after some hesitation. It was New Year's Day; they were sitting in the kitchen. He told her that he had not long to live, that he would die one of these days or nights soon, that he knew because Beal Obenchain had told him he was going to kill him, and she was not to worry because nothing could be done. Now June never worried precisely because she never believed that "nothing could be done." Something could always be done;

that is what people were for.

She could, she said, shoot Beal Obenchain. It would be easy. He lived alone in the woods by the tracks where any vagrant, any swindler or gambler or ruined miner or drunken Indian could shoot him for any reason. No one would find him for days -maybe even forever-and no one would ever suspect Clare Fishburn, let alone June Fishburn. Why would these ordinary, quiet townspeople want to murder someone?

Why indeed? Clare had said. Obenchain was crazy. What if he was just talking? Why should anyone go murder a poor lonely boy who raved? Clare knew that Obenchain was not just talking, that Obenchain was in earnest and would kill him. But he did not intend to murder. Capital threats are not capital crimes; you do not shoot at a man unless he is actually in the process of harming you or your family; you do not deliberately kill a man under any circumstances, and you certainly do not let your wife do it.

Of course he had thought of oiling his old duckhunting shotgun, and even of buying a sidearm. He had thought of everything, and here was June thinking of it all again. Don't go near the water; don't go out alone. And we must move. We can move to Portland, tell no one where we are going, and sell this house for cash. You take the train tomorrow and I'll follow with Mabel when someone buys the house.

And when do we come back? Clare saw that June was pink and heated. Her skin was always a thin membrane; she changed colors faster than a cloud. Her face seemed everywhere as liquid and live as her eyes. She subsided, looking down, but her cheeks still glowed. And when do we come back? he asked more softly again, and June thought it through and fired up, We don't come back! We don't come back!

Then do we live in Portland hoping every minute he never finds us, or wondering every minute if he actually meant to kill at all? Or do we hope he decides to murder someone else? Who?

Clare was waiting for June to calm down. It would take her several days, he thought, to examine their alternatives as he had done, several days to understand that nothing could be done. But he learned throughout the spring that he had been wrong. June wanted to move. As she began to adjust to a new life based on this threat—sometimes, she told him, she caught herself wondering how many places she should set for supper—as January and February passed day by day and Clare still lived, still, she wanted to move.

Clare did not want to move, and they argued about it. June was serious about moving—anywhere—and he knew this meant she was willing to give up her home town, her parents' proximity, and all her friends and their stable life in order to struggle and live poorly somewhere as strangers together. She surprised him.

He thought about these things throughout the early spring. In the light and changing rains he walked to school along the same streets he had always walked. Obenchain was not likely to gun him down in the streets in front of the neighbors like any gangster. Of course she loved him—why was he surprised?

He saw that she acted from an unmentioned source of feeling, a source which, he discovered, he shared. It had been there all along. He wondered if she knew. He wondered if she was conscious of it and understood at once that she was, that she probably had been since Mabel's birth, when their courting talk had ceased and their enthusiasm had given way to this other thing. She had been waiting for him to notice it, and she understood his doltishness in advance. What else did she know that he did not? He walked up the streets toward the high school. He

imagined her tilted round head, her unfathomable silences. He saw how serious she was. How had they found the courage to marry, when they had known nothing? And Clare felt a bottomlessness in himself; he felt a bottomlessness to his attachment to June that made him teeter, and he felt a parcel of infinity between them over which the days of their life floated like chips.

June wanted to move. But some things are better than other things, Clare said. His firmness surprised him. He chose to live in Port Hammersley, and die when he died and where. He knew that June saw only a new fatalism in his decision, and he wondered if she missed his old boyishness, his old carelessness. He did not.

Now it was a Sunday morning late in March. Clare had carried Mabel from the parlor outside to the porch. He toted her round and around the little porch the way he used to when the porch was new and so was Mabel. When had she grown so big and heavy? She had hushed her crying. Now—Clare knew—she held herself still so that he would not notice her and set her down. He noticed her; but he wanted to carry her a while longer.

It was still early morning. From the porch Clare could hear June rattling jars in the pantry. His mother was upstairs dressing for church. He looked down the hill across the vacant lot where Obenchain had stood; he looked above the town rooftops and out over the water. The wind blew from the north; he could see, far away, its white scrapings blow backward over the bay. Pieces of Mabel's hair blew in his face. She hid her bare arms in his coat. Cloudparts were leaving the sky. The wood stems of lilac bush by the porch were banging together. Those blunt stems would be gone soon, broken into lilacs. He and June were thirty-one and Mabel was five; it was Sunday morning. Would he ever see himself now in his own memory, saying, There I was then; on the porch? No; these were the only days.

Everything around him was dying. Snow had vanished from the foothill ridgetops; on the beaches, the morning high tides of winter were gone. Hour by hour a hundred ducks and another hundred ducks departed the water; night after night Orion dived to the west and died young. The trees were going. All winter Clare had learned his own trees' strong branches, how they grew and twigged: the cottonwood sapling in the yard with the sky behind it, the Lombardy poplars like leaf-net, the alders yellow-tipped in back of the house. Now those dark lines were blurring; they were disappearing before his eyes. Clare set Mabel down; she joined some children in the yard. He felt the blood returning deep in his arms. There was not time enough to honor all that he wanted to honor. It was difficult even to see it. The wind was blowing from the north. Mabel was five. The blunt stems of lilac banged together.

Shall these bones remember?



LL THAT APRIL it rained on the northwest coast. The Sheeps-kill River flooded its banks and spread over the farmers' fields on the plain. The cemetery east of Port Hammersley became a low lake where ducks in flocks dabbled and dove among headstones. In town, people stood on the river bridges and watched farmers' dead chickens float by.

When the water went down it was May. Townspeople forgot the flooding; they began to mend nets and scrape hulls, to make railroad excursions south and hikes into the mountains, to dig clams and plant corn and play ball. The old people knew the season by heart and their hearts turned over anyway, as lakes turn over by the season. The school-children grew careless and distraught; when school let out in June they hit the streets. There were boy gangs and girl gangs all over the town—on the wharf and along the beaches and in mills and logging camps—gangs composed of children few adults thought they had ever seen before.

By the third week in June it was summer in earnest. Fledgling songbirds peeped on the lawns of the town; the sockeye came leaping and leaping northward offshore. The winds left and the clouds dried up and the sun rolled almost all the way around the sky. The days had widened like a crescendo; June was a blare of light, There were five

hours of darkness only; the rest was light. The fishermen fished day and night while the salmon ran, and the canneries worked round the clock. The loggers logged the forests, and their teams of oxen dragged the logs away. It was summer and no one seemed to sleep. Householders patched their roofs and mended fences; they bought and sold land, acquired puppies, gathered oysters, blasted stumps, and moved pianos. They canned rock cod and salmon in their kitchens and ran outside again to weed their gardens in the sun. It was summer and the sky had fallen open like a clamshell. The days were round and lighted one after another without end.



EAL OBENCHAIN SAT outside his shack on a stool. It was the longest day of the year, and a sunny one outside the woods. Earlier that morning Obenchain had rowed out and found a big male Dungeness crab and most of a smaller male in his crab pot. He had reset the pot with dogfish skin and carried the crabs by their back legs up the path and into the woods. Now he was eat-

ing them. The boiling pot lay on the needled ground between his feet. From time to time he shook the broken shells from his boots.



Obenchain lived in the woods on a bluff above the tracks south of town and False Bay. No sun shone anywhere in the woods. There were only tree trunks there: trunks of big fir trees and cedars and hemlocks, whose canopy soaked up the sunlight high overhead and cast a wet shade on the ground and over the ferns and mosses and bushes. From his seat on the stool in front of his shack he could see downhill, through the trunks and boughs and bunched fir-tops, some lengths of shoreline track below and some bright blue strips of water and sky.

It had not worked with James Clare Fishburn, whose little life he had come to know. "You are going to die," he had said, and this simple townsaman had believed him. But he seemed singularly unaffected by it. Obenchain knew Clare avoided the south side of town and the open plain and the forest. He knew he had moved his bed away from the upstairs window and stayed out of taverns all winter and spring. He had frightened him out of his own garden once. He carried a sidearm outside. Obenchain even knew that the man's wife was badgering him to move

But he also knew that Clare was not dead yet. He was thinking his own thoughts, and Obenchain was uncertain what those thoughts might be. A boyish stupidity had left Clare's face—that was good. But the face had not merely emptied. And when he walked in town he no longer searched up and down the streets and glanced behind him, the way he had



in winter. His walking gait had wakened. He looked around him always, but not always in fear. It was no longer a pleasure for Obenchain to surprise Clare in the street; the subject failed to react. Now Obenchain hated him.

Obenchain had meant to observe and preside over the corruption of a man's spirit. He had meant to kill Clare without leaving a corpse, to kill him legally, by the power of suggestion. But the suggestion had failed. Instead of tormenting himself with indecision, Clare seemed to have made terms with certainty.

Obenchain had seen Clare with his family at a boat launching the day before. Clare was among the men who had hoisted the hull in the builder's shed. hauled it down the beach, and heaved it into the water. Obenchain watched from a log. Clare walked as though he owned the earth. He looked to Obenchain as though he felt he had personally built the boat and the beach and the water, all in his little shop. After the launching the town made a picnic on the beach. Clare and his wife lingered after most of the other families had gone; the old woman left with the child. The man and wife looked at the water. at the men taking turns rowing the new dory up and down the mild shore; they kindled a fire. Clare looked as though he had all the time in the world. He looked earnest but contained; he paid Obenchain no mind. Before the launching he had nodded once at Obenchain and passed the jug to someone else.

So now Obenchain sat cracking crab legs in his teeth. There were many things on his mind this June. There was, for example, an artist, a painter of shipwrecks, in town for the summer, a small man whom everyone worshipped as a god, and who was seeking to destroy Obenchain's reputation as an intellectual. There was a woman, too, who mocked him and caused her image to appear in his mind. And there was James Clare Fishburn, who wouldn't give up the ghost.

What Obenchain considered, crumbling his crabs, was this. Fishburn was afraid, but not destroyed. It was likely then that fear alone couldn't destroy aman. It seemed instead to present a clear challenge. Perhaps only uncertainty could destroy. Maybe the Hindoo tied to the wharf had not suffered at all as he waited for the tide to come in and drown himbecause he was certain the tide would come in. Maybe Obenchain had failed with both of them because his weapons were too crude. If uncertainty would break Fishburn, then Obenchain would have to supply him with more of it.

He would take it all back. He would tell him he was not going to kill him. Tell him it was a joke, or an experiment—something finished. Then what would Clare do? What would he believe? Would he assume the experiment to have just begun? Since Fishburn was alive so long after Obenchain had told him he was going to die, he had no reason to

believe anything Obenchain said. Maybe he would think Obenchain a chronic liar, like the Cretan who, when he told you he would not kill you, meant to kill you in earnest. Or maybe he would think he sometimes lied and sometimes told the truth. He could say, "What I told you in December was a lie, and now this is the truth: you are not going to die,' and let Clare sort it out as best he could.

And so Obenchain determined that he would tell Clare Fishburn this new thing. He stood up then, and poured the crab water over the ferns by the

door.



HILE OBENCHAIN cracked crab, Clare Fishburn came walking westward over the Sheepskill plain. He was heading home from a long day alone in the hills. He carried a pole and a creel with several trout. He walked over the plain on

a lazy dirt track that traced the Sheepskill down from the hills and wide on a sweeping meander south of town. The river lay low and sleeping; it was June. The plain lay slow and as flat as the river, poured. The sky lay monumental over the

Miles away at the eastern rim of the plain the snowed mountains lighted their portion of sky. Low below the mountains spread the foothills, blurred, the forested ridges and valleys where Clare had fished. In every other direction the fields gave way directly to the light; the farmers' green hayfields curved beyond sight into sky. Clare walked. It was afternoon. A thin, steady wind blew from the north; it would die off. Overhead the sun was ample. Over the world hung twenty enormous fair-weather clouds. Clare watched the clouds—clouds like rocks of foam you could chip-and never saw them change; but when he looked away and looked back he saw that they had changed. They bulged and piled. In the distance he saw a rank of clouds whose bright bottoms reflected a shine from the water-so that, if Clare had been a stranger on the plain, he could have guessed from the cloud's reflections that water lay westward, even though he could not see beyond the fields.

Beside him a dense hedge of berries darkened the lip where the fields met the river. Goldfinches were feeding in the hedges. As Clare moved across the plain the goldfinches swept before him, burst by burst, and then flew behind him when he had gone too far. He flushed flock after flock, which went looping down the riverside before him. He was walking home.

James Clare Fishburn was alive and walking westward over the plain toward the town. He was alone. He was walking home to his wife and child and mother whom he had left alive that morning early. He was remembering a Sunday in the spring, a day a norther had blown and died off in the afternoon; children were playing in Clare's side yard.

Mabel and some neighbor children were tying each other to a tree. They had found a length of line and were tying each other to the cottonwood sapling Clare had planted the week Mabel was born. Clare watched from the porch. He had forgotten this piece of information; children tie each other to trees. How could he have forgotten? They tied a small boy to the tree, who cried. They tied Mabel to the tree; she could not break away.

Clare had looked out over the lilacs and thought, Here is a solid planet stocked with mountains and cliffs, with stone banks and deeply rooted trees. Among those fixed and enduring features wander the flimsy people. And the earth rolls down and the people die; and the survivors derive solace from clinging-not to the rocks, not to the cliffs, not to the trees, but to each other. It was amazing, Loose people clung in families, holding on for dear life. Grasping at straws! One would think people would beg to be tied to trees.

Mabel had stood, five and dubious, lashed in manila rope to the cottonwood tree. "Now let's tie Jake," she suggested. Clare laughed and she looked up and saw him. The boy who had cried punched at her. They pretended to shoot at her with bows

and arrows.

If they tied me to the tree, Clare thought, Obenchain could shoot me. Look at Mabel, how she has no bark, how soft-shelled she is with her bones inside her. If a tree fell or a horse kicked she would break; if a fever caught her she would burn; if she fell in the water she would freeze. Could Mabel die, who was only five? For whom everything had been made so smooth? Now Mabel was calling her grandmother. She had convinced the others that they should tie her grandmother to the tree. "No," Clare's mother had called back from the garden, "That tree is too small. And I am too old." Could she lie in a grave with her dirt on?

Clare had walked all day. He saw a marsh hawk riding the air slopes over the Sheepskill plain. The big clouds were brightening; the sunlight shone yellow now on their sides. What could be unthinkable? When the river curved north Clare's path left its banks and cut out westward cross-country through the farmlands south of town. He flushed the finches and the finches flew. After two or three miles he could see patches of forest ahead—the uncut railroad right-of-way bumping along the coastal bluffsforest, and a forest-broken lighted band of water. After another mile the path joined a narrow-gauge logging track. The track entered a strip of woods and burst out upon the main line on the shore.

Clare blinked in the light, looking out at water. White gulls dropped cockles on the roadbed and lighted to feed on the broken bits. It was evening. The spring tide was in; it covered the cobble beaches below the railroad bluff. Clare shifted his creel and pole, changing arms, and started northward up the tracks toward the trestle. Looking ahead he saw Obenchain almost at once.

It looked like Obenchain. The man lounged inert on the point of bluff where the trestle began over False Bay. His body pointed out toward the sound, but his head lay sideways, resting on naked shoulder and arm, facing down the track toward Clare. It was certainly Obenchain. His chest was bare, Clare could not see if he had a gun. Clare had no gun; he had a knife and some fishhooks. If Obenchain also had no gun, he would simply throw Clare from the bluff. His back would break, or a leg, and he would drown. He studied his own thoughts with little émotion. If they wrestled on the bluff, could he use his knife? Should he open it now? He thought he should not open his knife. Obenchain could point any weapon Clare held in any direction Obenchain preferred. He would rather drown in cold water than die of wounds made by his own knife. But it was not an important choice.

There was no one else near; there were no teams loading logs from car to car, no men in boats on the water. Obenchain alone was in sight, and Clare was in sight of Obenchain and the yellow clouds; and Obenchain looked for all the world as if he was expecting Clare and waiting for him.

And so Clare carried on up the tracks toward Obenchain. Obenchain raised his head from his arm; he made no move to stand. Clare came walking, pacing the roadbed cinders

toward Obenchain because Obenchain sat in his present path.

And Clare changed. He walked from the long habit of walking, and he changed as a pane of glass changes when you walk beside it —from reflecting as a mirror to transparent as air. Clare felt as wide and spread as the sky. He had a family in his skull:

his legs were trees moving. He knew he was walking as if he were opening something as a boat's bow opens the water. He himself was being opened, as if Obenchain were a table saw. He was a clod of dirt that the light splits, or a peeled fish. Time kept rolling back and bearing him: he was as porous as clouds or bones. He was opening time like a path in high grass.

When Obenchain stood and stopped him and told him he was not going to kill him, he was not going to die, Clare was looking out over the trestle and down to the water where gulls flew without bending their wings. The tide was in, slack at the flood, white, over False Bay. There was a plank walkway on the trestle beside the rails. Clare stepped alone onto the walkway, nodding, serious, holding his breath as if he were diving. The trestle moved and Clare walked out over the bay and the sound in a socket of light. Sky pooled under his shoulders; sky arched beneath his feet.

"No," he said to Obenchain-but Obenchain was far behind him on the bluff-"I am going to die." Someday I will die. The sky came carousing down around him. He was a wiped plate. He saw the sun drenching the green westward islands and battering a path down the water. He saw the town before him where the trestle lighted down. And far out on the Sheepskill plain beyond the False Bay cliffs he saw a man walking, turning his pea rows under in perfect silence, walking behind his horse and plow. He saw again on the plain to the north another man walking and turning the green ground under. And before him on the trestle over the water he saw the earth itself walking, the earth walking darkly as it has always walked in every season: it was plowing the men under, and the horses under, and the plows.

The earth was plowing the men under, and the horses under, and the plows. No wonder you are cold, he said to the broken earth, he said to the lighted water: you kicked your people off. No generation sees it happen, and the damp new fields grow up forgetting. Clare was burrowing in light upstream. No, he said, peeling the light back, walking in the sky toward home: no.

HARPER'S / NOVEMBER 1978





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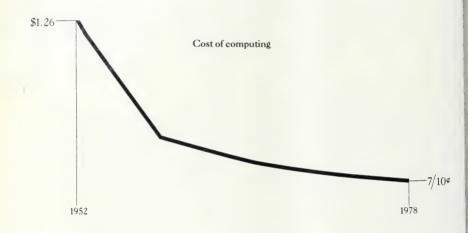
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DIPLOMATIC SPOILS

ie Washington bureaucracy abroad

by Roger Morris

"When I go into an embassy in South America or Central America or Europe and see sitting as our ambassador, our representative there, a fat, bloated, ignorant, rich major contributor to a Presidential campaign who can't even speak the language of the country in which he serves, and knows less about our own country and our consciousness and our ideals and our motivation, it's an insult to me and to the people of America and to the people of that country."—Jimmy Carter, November 23, 1975.

QUESTION: "Can you name one such fat, ignorant, bloated ambassador who

can't speak the language?'

CARTER: "No, I wouldn't want to name any."

QUESTION: "Can you name one, though?"

CARTER: "The point I make is that—whether they are actually fat or thin—that they are appointed because there are political inter-

relationships and not because of quality."
—CBS's "Face the Nation," March 14, 1976

◆ HE SCENE NOW SHIFTS forward to midsummer 1977 and the State Department's ornate, antique-laden Benjamin Franklin Room overlooking the Potoac, a ceremonial eighth-floor penthouse where enior diplomats of the new Carter Administraon are gathered for the swearing-in of an mbassador, Richard Moose, the new Deputy indersecretary of State for Administration, ormer aide to Dean Rusk, Walt Rostow, Henry issinger, J. William Fulbright, and John parkman, is there to administer the oath to is old friend and patron, Lawrence S. Eagleurger, lately Moose's predecessor as Deputy Indersecretary, former aide to Rusk, Rostow, dissinger, Nicholas Katzenbach, and Melvin aird, and now President Carter's Ambassador o Yugoslavia.

"As I look around this room, I see such a narvelous collection of faces and persons," Associated the assembly. "It's almost as hough, in the words of Claude Rains from Casablanca, someone had sent word out to ound up the usual suspects." Everyone laughs, of course. The quip becomes a "One-liner of he Month" among rhapsodic ambassadorial biographies in the Newsletter of the Department of State. For the rest of us, however, it is no joke.

the physiognomy and other qualifications of our diplomats, the Carter Administration in its first year and a half has indeed rounded up most of the usual suspects to fill its ambassadorial jobs. Figuratively and literally, American embassies still seat an ample quota of the "fat, bloated, and ignorant," whose money speaks the old diplomatic lingua franca of political patronage, sometimes with a Georgian accent. Yet even more common in the President's diplomatic appointments has been his feckless resort to career bureaucrats, whose brand of ambassadorial nepotism and "political interrelationships" turn out to be no less insidious for being obscure or professional. Like most of his predecessors, Jimmy Carter has chosen to represent us to the world with a largely banal collection of friends, careerists, and adaptable holdovers who owe much of their eminence to the dubious men and methods Carter was elected to replace. Like their predecessors in turn, some of those ambassadors become relatively harmless satraps in the trivial, forgotten outposts of the diplomatic service. But too many others, atop embassies with serious business, are just weak enough to preserve the worst habits of foreign policy, while strong enough in their weakness to

Despite that vivid campaign rhetoric about

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undermine reform. As Carter the candidate seemed to recognize more clearly before he acquired his own ambassadorial corps, it is indeed an "insult," at home as well as abroad.

Business as usual

HE AMBASSADORS occupy one of the dusty corners of the Carter government. No David Marstons or Bert Lances have disturbed the customary public indifference to our man in Canberra. Nor do ambassadorships, as we shall see, usually attract the zealous or the powerminded.

The saving irony is that, in most cases, ambassadors don't matter all that much. The "dirty little secret" of both career and non-career envoys—discovered by some ruefully too late—is the banality and common power-lessness of the job. Their requisite incompe-



tence places most at the mercy of their ow staff. The Washington-centered system of po icy forces the envoys to take orders from rel tively junior desk officers or upstart While House and Pentagon staff men in any even Moreover, the ambassador is prey to the sa age bureaucratic feudalism of foreign polic in which the competing baronies of CIA, Agr culture, Defense, Treasury, and even Cor merce or Labor may wield more power that the State Department, and thus more than the ambassador in his own post. The Carter regim has already gone through the quadrennial e ercise that begins with a Presidential cable at nouncing that U.S. ambassadors are in charge of everyone in their embassies, including the CIA, and ends with a secret cable from the CI Director (by the separate cable lines the CI. has to every mission) telling his people to is nore the first order whenever they must.

The surpassing ceremonial force of the officthe trips to Washington with visiting head of state, the false deference of more powerful bureaucrats—these are enough to satisfy the sort of people who get the job in most case.

Still, new diplomatic appointments wer something of an embarrassment in the firs year of the Administration. Having vowed t select envoys (like U.S. Attorneys) on the bas of merit, the White House soon found certain discreet embassies for willing if not so abling political retainers—"second-rate fat cats," a one career diplomat described them. The manner and ease with which this patronage or curred gives a revealing glimpse into the styliand substance of the Carter regime.

Early in February, 1977, with some piet and flourish ("a 'first' for the nation," declared one official announcement), the President con vened a blue-ribbon "Advisory Board on Am bassadorial Appointments." In the words o the Executive Order creating it, the board' task was to review "the qualifications of indi viduals for an ambassadorial post for which noncareer individuals are being considered, or, more plainly, to screen the sort of chubby monolingual contributors Carter found so of fensive under the Republicans. Behind the press releases and executive prose, however the committee would be like most of its kind: ritually assembled for political window dress ing. Its twenty members included the obligatory sampling of docile politicians, academics. women, and minorities with sufficiently little experience in the bureaucratic thicket into which they were being led. And it placed them z alongside authorities such as Dean Rusk Averell Harriman, and William Scranton, who were impaneled because the, know tory only too well. Rusk, for example, would were impaneled because they knew the terri-

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chairman of the board's subcommittee on ibassadorships in the Middle East and Asia, esumably on the basis of the success of his in policies in those regions as Secretary of

Staffed solely by the State Department, the ard was also carefully fed and trained to the le by its bureaucratic handlers. In the ompresent loose-leaf briefing books that clutter meeting tables of such "citizens' panels," epartment's "country reports" depicted ernational issues and the needs of American plomacy in the empty vernacular of governent handouts. The lists of ambassadorial ndidates before the group had been duly n through government computers, and were mposed almost entirely in accord with White ouse or Congressional patronage. In any se, the practical authority of the board was nited to passing on to Carter and Vanceth neither comment nor ranking-three to e of the prescribed names for each post.

The board met five times during 1977 and ice more last January, its deliberations amped "secret" and its decisions based, like e Politburo's, on what an attendant staff ofial earnestly called "unanimous consensus." ut of this none too subtle laundering came re ambassadorial nominations that drew imediate fire from the American Foreign Serce Association (AFSA), a loose guild of reer officers that has been the vehicle for e diplomatic bureaucracy's increasingly pubexamples opposition to the most egregious examples the old embassy spoils system. Thus, for ustralia the board duly endorsed, Carter ominated-and the AFSA, on grounds of professional standards," testified againsthilip Henry Alston, Jr., an Atlanta lawyer id Carter backer, whose credentials for the ost apparently lay somewhere among his crative legal practice, directorships in varius local businesses, or the presidency of the niversity of Georgia Alumni Association, he AFSA similarly opposed: Anne Cox hambers, assigned to Brussels by way of liss Porter's School, the Atlanta Junior eague and Peachtree Garden Club, the chairnanship of Atlanta Newspapers and Cox roadcasting Corporation, and generous suport for the right Presidential candidate; Marin L. Warner, an Alabaman turned Ohio real state and savings-and-loan magnate who dabled in Jewish philanthropies, thoroughbreds, ne New York Yankees, the Tampa Buccaneers, nd Democratic politicians, and who now is J.S. Ambassador to Switzerland; William B. ichwartz, Jr., another well-heeled real estate inestor and Atlantan whom a grateful President ent to oversee a sleek embassy and occasionally restive natives in the Bahamas; and Milton A. Wolf, Cleveland's prosperous "Builder of the Year" in 1964, Sen. John Glenn's valuable supporter in 1974, Carter's efficient Ohio fund-raiser in 1976, and this year's U.S. Ambassador to Austria.

"Those five were too much," said one Foreign Service officer speaking for the AFSA, adding with unintended irony, "Noncareer ambassadors should be there because they have something special not found in the Service." By the same logic, AFSA might have gone on to dispute other Carter nominees.

As it was, however, the AFSA's testimony against the original five was politely taken and promptly ignored by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The confirmations skimmed through, and the disgruntled career men, in the manner of their trade, retired with a certain weary and cynical resignation at having made the point for the record.

secret' of both career and noncareer envoys...is the banality and common powerlessness of the job."

Y THE END OF 1977, even the wouldbe bureaucratic critics, along with the Congress and press, had come to feel that Carter's ambassadorial patronage was nonetheless more professional than usual. Of sixty-five new envoys named over the year, only twenty-three were noncareer, making a slightly lower proportion of political appointees than under any recent Administration. There was also general approval of many of the selections. The New York Times and Washington Post, echoed by appreciative Senators, pronounced "admirable" the appointments of Kingman Brewster, former president of Yale, to London, Robert Goheen of Princeton to New Delhi, UAW head Leonard Woodcock to Peking, and the seventy-four-year-old former Senate Majority Leader, Mike Mansfield, to Tokyo. Other, less notable appointees came similarly certified and praised from litmus careers in business, educational bureaucracies, foundations, journalism, or past government service. Their political loyalties ran, if not to Carter personally, at least to the Democratic party and its previous regimes. Richard N. Gardner, Columbia law professor and early loser in the scramble among Carter campaign advisers for the more important Washington jobs, was sent to Rome with his socially prominent Italian wife. A former assistant to Walt Rostow and academic administrator, W. Howard Wriggins, heads the embassy in Sri Lanka. Louis A. Lerner, a suburban publisher, art collector, and political supporter, went discreetly to Norway; Rodney O. Kennedy-Minott, an instructor in American history and a California loyalist, was given Sweden. Like the

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SPOILS

advisory board who vouchsafed them, these ambassadors included too a suitable sprinkling of women and minorities. And in accordance with tradition, the Carter Administration duly matched the latter to what it no doubt saw as postings of appropriate color and culture. To troublesome Algeria, for instance, went Ulric St. Clair Haynes, Jr., black vice-president of Cummins Engine and onetime aide to Mc-George Bundy in the Johnson White House. Two Spanish-surname academics and a Mexican-born former governor of Arizona were named to deal with tyrannical Latin regimes in Nicaragua, Honduras, and Argentina, Two other similarly chosen appointees—both foundation functionaries, erstwhile government consultants, and blacks-were dispatched to Kenva and Cameroon.

Without exception, these more agreeable noncareer ambassadors were the well-burnished products of organizations close to government in either geography or ethos, and usually both. Even the academics were more often noted for their bureaucratic status in some administrative hierarchy rather than for professional distinction as scholars or teachers. And as a group, the shared cachet and domestication of these other political appointees gave them ready, uncontested entry compared with the realtors, lawyers, and heiresses of retively vulgar pedigree. No one would ask about the deeper importance of such credentials fr the job at hand. Are the realities of runni-Yale or Princeton—the years spent placatia trustees and faculty, grubbing for money the corporate and legislative countinghouss -so much better preparation than negotiating land deals in Atlanta or campaign money-grubing in Cincinnati? Does climbing the ladd: of a listless union hierarchy, or presiding fl fifteen years with gentlemanly torpor and a dication over the U.S. Senate, naturally male for more gifted diplomats than owning a bus ness or raising thoroughbreds and peach tree Are ambassadors so much better schooled the monotonous ranks of the Ford Foundation than in the local law firm and savings-an loan? Among establishment institutions which prestige, self-esteem, and pensions have much to do with pretense and myth, son questions are best unanswered—and some ar bassadorial nepotism entirely proper.

Least of all did the Carter appointmen occasion serious discussion of diplomacy itse and the considerable demands on its practioners—subjects for which busy Congression committees and reporters, not to mention ne Presidents, never seem to have time. Studen



of the art from Machiavelli to Henry Kissiner have agreed that the ambassadorial job, roperly done, requires extraordinary breadth. he competent envoy begins with a detailed nowledge of the history, language, culture, nd policies of his hosts, not only to undertand and interpret them, but also to escape a langerous dependence on his own underlings or the home office. He should also be an avid, ritical observer with a sense of his own igforance, and a shrewd operator, with the intelectual courage, bureaucratic irreverence, and political independence to tell his government what it may not want to hear about the world. or about itself. Even skipping the more rigprous job description, it is clear that only handful of the Carter ambassadors could neet a genuine test of fitness. Intellectual disinction in the subjects of their mission, a lemonstrated talent for digging beneath the surface, most of all political and bureaucratic independence—singly the qualities are in scant supply, and almost nowhere in combination among the score of spoils men and their Establishment betters whom Jimmy Carter rewarded with political ambassadorships.

What seems more unsettling and even less recognized, however, is that records and qualifications are hardly more impressive amont the career officers the new President appointed in such apparently reassuring numbers.

Records of questionable judgment

TN THE DEPARTMENT'S Newsletter, as in any corporate magazine, the newly appointed career envoys hover-in standard promotion-photo pose-over the spare official biographies that list, without unseemly elaboration, the successive dates and titles of the bureaucratic ascent to ambassador. As with comparable rises to power at General Motors or Gulf or Yale, the announcement spares the public the in-house realities of how and why it happened, the connections between the bland faces and resumés and the flesh-and-blood world of policy. Some, of course, are competent and devoted civil servants, their careers untainted by dubious patronage or disastrous diplomacy. But too many of Carter's Foreign Service appointments have histories that should have given someone pause.

Throughout the ambassadorships of the new Administration are men recommended or raised to prominence by the intimate patronage of the figure whose foreign policy Jimmy Carter campaigned so vocally against: Henry Kissinger. Elliot Richardson and Gerard C. Smith, both early and close Kissinger

allies in the savage bureaucratic wars of the first Nixon Administration, are ambassadorsat-large, with Smith (also a onetime Rusk protégé) assigned to the ominous nuclear nonproliferation negotiations in Geneva. To Iran, Carter named William H. Sullivan, Kissinger's principal State Department aide, supporter and public apologist during the final bloody years of negotiation and terror bombing in Indochina, Lawrence Eagleburger, perhaps Kissinger's closest assistant over his eight years and an ardent Nixon and Ford supporter, sits in Belgrade. John Holdridge, for years Kissinger's chief aide for Asian affairs, is now Carter's envoy to Singapore. Arthur A. Hartman represents the new Administration in Paris; appointed an Assistant Secretary by Kissinger, he is thus an adherent of Nixon-Ford policies on Eurocommunism, including CIA interference in Italy and Portugal, Kissinger's major department aide and spokesman for African policy during the Angolan intervention, William E. Schaufele, Jr., was nominated by Carter to be Ambassador to Greece. One of Kissinger's most partisan advisers and Rusk's press secretary during all those years of official candor on the Vietnam war, Robert McCloskey, was rewarded as the envoy to the Netherlands and subsequently to Greece. Robert Anderson, Kissinger's own press spokesman and, like McCloskey, noted for his work in public information, is now our man in Morocco. With the exception perhaps of Richardson, who was the Republican lieutenant governor of Massachusetts before being appointed Nixon's Undersecretary of State, all of these men were relatively junior and minor bureaucrats who ascended well beyond the normal levitation for their devotion to the extraordinary methods and policies of the Kissinger era. "The most distinguished alumni of HKU," as one official put it.

But they are by no means the only new ambassadors with records of questionable judgment. The Carter career appointments go on to read like a veritable roll call from most of the major foreign policy debacles, notorious and obscure, over the past fifteen years. From the Dominican invasion of 1965 comes Ambassador W. Tapley Bennett, Jr., now envoy to NATO. William J. Jorden, Walt Rostow's aide for Vietnam, is Ambassador to Panama, Another key official on Vietnam, Robert H. Miller, who was one of Rusk's State Department desk officers, is in Malaysia, William G. Bowdler, the Administration's initial Ambassador to South Africa, was Rostow's aide for Latin America during major CIA interventions in Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, and elsewhere: Harry Shlauderman, deputy chief of the mission in

"...too many of Carter's Foreign Service appointments have histories that should have given someone pause."

Roger Morris
DIPLOMATIC
SPOILS

Chile during the Nixon subversion of the Allende regime, and later accused by some of dissimulation before Congressional committees, is in Peru. To Malta, Carter nominated Lowell Bruce Laingen, another erstwhile desk officer. Laingen was a principal voice in U.S. policy toward the Pakistani dictatorship in 1971, when the State Department ignored the murder of thousands and the exodus of 10 million in what later became Bangladesh. Two former African Bureau officials, David Newsom (who as Nixon's Assistant Secretary for Africa presided over much official U.S. indifference toward starvation in Biafra) and Herman J. Cohen (who as a desk officer with Newsom condoned silent support of a genocidal regime in Burundi) were named Carter's Ambassadors to the Philippines and Senegal, respectively. Newsom, who had been Kissinger's Ambassador to Indonesia, where he was a strong advocate of more aid for the Jakarta junta and less talk about human rights, practiced the same cliency in Manila. And this spring, having ascended to foreign service seniority on a trail of disastrous policies, Newsom was routinely appointed Undersecretary of State for Political Affairs, the third-ranking office in the department and the zenith of career officialdom.

The list might continue through other Kissinger protégés, other retainers to Rostow or Rusk, other desk officers discreetly husbanding disasters, other diplomats who have lied to, if not for, their country. In his first year in office, Jimmy Carter spent his ambassadorial appointments not only to pay off political friends or to enlist the usual quota of Establishment notables, but more largely to promote bureaucrats who participated in foreign policies that the Democratic Party—and most vocally Carter himself—found reprehensible in previous Administrations.

MBASSIES WERE dispatched in 1977 largely as they have been over the past thirty years-by one of Washington's most durable old-boy networks. The names of the ambassadorial chosen wind through a ritual maze of interoffice nominations and clearances among the State Department's regional bureaus, the office of the Deputy Undersecretary for Management, and the Director General of the Foreign Service. All are bastions of seniority in which surviving bureaucrats patronize and serve other bureaucrats who patronize and serve them-and quash those who don't. Like Britain's Indian Army (though with less éclat), the American diplomatic corps promotes not from the top-

and only inadvertently on merit-but rather from deep within, at the median of talent and power, where the seasoned civil servant had reached his level of incompetence and passes on the same privilege to others of compatible tastes. Our ambassadors thus have a way of emerging mostly from the patronage of stalled desk or personnel officers, of superannuated assistant secretaries, of "administrators" who long ago in their careers were deemed unable to handle the greater demands of political or economic reporting in the Foreign Service's intellectual caste system. This protocol is, incidentally, similar to that which guides the recruitment of new officers in the State Department. The Board of Examiners of the Foreign Service, the certifying body for fresh talent, tends to be a final sinecure for failed officers on their way to slightly premature though pension-prosperous retirement. For both the renewal of the corps and the selection of those who will hold its crowning offices, the American Foreign Service has for a long time relied on the judgment and favor of its career derelicts.

The system at least explains how bureaucrats manage to outlive their constitutionally elected or appointed leaders, with some understandable confusion about whose men they are. So having risen according to their ardor for the policies of the time, the Kissinger-bred bureaucrats were well placed for promotion to embassies.

No "advisory board" was thought necessary under Carter to varnish this process, which is only faintly understood outside the State Department, and never seriously questioned. Nominees who have not run afoul of the Foreign Service's cautious patronage are passed on-one choice per post-to the Secretary of State and the President, who may, at least theoretically, challenge the bureaucracy's consensus. But when the Secretary is himself a docile, dependent, organizational creature, when the President seems without stomach or insight to question his underlings on such procedures, when the White House staff is similarly inert or ignorant, the bureaucratic distillation is the de facto power of appointment. And so it has been in the Carter Administration.

The ostensible check on all this is the Senate confirmation process. Yet failing a major public storm over the appointment beforehand, Senatorial consent to ambassadorial nominations is a polite farce. The same anesthetic State Department biographies that accompany the recommended names to the White House also go to Capitol Hill, where a Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff with its

In share of co-option, seniority, and sloth sldom looks further. For example, it makes or speed and congeniality in the discharge of institutional duty that there has been a growing interchange of personnel between the combittee and the State Department.

Even should the staff acquire a sudden inusion of independence, however, there is alavs that final fail-safe of bureaucratic gov-:nment: the Congress itself. There are scores f untold Washington stories about the shockig carelessness of Senators questioning amassadorial nominees. The confirmation fraud now so much a part of the city's routine nat journalists rarely cover any but the three) four most prominent State Department earings each year, and the vast majority of onfirmations simply disappear into the unread, ften unpublished transcripts of the committee. For is there a second chance. Barring national candal-which is itself unlikely, in part beause of the weaknesses of Congressional overight and confirmation-envoys are almost ever called back before the committee to nswer basic questions of competence and perormance. For the beneficiaries of these pracices-the Ambassadors Extraordinary and 'lenipotentiaries-and for the younger officers ooking on, the lessons are plain. Conformity s well as judgment iron out the wrinkles in one's career, and the Foreign Service takes are of its own.

Comfort, boredom, and authority

OST OF THE ambassadorial realitythe limousine life, the office politics, the vacant self-importance-is today more than ever the stuff of a Durrell parody or even Terry Thomas in a slightly seedy linen suit. Yet the costs, like Richard Moose's joke, are not funny. If the majority of embassies represent only the usual malaise and lost opportunity, some ambassadors do affect policy. Theirs is the power in which caution, vagueness, and parochialism become strengths—not to make policy so much as to unmake it. Set against change or reform, allied with the normal sluggishness of unruly government, and playing on political neuroses at home, the ambassador may do what the conventions of his organization allow him to do best and most safely: to delay, to evade, to do nothing, to outlast-and to do it, like their Terry Thomas forerunners too long in the East, while mistaking the interests of their clients and their mission for the national interest. Thus the Carter arms-supply policy, a "reform" announced by the President with characteristic pretense and naiveté, has been promptly made a mockery by the importunings of embassies from Saudi Arabia to Chile. In the Philippines, Zaire, Nicaragua, Indonesia, and a half-dozen other countries, discreetly insubordinate ambassadors have maintained a public and secret flow of various forms of U.S. aid despite unrelieved human rights abuses.

But the system is never so purposeful or consistent as conspiracy-minded critics think. Ambassadors in their strength and weakness are random forces in the politics of foreign policy and in the genteel chaos of bureaucratic oligarchy; those with the most power to get the job for themselves or others are often the most powerless once they have it.

are random forces in the politics of politics of foreign policy and in the genteel chaos of bureaucratic oligarchy..."

"Ambassadors in

their strength

and weakness

NLIKE THE MILITARY, the diplomat is not the spoilt child of historians," wrote a retired ambassador, jaded at last in his memoirs. Yet the problem with American envoys is less bad history than merely no attention at all. No Senator or Congressman probes the shady cul-de-sac in which they are appointed and function. No editors and reporters find titillation in their banal though sometimes fateful politics. No Foreign Service insurgents testify against their colleagues, demanding the same professional scrutiny of "professionals" as of political hacks. No Benjamin Franklins or even Anatoly Dobrynins, men or women of authentic power at home and a knowledge of the game, rush to fill the embassies. The indifference is chronic. Congress has little taste for the political risks of genuine opposition to foreign policy, much less the arcane rites of bureaucracy. The press, as so often, does not understand-or does not want to understand-how it all works. And typically, the issues that agitate the diplomatic bureaucrats, as company people everywhere, are promotion, salaries, pensions, and the next

So the Carter diplomatic appointees are likely to serve out their three to four years in varying comfort, boredom, and authority. The occasional question (or colorful campaign rhetoric) directed to obese contributors will continue to obscure the far more serious issue of bureaucratic patronage and inbred incompetence. Presidents whose main talent is running for office will go on appointing envoys in ignorance or acceptance. Reflecting the scarce virtues and dull vices of organization America. Jimmy Carter's ambassadors unextraordinary may not represent to the world and ourselves the America we want to be. But their collective mediocrity is an emblem of the country we are.

HARPER'S NOVEMBER 1978

THE ECHO OF NARCISSUS

The Theban prophet George Gallup made many accurate electoral predictions. Among those who sought his advice was a beautiful nymph, the male to voung boy eager to leave his mark in politics. The nymph asked the oracle it her son, Narcissus, would become a great leader and be abered in history as a man of peace and wisdom. The prophet Gallup replied, after consulting some data collected in New Jersey: "Only if he never knows himself."

Untroubled by this cryptic augury.

Narcissus grew to be a mighty politician. He clasped hands at railroad stations, contributed to the Op-Ed page of the New York Times, and appeared on the cover of Time. One day, when Narcissus was standing on the Capitol steps-sleeves up and his jacket slung over his shoulder -a young nymph called Citizen saw the politician and instantly fell in love with him. She rushed to his side and, after shaking hands, urged that they find a clearing in the forest in which to

discuss the great issues of the day.

Narcissus fled, but Citizen followed undeterred. Whenever he spoke she applauded and praised him as a leader of men. At press conferences she asked him flattering questions about his days in the Peace Corps and distributed to reporters copies of his articles in Foreign Affairs.

Narcissus was a vain man. Spurning Citizen, he cultivated the affections of talk-show hosts and sycophants who promised him millions in natural-gas deals. The

THE POND REVISITED



President Johnson called this "the ugliest thing that I ever saw in my whole life, although he was not able to prevent its hanging in the Smithsonian Portrait Gallery.



Although this portrait of President Kennedy by Aaron Shikler hangs in the White House, some members of the family were disappointed that it did not show a young, enthusiastic leader.



The family of Robert Kennedy turned down this portrait of the late Attorney General because it made him appear relaxed, informal, and naive. It now hangs in the Smithsonian Portrait Gallery.

ung nymph despaired of her fate d wasted away, until all that was t was her voice, which Narcissus orded and played in the backnund whenever he spoke. She ted him now, and prayed: "May fall in love like this himself, d not gain the thing that he es." The goddess Nemesis filled her curse.

Prior to an election, Narcissus out on the campaign trail, rrounded by media advisers and litical consultants. One evening, entourage gathered in a hotel ite to watch the network news d determine whether Narcissus's ings in the polls were improving eary from hours of handshaking, treissus lay down before the tele-

vision and there chanced to see his reflection. Not recognizing himself on the screen, Narcissus fell deeply in love with the image: the face, he thought, of a truly great man.

No one could divert Narcissus from the television. Votaries were summoned from faraway places, advisers read him passages from his own press releases, and chambers of commerce invited him to countless parades, but Narcissus remained spellbound by the figure in the glass. He tried to embrace the image of what was simply a media event staged the day before. "Why," he asked mournfully, "does the face I love always elude me?"

Narcissus became languid and

weak. His aides feared for his place in history and devised schemes for his preservation. Libraries to house his official papers were constructed, and testimonial dinners were organized. Artists were commissioned to paint complimentary portraits, but Narcissus rejected them all, deeming them unworthy of the image before which he remained a slave. Once, during a commercial he cried to the disappearing face: "O do not leave me!" Although Citizen still hated the politician, she pitied the conceit that caused his destruction. When Narcissus spoke his last words, "Farewell, face that I have loved in vain," she commented softly: "I, too, have loved in vain." -Matthew Stevenson



Graham Sutherland's Sir Winston Churchill was described by the aging Prime Minister as "a remarkable example of modern art" and later was reported to have been destroyed when in the Churchills' possession.



The State Department refused to pay the artist Gardner Cox for his commissioned portrait of Henry Kissinger, because the painting lacked the necessary dynamism.

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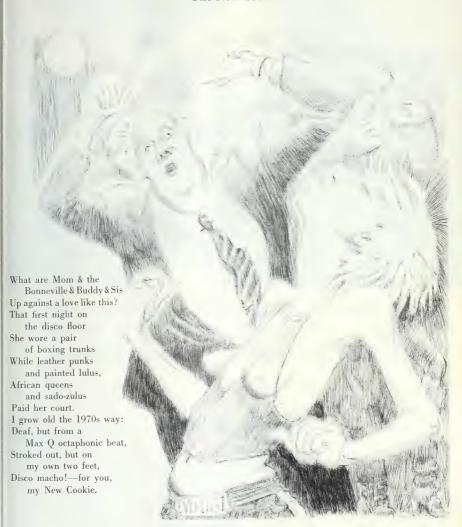
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IN OUR TIME



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EXCELLENCE IN POETRY

by Hayden Carruth

lected Poems, by Basil Bunting. pages. Oxford University Press,

e Dream of a Common Lange, by Adrienne Rich. 77 pages. ton. \$9.95.

:king the Leaves, by Donald Hall. pages. Harper & Row, \$8.95; paper,

e Twelve-spoked Wheel Flash, by Marge Piercy. 144 pages. All A. Knopf, \$7.95; paper, \$3.95.

F THE THREE-HUNDRED-ODD books that had accumulated for me when I began this review—an average number in ent years—a few, as usual, could be aside at once: the weak, ill-conved, the downright bad. But not so mass. Dutifully I slogged through bk after book of good poetry, intelent, concerned, well-written, poetry quate to experience and faithful aesthetic standards—and as excitas a dish of canned peas. Put it the summer heat (in which I have

been working), or jaded sensibility, or whatever you wish: one point nevertheless remains. Change in literary circumstance requires a change in critical response. For years, trying to be helpful, I have sought out and reviewed little-known poets and the publications of small presses, and have become somewhat known as a person who does this, with consequences not altogether expedient to myself. Sometimes, perhaps too often, I have been easy in my judgments. Now I am tougher.

Not many years ago we used to think that if, through our expanding cultural mechanisms, our subsidized publications, grants and fellowships, university writing programs, workshops, and so on, we could create a sufficiently big agglomeration of good poetry, then excellence would be bound to arise from it, like bubbles from sourdough. We should have known better. The good never goes beyond itself. It does not ferment; it stops short and conforms; it solidifies into a common style and attitude; it just sits

there. No, excellence comes not from the mass but from the fringe, or from somewhere else altogether—a place never heard of by 99 percent of the younger poets in the country, remembered, apparently, only by their elders.

Consequently I have chosen four books from the mass to write about, a radical reduction. Three seem to me genuinely excellent. The fourth misses by only a little, though that little is worth discussing.

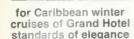
ASIL BUNTING, the Northumberland poet who began writing in the Twenties, has most of his life been hardly more than a somewhat charming, somewhat comical name. Years ago he was praised by Ezra Pound, and more recently has been admired and promoted by others, but not by many; at least not in America, though I think generally not in England either. He has been almost a cult figure. And I confess I am no better than the rest because until now I had read only one of his major poems, "Briggflats," and a few smaller ones in anthologies and magazines. I wonder how I was so obtuse. The poetry is marvelous. It should have sent me scurrying to find all his productions.

Now his Collected Poems has been brought out by Oxford University Press in both England and America, which I suppose is as strong a sign as we could expect that Bunting has "arrived." I imagine he is smiling, if wryly. He seems a gentle man in his poems, yet lively, too, and life-giving, very original, perceptive, learned, gen-Havden Carruth is poetry editor of Harper's.



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HOME ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER, Suite 3869 RATES & RESERVATIONS LINES New York, N.Y. 10040 Fit Offices in Principal Cities New York, N.Y. 10048 Phone (212) 432-1414 erous: I mean generous precisely in his attitudes toward reality, human or other. He knows things are not what they should be, and he stops short of forgiveness, as any intelligent man must: but he makes allowances, as any wise man will. His best-known poem is "Briggflats," named after the place where he lives, a longish, rambling, semiautobiographical poem in short-

line measure, full of imageries of moor-

land and ocean, croft and harbor, but

with excursions abroad, too, or back-

flexible, unrepetitive line to sing, not paint; sing, sing, laying the tune on the air ...

ward into history. He writes a

which is his own self-prescription. He "paints" too, of course-those imageries I spoke of-but the tune, the harmony of voices, is what stays as the words flow: cadences, syntax woven against the line, the modulations of sound, and above all the play of thought and feeling in their concrete embodiments:

> substance utters or time stills and restrains joins design and supple measure deftly as thought's intricate polyphonic score dovetails with the tread

keep in our consciousness.

sensuous things

Nothing

It's true. Read it three times, and say if it isn't. Poetry is "sensuous things" informed by "thought," i.e., moral concern, and when these elements are strong enough the poetry comes out singing, and that means loving. It is true, certainly, of Bunting's poetry, even when he is cross or bitter.

He has in his ear the precisely right combination of hearings: modern speech in all its many usages, his own antique Northumbrian dialect, the poetic language of the ages. The combining, which is his innate gift, is poetry of a high order indeed.

The Collected Poems is short, only 160 pages to convey fifty years' work. One feels that it has been as carefully pruned as the individual poems themselves. Tonally and thematically, it is a varied collection, yet utterly unified by the continuing presence through the years of the poet's own consciousness. Comparisons arise, of course, with Pound, Eliot, Zukofsky, David Jones, or others, but though they may be historically unavoidable they as otherwise invidious and should be nored. Basil Bunting is his own pour as strong and independent as any of to others, and his book is as nearly pofect as any book I have read in a lor. long time.

SAY THE SAME with equal fervor Adrienne Rich's book The Drea of a Common Language, thou it and Bunting's are as different two books of poetry could be. I ha known Rich's work for years, ha liked it immensely, have watched mature with a steady, personal direct edness that is rare. Consequently I a not surprised that her new book is h best. Beyond that, it is important, bo poetically and thematically, to our ge eral human evolution, especially b cause in the work itself these two ele ments, poetry and theme, cannot separated. Here is a new awarene totally assimilated to timeless aesthet procedures. This would be rare at ar time; now it is unique.

The new poems spring from the sam locus of thought and feeling that he generated Rich's recent polemical wri ing, particularly her book Of Woma Born, which has stimulated so muc discussion since it appeared a coup of years ago. But whereas I found i the polemic minor points of irration ality, even hysteria, that rather spoile the whole effect, the poems are firm assured, calm. They are reasonableto draw the distinction between retionality and reason that Camus mad years ago-and that is what counts i poetry. They are true to the poet vision. I don't know if Rich's radica feminist ideology contains mechanism that might be made to account for thi difference between her prose and poery, and in the present discussion don't care. What is important is the Rich is a poet, a genuine poet, and ha been all her life. Whatever the state of the world, she would be writing fin poems. If the actual state of the worl has driven her to devote part of he energy to polemic, she remains a poe primarily. And I do not imply by thi that the ideology is unimportant to the poetry. On the contrary, the ideol ogy is what has permitted her to com bine traditional poetic resources wit continual personal experiment, exactly the combination that has always pro aced the strongest literature.

The heart of the book is a sequence sonnetlike love poems-no, call em true sonnets. For if they do not mform to the prescribed rules, they rtainly come from the same lyrical inception that made the sonnet in the rst place, and it is long past time to berate the old term from its trameling codes of technique. Here is one om the sequence:

Every peak is a crater. This is the law of volcanoes,

making them eternally and visibly female.

No height without depth, without a burning core, though our straw soles shred on the

hardened lava. I want to travel with you to every

sacred mountain smoking within like the sibyl stooped

over her tripod, I want to reach for your hand as we scale the path,

to feel your arteries glowing in my

never failing to note the small, jewellike flower unfamiliar to us, nameless till we re-

name her. that clings to the slowly altering

that detail outside ourselves that

brings us to ourselves. was here before us, knew we would come, and sees beyond us.

t is an outstanding poem, but typical is well of Rich's way of writing: the zenuinely literate sentences woven ino genuinely poetic measures, cadences, and patterns of sound; the easy, pertectly assimilated classical allusion; the sense of immediate, unique experience; the details-here the female mountain and flower-turned into generalized insights of humane value. These are the resonances we find in all the poems. A mind is here, a loving mind, in and of this world, including all this world's cultural inheritance, yet still asserting, firmly and calmly, its own independence and newness.

At one point Rich writes:

There are words I cannot choose again: humanism androgyny . . .

meaning that in the present condition of society the poet finds herself so embattled that she can only fight back with equally militant means; that is, by adopting an anti-male, frankly sexist posture. She implies that this is the case

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with all women. But she also implies, I believe, that the hope has not been entirely lost of a time when these old words and the vision embodied in them, the "dream of a common language," may still come true, at least for significant numbers of people. I cannot think of any book more likely to help induce such a change than this one by Adrienne Rich.

HE POETRY OF Donald Hall is again a different case. His excellence is, aside from his native gift, his willingness to risk being merely good; at least that is one way of putting it. He writes poems that have already been written thousands and thousands of times. Like all risk-takers, he sometimes fails. In fact, his new book, Kicking the Leaves, which is very short, has the distinction of containing the worst poem I have read this year; I mean "O cheese," which however I read it, grimly, lightheartedly, sardonically, turns out a disaster. Well, so much the better; at least it is not good. And other poems in his book seem to me both excellent and deeply moving.

But how many nostalgic elegies have we read about changing times, loss of values, the ugliness of the present compared with the past? Thousands, literally. Such poetry is the cornerstone of the temple of goodness-and of our boredom. Hall dares to write it, to challenge our boredom, and he succeeds. His best poems, which are about the New England countryside, his childhood there, his ancestors, are rather long, making me reluctant to quote snippets, since they cannot do justice to his achievement. Nevertheless here are three lines from a poem about sheep:

I forked the brambly hay down to you in nineteen-fifty. I delved my hands deep in the winter grass of your hair.

Notice the simplicity, economy, balance; also the way various qualities are combined, the archaic ("delved"). the poetic ("winter grass"), and the modernistic literal ("in nineteen-fifty"). Then imagine this spread over four or five pages, gradually and quietly building in intensity. It is a question of really functional line-structure and perfectly controlled diction, shifts of rising

and falling accents. It may seem casual, and indeed that is what is intended, but it is as far from the modish flatness of the good poets as bronze is from plastic. Maybe bronzen is the word for Hall's best work, which has a deep luster and a slowly reverberating tone.

Hall lives on the farm in New Hampshire that has been in his family for something like 200 years. No doubt this accounts in part for the authenticity of his poems. The details are known, but to him, not to us. They come to us with perhaps an aura of familiarity, because the convention he has chosen is such a common one, but within the aura shines the unexpectedness of original light, the thing itself. We are nostalgic and melancholy from the first line, but that is mood, not motion. We are moved, as the poem progresses, by Hall's clear, authentic memories in his clear, authentic language. Convention is the starting place, in other words, not the ending, and that makes all the difference.

ARGE PIERCY'S BOOK The Twelve-spoked Wheel Flashing contains much wit, mortion, valuable thought and feeling, and it is well-written; yet it misses excellence, if by only a little. I open to a random page:

My grandmother used to drink tea holding a sugar cube



between her teeth: hot boiling strong black tea from a glass. A gleaming silver spoon stood up. Before we make a fire of our bodies I braid my black hair and I am Grandmother braiding her greystreaked chestnut hair rippling to her waist before she got into bed with me to sleep...

... and so on and so on. You see? The substance is there, but the poetry is the same lineless, tuneless, stressless stuff with the same expectable enjambments that thousands of others are writing The common American style, in other words. I cannot find Piercy in her book though I find abundant information about her. Is this what we want, this anonymity? I have heard people say that we live in an age of collectivism which can become only more and more collectivized, and that consequently art should speak in a collective voice. Well. this is just what we have. Myself, I rebel. I cannot imagine a real art that lacks the presence of an authentic, authorial person, which alone can combine and integrate the other components. The common American style is interesting, but it is not moving, and hence, to my mind at least, it is not real art.

There are lines in Adrienne Rich's book equal to anything Shakespeare ever wrote. This is not an extreme statement, nor is it an aesthetic judgment. At a certain point, works of art transcend aesthetic analysis and become authentic metaphysical objects, like natural things. We do not recognize the authenticity of natural things, a tree or a raccoon, simply because they are there, because they exist; existence is merely the undifferentiated and seething atomic mass. We recognize them because they are functionally complete. They transcend existence. So do certain man-made things, including works of art, and it happens more often than one might think. History is almost cluttered with them, though we would be unwilling to sacrifice any. These objects are equivalent. A tree is not "better" than a raccoon. A poem by Shakespeare is not "better" than one by Rich, assuming in each case poems that really are authentic. (Even Homer nodded.) Functional completeness, the combining imagination, the presence of original sensibility, and style as the emall those women who...

think child care is so rewarding that men should do it too

have discovered that the sexual revolution isn't a war

kind of <u>like</u> not being the youngest woman in the room

don't get their identities from lemon wax and panties-on-the-lamb-chops enjoy sports and politics more-now that women are in them ...or who would like to.

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bodiment of authenticity: these are the ideas to hang onto.

I cannot see why so many thousands of poets—and believe me, we have immense numbers at work in this country today—fail to grasp these ideas. Not all of them are young, but most are. The poets who are working authentically are nearly all older, of Rich's general

tion and mine. Moreover, most of them have been teachers at one time or another, and many have made their livings at it. Somehow this effort has failed. Students have not learned what poetry really is or how it comes to be. Maybe in practical classroom terms it is as simple as the relationship between poetry and language; you cannot make po-

etry out of language, but you can malanguage out of poetry. If the wo shops could once get that propositions straight, instead of backassward as thave it now, a mighty improver possibly could occur. But the teach has failed. Where? Why? How? anyone can tell me, I'd really like know.

THE WEIGHT OF LIGHT VERSE

by Francis J. Flaherty

The New Oxford Book of English Light Verse, chosen and edited by Kingsley Amis. 347 pages. Oxford University Press, \$13.95.

LIKE LIGHT VERSE. When I have an audience of two or more, I recite limericks during pauses in the conversation. I dabble in haiku, which are Japanese poems of exactly seventeen syllables. And when T. S. Eliot's agonizing over peaches and loss of hair offends my sense of proportion, I turn to such folk ballads as "The Night Before Larry Was Stretched" or "Frankie and Johnny." Those people had real problems.

Light verse has taxonomic pleasures. It appeals to the collector of strange verse forms. There are, among others, the bawdy limerick, the eloquent haiku, the schizophrenic crambo, the bibulous anacreontic, and the rare triolet.

Light verse is a fine outlet for anger. If, like me, you hate Matthew Arnold, you can cackle over Anthony Hecht's "Dover Bitch," a wonderful parody of Arnold's "Dover Beach." If you are

down on males or females, capitalists or Communists, clergymen or kings, light verse can give you a satisfying sense of vicarious homicide. If you hate the whole human race, see the verses of Jonathan Swift.

Of course, there are more innocent pleasures to the genre. "Jabberwocky," for example, may well be the best sounding poem in the language. There is also the joy of clever wordplay. Victor Gray, who is still alive, God bless him, wrote:

Charlotte Bront& said, "Wow, sister! What a man! He laid me face down on the ottoman:
Now don't you and Emily—
But he smacked me upon my bare

bottom, Anne!"

Light verse is subversive and rude and scatological; it bestows all the satisfaction of a Bronx cheer in the middle of a snooty cocktail party. Light verse mocks pretension and restores proportion. It can even be gentle and profound, although it is best to ignore those things as much as one can.

Leave it to two poets with airs to ruin a good thing.

In the summer of 1937, W. H. Auden, not yet a household name, collared an official of the Oxford University Press and suggested the press permit him to assemble an anthology of light verse. "Books of light verse are always very depressing when they are before one." countered the official, but

Francis J. Flaherty is a freelance writer who has contributed to several national magazines. He is currently attending Harvard Law School. Auden persisted and Oxford publish his anthology in the autumn of 19.

The book was a peculiar medl-Auden, mesmerized by the Span civil war and eager for a world egalitarian societies, defined light ve as the thoughts and concerns of t common people expressed in comm language. Drawing heavily on Briti and American folk songs and folk po ry. Auden filled his anthology w proletarian themes. Sailors and ra road men, wenches and costermo gers, soldiers and thieves and ratcate ers tell their tales of betraval and mi der and poverty and imprisonment a unrequited love. Auden was so trail fixed by his dream of The Peor Triumphant that he explained the po ularity of the poems of Lewis Carre and Edward Lear in this fashion:

The writing of nonsense poetry which appeals to the Unconscious, and of poetry for children who live in a world before self-consciousness, was an attempt to find a world where the divisions of class, sex, occupation did not operate....

Enter, fifty years later, Kingsl Amis. Amis was fourteen at the sta of the Spanish civil war, but even if I had been of age I don't think we wou have found him doing homage in Cat lonia. He is something of an elitist. Auden's successor at the Oxford Ur versity Press, Amis has excised fro the new anthology of light verse at the heroic folk poems Auden loved. I has replaced them with learned par dies of Gerard Manley Hopkins at Charles Algernon Swinburne. Aude had filled his anthology with the poem

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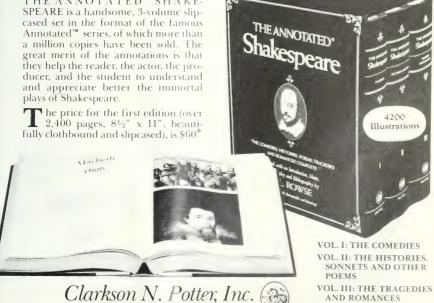
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of Anonymous; "Anonymous is not my favorite poet," Amis pronounces in his introduction; "If he were good or very good, I feel he would have a full name and a pair of dates."

Auden and Amis are certainly skew in their tastes. Of the 200 poets included in the books, only twenty-four are common to both. Amis's "new"

OCCASIONAL POEM

When Adam day by day
Woke up in Paradise,
He always used to say
'Oh, this is very nice.'

But Eve from scenes of bliss
Transported him for life.
The more I think of this
The more I beat my wife.

-A. E. Housman

book of English light verse is not new; it's completely different. It is light verse, but it is also an intentional swipe from the Right. Noting that Auden's book was hailed as a "revolutionary" work that changed "the sensibility of a generation," Amis says pointedly, "The principle of checks and balances, and I, will be satisfied if another generation altogether sees in mine a reactionary anthology."

HIS IS THE KIND of bombast I pick up books of light verse to avoid. I can understand a graduate student in desperate search for a thesis topic spinning theories about the relationship of social structure to light poetry. But neither Auden nor Amis has the right to obtrude his half-baked political notions on readers eager for verbal pyrotechnics and pleasant diversion.

Fortunately, neither Auden nor Amis succeeded in eliminating the fun from their anthologies. If you are in a Woody Guthrie mood, pick up the Auden version and read the salt-of-theearth poetry he's assembled. If you awake one morning with an intense hatred for New Zealand, pick up the Amis edition and read the poems of Wynford Vaughan-Thomas. If you feel bawdy, Auden offers coy maids and earnest swains, and Amis offers some very blue limericks. If the commercialization of modern society nettles you, read the poems of D. J. Enright and Anthony Brode in the Amis collection. If you're giving up the weed, Charles Lamb's "A Farewell to Tobacco" in the Auden edition will help ease the pain.

Whatever you do, don't think about politics. Much to my chagrin, there may yery well be a connection between light verse and social structure. But I preto think, particularly when I read liverse I prefer to think, that light veis as far removed from politics as RMcKuen is from literature. One this certain: in a planned, egalitarsociety, the Commissar of Poetry wonever have allowed Auden and Amissquander their time on an argument
so little socially redeeming value.

For the lazy taxonomists among yo let me supply one definition of strange verse form. A clerihew is short poem that contains in its first li the name of the person to be insult in the fourth. Eric Clerihew Bentle God bless him too, invented the for set forth in such gems as

What I like about Clive Is that he is no longer alive. There is a great deal to be said For being dead.

and

George the Third
Ought never to have occurred.
One can only wonder
At so grotesque a blunder.

You must admit that "Wystan Hug Auden" and "Kingsley Amis" a names that adapt themselves wonde fully to the clerihew. A little literal debasement is just the thing, I thin to teach poets not to play politics.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Congo Diary and Other Uncollected Pieces, by Joseph Conrad, edited by Zdzisław Najder. 168 pages. Doubleday, \$7.95.

This is a collection of odds and ends written by Conrad on various occasions and with various purposes. The Congo diary that gives its name to the volume, and the "Up-river Book" of navigation that accompanies it, date from 1890, when Conrad served as an officer on river steamboats of the Société Anonyme pour le Commerce du Haut-Congo. The very name of the company sends literary chills down the spine. They are unwarranted by this slight document, whose entries tend

to such notations as this: "Left Manyanga at 2½ p.m. with plenty of hammock carriers. H. lame and not in very good form. Myself ditto but not lame. Walked as far as Mafiela and camped —2h." For the general reader, these Congo notes will shed no light on Heart of Darkness.

The rest of the volume gathers together letters to the editor, forewords and prefaces, speeches, a cablegram to Washington, D.C., to the Committee for the Polish Government Loan, and other scraps. There are two literary works: one, a fragment called *The Sis*ters, of which the editor cheerfully notes that "English and American critics have been impressively unanimous in their low estimation." The othe a story called "The Nature of the Crime," was one of Conrad's collad orations with Ford Madox Ford. Corrad composed perhaps one short passage. Ford called the story "awful pit fle." He was right.

This book merits no notice exceptor the gloomy fact that it was put lished at all. The Congo diary itselmay satisfy some documentary curiosity, but it is hard to believe that there is general value in printing two versions of a speech Conrad made at the ninety-ninth meeting of the Life boat Institution in 1923. General readers are adjured to read this book only if they are besotted by Conrad. —F.T.

a Stranger, by John Winthrop t. 219 pages. Houghton Mifflin,

ral Sir John Hackett was the f gentleman warrior who, while for his chance to escape from German lines, would pause to re the tea that the Dutch Resisould offer him with the teas of and China. He spent his months ing and convalescence-he had ounded so badly in a disastrous offensive that he was left behen the British retreated-highlly studying a book called One and and One Gems of English . Fortunately for him, the Dutch that harbored him during this was a model of bourgeois refine-Evenings after curfew were coned to chess and readings from the Life under the Nazi Occupation to be grim, of course; but Mr. tt endured it with this family as usly and civilly as could be man-The same can be said of how he ritten his memoir of this event. ory of recuperation and escape matic and suspenseful and replenty of pain, but its most strikature is an unwavering, almost t civility and politeness. To him, nole of the Allied side seems to t of people who are described as brave and brilliant airman," "that

s Taliaferro teaches English at the y School in New York City. Paul Berntributes to a number of magazines. Farwell has written five books of hisd biography. Ralph Tyler is articles j Bookviews. William Harrison's most novel is Africana.



kindest of doctors," "that stouthearted officer," "that brave and compassionate woman." Even the reckless crazies among the Resistance get the honor of Mr. Hackett's courtesy: the closest he will come to calling someone a fool and an idiot is to say that he had "a high regard for panache."

When Mr. Hackett finally succeeded in stealing back to Monty's headquarters, his military eye noted at once that the Allies would triumph because they were better provisioned than the Germans. I can't help thinking that among those better provisions were some that were intangible, the thousand and one gems, for instance. There was a general sense in 1945, the year of these events, that civilization hung in the balance; and in this context it is understandable how, in a pinch, Milton, Shakespeare, St. Matthew, and polite forms of address might all fit into the war effort.

--P.B.

The Peace Ship: Henry Ford's Pacifist Adventure in the First World War, by Barbara S. Craft. 367 pages, illustrated. Macmillan, \$14.95.

Once, long ago—in 1915, for example—entrepreneurs were as respected as are high-level political appointees and bureaucrats today. And they possessed similar egos. So it was, then, that Henry Ford, a naive but hugely successful mechanic turned entrepreneur, believed that he could hastily assemble a group of important people, put them on a ship bound for Europe, and expect them in a few weeks to stop the Great War, to "get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas."

From the beginning, the ill-conceived venture was ridiculed in the press. "A ship of fools," it was called, and indeed such seems to have been the case. Not a single prominent man of business, science, education, or national government accepted Ford's invitation to board the Oscar II, the ship on which he had reserved large blocks of cabins in first and second class. Even Ford's best friends found excuses and declined.

The idea for the peace ship originated not with Ford but with an unsavory Hungarian feminist named Rosika Schimmer, whose "compassion for herself was boundless." She took over the project as soon as Ford deserted it—a few days after he landed in Oslo—and ruled over it with a whim of iron.

Only the first half of the book deals with the peace ship, and this is the most interesting; the last half, which details the formation of the Neutral Conference for Continuous Mediation as well as the bickering, the arguments over trivia, the jealousies and emotional cries of mismanagement, is far less entertaining. Ford continued to pay the bills, spending more than half-a-million dollars, but eventually he tired of it all, stopped the flow of dollars, and began to make munitions. The attempt to provide an unwanted focal point for mediation by the belligerents collapsed.

Barbara Craft has done a thorough job of recording this historical sideshow, but in spite of the evidence she herself here presents, she refuses to concede that it was foolhardy. The "nobility of their purpose" and the "virtue and validity of their actions" cause her to forgive the errors, ineptitude, and frailties of the participants. Only the most rabid of pacifists would agree, for the entire scheme was quixotic from beginning to end. —B.F.

Facts of Life, by Maureen Howard. 182 pages. Little, Brown, \$8.95.

Bridgeport, Connecticut, the early 1940s: the morning of Maureen Howard's First Communion. "The scene ... in our kitchen is full of clues, and like the famous marriage contract of Van Eyck, can be taken as a portrait of our particular bourgeois style. White napkins, polished silver, a florist's box, a glass of pulpy fresh orange juice all denoting an event." The orange juice is the emblem of Maureen's spiritual



disgrace: by drinking it, she breaks her fast and cannot take communion. This anarchist goes on to become Mrs. Holton's best elocution student, the winner of the poetry prize at Smith College, lead in the sophomore play, temporary New York career girl, and docile newlywed faculty wife: "the Mme. de Sévigné of Central Ohio." In short, Super-Lady.

Mrs. liolion's elocution lessons included the appropriate dramatic attitudes to accompany any recitation: gestures of life boiled down, jelled to a routine and practised first to the right side of Mrs. Holton's living room, then to the left." Just so, Maureen's response to life was prescribed: by family expectations, by nuns and movie plots and McCall's magazine. In those dread days, we all aimed to please; we were all supposed to be Super-Lady. How glorious, then, Maureen's adult revulsion from perfect matronhood: "Who the hell do I think I am-buying scallops, veal, artichokes, aerating my béarnaise and gazpacho, mincing and dicing beyond my strength." Non serviam.

Maureen Howard's "autobiography" is the work of a fine novelist. (Readers unfamiliar with her should dash to get Before My Time.) She disclaims the title "memoir," and certainly this book has nothing in common with those memoirs that are part name-dropping and part narcissism. Facts of Life is a writer's notebook, a rich source of portraits any one of which might turn into a novel. Maureen Howard observes that "hindsight is common and bland as boiled potatoes,"

The state of the s

and perhaps it is only the true novelists who can cut through the barrier of "memoir" as she does. Facts of Life makes an interesting and worthy companion to Máry McCarthy's Memories of a Catholic Girlhood. —F. T.

The Starship and the Canoe, by Kenneth Brower. 256 pages. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$8.95.

Freeman Dyson is one of America's foremost theoretical physicists. For a number of years he and forty of his scientific colleagues have been designing a deep-space craft powered by a series of nuclear explosions. Their spaceship project, Orion, has enjoyed the support of Nobel laureates and NASA, and its design and destination have been largely Dyson's preoccupations. The survival of the human race, Dyson believes, depends upon colonization in space.

George Dyson, Freeman's only son, lives ninety-five feet above the ground in a Douglas fir in British Columbia. His preoccupation is a giant, oceangoing kayak similar to those used by natives of the Northwest back to prehistoric times.

Kenneth Brower's provocative fatherand-son study is rich in parallels and paradoxes. George fled his father's house at age sixteen, traveling west, leaving his father's academic establishment and rational middle-class values. He bummed, smoked pot, attended college only briefly, and drifted. Perhaps, in part, because of the hysterical moods of the Sixties, his alienation with his father seemed deep. In time, though, similarities emerged. Both men were eventually obsessed by water. The elder Dyson grades planets and asteroids in terms of whether or not they have enough water to sustain life; young George makes his home in the intricate waterways of British Columbia and southern Alaska. Both, too, seek freedom of thought. And both seek their own isolation, one in the void of space and the other in a corner of the earth.

Brower chronicles the two lives in a solid enough prose, and the book is cleverly constructed in short chapters that sharpen each parallel and contrast. In the end, the elder Dyson visits his son and there is a quietly dramatic, although not surprising conclusion in which they appreciate each other anew. Along the way, we are provok think about genius, the genera and men's dreams of how to live

Eye of the Needle, by Ken F. 313 pages. Arbor House, \$8.95.

Unencumbered with the psych ical and moral probings that co cate spy thrillers of the John Le school, Eye of the Needle moves and doesn't let up, "The Needle" handy with a stiletto) is the sobi of a German spy at loose in World II England who gets wise to a display of tanks, planes, and bar in East Anglia, intended to trick Germans into thinking the inv forces will head for Calais rather Normandy. Information of this in tance he must deliver personall Berlin, and so the chase is on a attempts to get out of the country British Intelligence-in the all familiar guise of a pipe-smoking academic and his Cockney assista at his heels.

Everyone is in danger: the specific caught; innocent bystander getting in his way; and British I ligence, of failing to nab him befor alerts the Germans to set up a welling party on the Normandy bear Most in danger of all, as the saces to a climax, is an unloved who seeks solace in the Needle's a A newspaper reporter before he sed writing novels, Follett plays stock figures across his chessbwith consummate skill.

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER



MARKET DEMOCRACY

e world according to Gallup

by Earl Shorris

CCORDING TO REPORTS in the press, the rough, ill-fit mosaic of American political opinion has smoothed and flowed into ir distinctions, so that the most ca-I observer can now know the will the people at any time on any subt. We need no longer wait for elecas nor endure the irritating slowness political debate: the public-opinion Is daily announce the general will. litical romanticism has arrived in

The disputatious, disagreeable nae of Americans has not changed; Madisonian view of democratic govment as the balancing machine of a ge and diverse nation remains the pular ideal; yet the slow-moving d reasoning democracy of the Contution has in fact become as quick d passionate as the market for cheap isic or bathroom tissue. Market deocracy, initiated by public-opinion Ils, embraced by political manipulas, and used to its own advantage by press, has replaced the deliberative achine of American government. Poical thought has been reduced to the nplicity of the market, the diversity voices that enabled the constitutional mocracy to function for two huned years has been simplified to the ea" and "nay" that can be underood by the electrical binary mind of e pollster.

Romanticism, born of the view of an as the market, predicated on the 1y/no-buy decision, as fierce as holy ar, has eliminated the sound of the dividual voice. The interests of the or, of those who do not conform, of

arl Shorris is a contributing editor of arper's.

the ethnic and racial minorities, the religious objectors, the tiny redoubts of conscience have been disenfranchised. No one counts, only everyone counts.

Public-opinion polls of themselves could not have worked such a change in American politics. When opinion polls were introduced into politics, Churchill scoffed at them. Harry Truman simply overcame them. For publicopinion polls to pervert the Constitution required the complicity of the press, that institution which even the aristocratic Tocqueville thought able to restrain the tyranny of the majority in America. The press saw two advantages in the polls: news could be manufactured on demand, either for the expense of a few thousand dollars or for the publicity given to the pollster; but more seductively, the polls gave the press something it had long coveted. the power of the source. With the public-opinion poll as a tool, the press could not only manufacture news on demand, it could control the content of the news by choosing the subject of the poll. If one considers a public-opinion poll a



simulacrum of an election, control of the polls seems to give the press control of the process of democracy. For the sake of the illusion of power the press has inflated the importance of the polls to such degree that the political nature of the nation may be permanently changed and the ability of government to exercise its constitutional function permanently damaged.

The validity of public-opinion polls, that is, their relation to reality, has little relation to their effect on government. We are told the numbers of those polled and the margin of error. Walter Cronkite reports the results through his most solemn phlegm, the New York Times draws pie charts to enhance our perception. We are convinced. Harris and Gallup are part of the American vocabulary.

HAT PUBLIC-OPINION POLLING runs counter to the Madisonian notion of diversity, which is at the core of the American machine of government, can be seen in the genesis and the nature of the polls. The Gallup Poll of Princeton, New Jersey, originated not in the shadow of the Institute for Advanced Study. where Einstein spent his last years, but in a New York advertising agency, where it was used for marketing studies. And while marketing and American government are both democratic processes, they are entirely different forms of democracy. Marketing lacks the complexity and the subtlety of politics: buyers of washday detergents are not differentiated by their views on foreign policy, abortion, transfer payments, et cetera, and Duz really

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didn't do everything; it did not, for example, govern a nation of 200 million people.

The single-mindedness of marketing fits perfectly with the capabilities of public-opinion polling, which perforce divides the nation into clear factions: those who will and those who won't buy the product. The marketer wishes only for the largest possible number of buyers, and he cares not a damn for the lot of the nonbuyers. His work is analogous to that kind of raw democracy Aristotle called mob rule; and his primary tool, the marketing survey or public-opinion poll, delivers exactly what is needed for the accomplishment of his work.

The inductive method used in public-opinion polling poses no problem for the marketer. He wishes to simplify the market, to divine from the small sample something akin to a general will about his product. Since he has no use for diversity, the tools for discerning it have not been included in his information-gathering system. Practicality drives him, his technique is utterly utilitarian; a method that produced more information than he needed would be wasteful.

Change concerns the marketer more than any other factor. He constantly adjusts his strategies and his products to meet the demands of the public. He sees the market as dynamic: population increases, income increases, styles change, products become outmoded. new products replace them. In the eves of the marketer, stability means a shrinking share, failure, the eventual destruction of his business. His survey methods are therefore quick and inexpensive. He does not risk leadership; he responds, he panders to whatever his polls tell him is the general will about his product, and the faster he can respond the more successful a mass marketer he will be.

Yet another and perhaps more decisive link exists between marketing and many public-opinion polls. Marketing studies often serve as hosts for public-opinion polls. Questions about public issues are added on at the beginning or the end of a market survey paid for by one of the pollster's business clients. The same methods of sampling, questioning, and tabulating are used for both surveys. Single-mindedness, haste, the creation of factions, the broad, seemingly passionate shifts of feeling

Time distinguishes between pass and reason. The marketer hurries survey, because he cares about passi impulse. Shoppers, unless they mad, do not spend time in contemp tion of the relative merits of par towels and dishcloths. The market does not wish to know the responses lunatics, he cares about normal peop so his surveys are designed to measu normal, impulsive responses. On t other hand, one must be either imp sioned or mad to decide in a matter moments, without prior notice, to a swer by telephone to the most serio political questions of the time.

evitable.

In elections, the candidates debathe issues, they publish campaign lite ature, platforms, policies, people speto each other in debate over whom the prefer to elect. Reason and justice hatheir chance. The immediate respons of aggression, self-defense, selfishner and greed may be mitigated by argument and contemplation.

Opinion polls demean the people I misrepresenting their capacity f goodness and then telling them in tl press that their selfishness is the voiof the majority. Instinctual behavibecomes normative. The voices of c versity are conflated, made into va factions, and cast with daily regulari at the machine of government. The mob, mute but for the violence of "vea" or "nay," speaks directly to the Executive, to the Constitution itsel eliminating the tempering qualities time and representative governmen Passions rule, the quadrennial rhythi of government becomes diurnal.

Through a process of self-aggran dizement, engineered with the compliity of the press and abetted by the timidity of the elected members of th government, the polls have arrogate to themselves the power of plebiscite or referenda. Not only do they de: daily with questions of economic po icy, foreign relations, and other activ ties generally reserved for the Execu tive branch, they deal with such cor stitutional questions as equal right freedom of expression, capital punish ment, and due process. To Madison th work of the pollsters would hav seemed anarchic: "As every appeal t the people would carry an implicatio of some defect in the government, fre quent appeals would, in great measure

ve the government of that venerawhich time bestows on everything, vithout which perhaps the wisest reest governments would not poshe requisite stability. The danger turbing the public tranquility by sting too strongly the public pasis a . . . serious objection against ment reference of constitutional ions to the decision of the whole y." And it should be noted that son was not concerned here only "altering" the Constitution; he I frequent appeals to the society whole as a means of "enforcing" onstitution.

derlying the machinery of govent codified in the Constitution is esire to permit rationality rather romanticism to rule. For all the sion over federalism, duration of and so on, not a man at the Conional Convention would have disd with Madison's belief that "the n, alone, of the public ... ought ontrol and regulate the governthe passions ought to be cond and regulated by the governthe control and regulate

Madison the first danger of the ation of diversity into passionate ons was that a government of freewould pass over into tyranny. He no more taste for raw democracy did Plato or Aristotle; the name ousseau and the romantic notion vernment would always be anathto him. But the less dramatic reof a nation without diversity and lity, those vital parts of the maof reasonable government, would in the meekness of government, hat Hamilton called "an unqualicomplaisance to every sudden ze of passion." Those symptoms lready manifest in American govent: Nixon could not sustain his control programs, Ford was alcompletely paralyzed during his term, and Carter, the first Prest to awaken every morning of his to "the prospect of annihilation," ot govern at all.

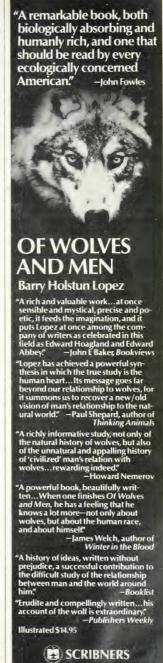
HE COMFORTS OF TIME in the Presidency have been eradicated by public-opinion polls, which begin to rate the Exece's performance within a few the after his inauguration. It is too now to contemplate Jimmy Carter's

virtues. His programs were damned in their first flowering, his strength was sapped, there was no time for fruition. We read now of the one-term Presidency or of what might have been. At the moment of his losing the support of some of the people he was placed on the now inexorable course of losing all of the people. A Presidency is all but certainly failed, ruined by conflations, amplifications, the terrible oversimplifying and demeaning of the people rushed into a general will.

The President, as always, becomes an object of jealousy on the day of his election, but now he lives with what Alexander Hamilton called "the prospect of annihilation" during his entire term of office. In the past he responded to the pressures of various interests, which spoke to him through the press, personal contacts, letters, and as they were represented in the Congress. His own perceptions were of some value; he might consider information gathered for him by his staff or laid at his feet by wise men traveled from the Eastern realms of Harvard, Yale, and MIT. Now the President faces the opinion polls, which have come to carry the force of impassioned truth, giving them the power of annihilation. If the President chooses to lead, he must revert to demagoguery to manipulate the polls, and if he chooses merely to survive, he must pander to "every sudden breeze of passion." All the strengths and possibilities for leadership given to the Executive by the four-year term have been eliminated by the public-opinion polls.

Perhaps a better or less deserving example than Jimmy Carter might be chosen. A man who goes to campaign among the tobacco growers of North Carolina and finds out after his day of mollifying words that definitive proof of the dangers of cigarette-smoking was announced even as he stood smiling among the bundles of tobacco leaves may be presumed to have run out of luck. But a man who dresses his Administration in fools and amateurs may be making his own luck; we are all privileged to choose our friends, bankers, and physicians.

Yet no President ever marketed himself to the electorate more precisely than Mr. Carter. With Mr. Rafshoon and Mr. Caddell in charge of his head and heart, he campaigned among the demographically distinct passions of the public, pinpointing his promises.







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Stuart Frederick Publications, Dept. HA. Box 380, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201 The public-opinion polls gave birth to him, and he thought they made him President: he did not then know it was Richard Nixon who provided the people with a passion for innocence in the White House.

Having misread the meaning of the polls, he came to office thinking he was the point at which the various interests of the public rested in perfect balance, and not merely the byproduct of the passion of a betrayed people. Then quite suddenly, with that passion exhausted in his election, his popularity in the polls began to decline.

Sixteen months after the Carter inauguration, Hamilton Jordan announced that the President, in response to public-opinion polls, was going to change his personality. How shall we understand the proclamation of dissembling? As schizophrenia? Mere deception? Or the desperation of a man who thought himself the object of public passion and, having fallen from its grace, cannot yet understand that the only object of the public's passion is the public itself? One is tempted to cruelty by such idiocy on the part of a President, to wondering whether Mr. Carter simply wishes to be born again -again.

Blessed with a loutish brother, a fanatical sister, a slightly wacky mother, a financial adviser who has cost him nearly a million dollars since taking over his holdings in blind trust, and a staff that cannot understand the timing of legislative compromise, the President seeks the return of his powers through the old magic of marketing, and recalls Gerald Rafshoon to the White House. Rafshoon orders several teeth removed from the official smile: Machiavelli has advised the Prince.

Mr. Carter has begun to fathom the workings of his office: he knows now that in dealing with the legislature his popularity with the people is his only coin. Either a President leads the people or the office is vacant; the constitutional force of the office becomes great only in time of war (Mr. Carter has tried "the moral equivalent of war" and found it wanting). But the concept of leadership he retains grows out of his campaign and the misinterpretation of his victory; it belongs to history, to the time before public-opinion polling brought to reality the anti-Federalist notion of the short-term Presidency.

Few American Presidents have been

leaders of the people, for the tall quired a man who could be a r tion in reason of the diverse into of a large nation. Such a man l transcend the selfish desires of t terests that elected and opposed without transgressing the righ others. He could not be the ma one, for that would have destroye republican character of the go ment; he had to be the many-in and as such he could not but repa the best in the people, because interest feared injustice equally manticism was barred from the so and from the Presidency; the all tive to leadership was passivity alternative to representing the be the people was to leave office soc Presidents Johnson, Nixon, an many others before them found o

HE CONGRESS has no more titude in the face of man tured passions: Kempdoes not elicit the lau of derision, Humphrey-Hawkins into a formality; the energy bill guishes. Nothing can maintain its fall programs become protean, resive. A government without dire panders to the whim of passion vouring tax revenues and choking nation with bureaucratic waste, we the public-opinion polls howl.

Speaking has lost its political m ing, the grunts of assent or dissent istered by the polls drown out all the most strident sounds. The i course of political argument rots in real time occupied by persuasion contemplation, the polls operate computer speed, leaving thought in week before. The thirty-second d tion of a political commercial is ficient for the polled audience, pas feeds on passion, reason has no p ical significance, for the constituti deflators of passion have been disr tled. Instead of justice, immediate s ification of the desires of the ho geneous mob becomes the aim of ernment. The fearless faction be to rule.

For those who are pleased to the disputations slowness of republic democracy for the quickness and only of market democracy, the histor political romanticism offers an untakable warning.

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER

tinued from page 43) ern students I imagine that Ho Chi Minh was ro, even a saint, when he was a less man with an almost total disrd for individual human lives, e in the West we could find no to represent and embody our own es in the face of him. Yet there a man in America whom it came to making a hero, Martin Luther . Jr., and he was a man of peace, h should tell us something encourg about the West, at whose cause low just shrug. But here again even thas not really survived as a hero vears after his death.

illiam James expected societies were not stagnant to change sigantly, and without the intervention reat men and our readiness for they would not change. It is prey the need to change, and the need heroes to make us change, that our eties today try to escape. With the drawal of the West from its onceident civilizing mission in the ld: with the nuclear stalemate been the two superpowers; with the attlement of the West therefore in what now seem to be its forcompleted boundaries; with an afnce within those boundaries that es it seem that life for the rich te nations is well enough and should let alone: with all this, why move ch, change, or grow? "The commustagnates without the impulse of individual," said James, "The imse dies away without the sympathy the community." It is this interacbetween the man of heroic qual-3 and the society that is ready to e him as a model in its own heroic erprises that is lacking today in the st. We are at a full stop. We think have arrived.

HE ONLY POSSESSION of the poor," said the French socialist Jean Jaurès, "is their country." The more one ponders remark, the deeper it seems to go. at else do they have that they can is theirs as much as anyone else's? e institutions of the country are in control of others. All that they we to say is their own and through ich to act is this notion of their untry. If poor people tend to be more triotic than others, as they do, it is cause without their country they are

fatherless. To take away their heroes from them—and they are hero-worshippers more than others are—not to help them to find any heroes: this leaves them with very little hope of changing their lot—no ultimate community in which they are equal members—and very little hope of breaking through to a definition of yet another "new man."

Babe Ruth and Joe Louis were heroes in a way that makes Joe Namath or Muhammad Ali seem to be only celebrities. They represented three causes that were not unconnected. First, sports were then vivid, and not merely one of many, ways out of the ghettos and immigrant slums; second, sports embodied the belief that individual skill and effort were the best, if not the only, ways of improving one's lot against all the odds; third, the crowd at a sports event was then not merely spectators but participators, and they were not least participators in the crowd itself. which was the embodiment of a community life that called forth fierce allegiances. Here was the hero's role as we have defined it: a society of common values and purposes, these idealized in a chosen hero, the hero then playing the role of a model.

Joe Namath and Muhammad Ali have had no such environment, and have therefore been only celebrities to a number of individual and separated spectators. The phrase "spectator sports" became necessary only when the crowd had indeed been broken down into units of spectators, no longer participators even in the crowd of which they were supposed to be members. When we try to define the celebrity, we should perhaps begin with this. He is the substitute for the individual, isolated from his neighbors, for what the hero was to the community, which was compact with neighbors. The "lonely crowd" of David Riesman is today to be dramatically found in the bleachers. These are people who believe that to some extent they have made it, and that they no longer need community with others represented and idealized in a common hero.

But the sense of community in the past extended beyond any class. Again until the second world war, the professions were not so much better paid, and did not have such easier access to credit, that they felt detached from other workers. (The last time the two seemed to be joined was in the early days of the Americans for Democratic Action.) But today the relationship of the professions to other workers is like that of citizens to helots. This has been a calamity, one which is not often brought to our attention because the professions like to ignore it. The professions used not only to be makers of heroes but to be important heroes themselves, leaders of communities that included others besides like-minded members of their own class. But what is important in our context is that one cannot expect the country to find heroes, shared by all, if the most creative class is huddled away in enclaves of privilege. Until the second world war the professions also could say that their only possession was their country, and that gave birth to the superb national spirit that carried America through the 1930s and 1940s. To put it another way, it was the last time that the American intellectuals seemed to belong to their country, that they came back home. They were brought back by, and themselves helped to stimulate, a combined democratic and national spirit, for which, of course, there was then the hero, in Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Since then they have found no heroes in politics.

UT THEN THEY HAVE FOUND and made no heroes anywhere else. It has often been said that our literature now leaves out society, and where there is felt to be no need for society no need will be felt for the hero. The antihero is someone who says that he does not need other people. The nonhero is someone who says that he does not even care much to need himself. Our novels are the literature of the artful dodger in a meaningless and fretful present. The first of the antiheroes after the second world war, Lucky Jim, made a point of throwing away the great works of the past. Its author once collaborated in producing a book that listed the hundred great classics not to read. But the lack of texture in Kingslev Amis's novels is to be found in most of our fiction and drama, and the texture that is lacking is that of any complex society in which people take their stand. Where there is no society, there will be no heroes; where there are no heroes, there will be no society.

To separate people from their societies is to separate them from their history. Psychology takes a fundamentally unhistorical view of the individual. "Case histories" is a fearful misnomer, for what the psychologist looks for is not narrative, which is unpredictable, but pattern, which is predictable. When the same techniques are applied to history by psychohistorians, it is always the "psycho-" that wins history." Psychohistory is another example of the "growing it of psychologizing," says Jacques Barzun in Clio and the Doctors, and he gives a definition of great pith and wit: "Psychologizing may be defined as the practice of taking an utterance or an action not at its face value as an expression of straightforward desire or purpose, but as an involuntary symptom which, when properly interpreted, discloses a meaning hidden from the agent and from common observers." The most obvious example in recent years was the triviality and tediousness, the one rivaling the other, of Doris Kearns's Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream. Psychohistory is the kind of shallow imposture that runs through our societies now, and it is of course the imposture of a culture that cannot grasp the idea of a hero.

We may not believe with Carlyle that "Universal History is at bottom the History of Great Men who have worked here," or with Emerson that "there is properly no history, but only biography," but there can be not the slightest doubt that individual men can and do intervene to change the course of history. Hero-worship as it is meant here reinforces our resistance to fatalism and determinism, to the feeling that we have lost control of our lives and destinies to impersonal forces. This feeling that we are subjected to such forces is one of the main characteristics of our time. There has been an abject surrender even within the past few years to the notion that there is not much we can do that deserves our efforts or our sacrifice, and it is on this mood, as much as on any other, that many conservatives who should know better are feeding, releasing greedy men to take their pickings where the since no one believes that they can be stopped, and releasing ordinary people to such selfish preoccupations as will prevent them from thinking that thingsas-they-are can be changed.

UT BEHIND ALL these attitudes. and many more that could be called in evidence, lies the central lack of belief that sustains them all. We no longer believe in the mission of our civilization. We once believed that it should explore, so that we could see Lindbergh as a hero, but we no longer do: Hillary was not a hero. We once believed that it should go to the bounds of the earth. but we do not believe in it going to the boundaries of the universe, and so we regard our astronauts as little more than acrobats. We once believed that it should teach and hear, so missionaries such as Livingstone and Schweitzer were heroes, but now when we read that some missionaries have been massacred we tend to think that they may have deserved it. We once believed in our science, so that in the Golden Age of Physics, men such as Einstein and Rutherford and Bohr were heroes, but now we do not believe in it, and out of all the scientific advances of recent years not one scientist's name is a household word. We used to think that our civilization should be guarded, and even that at times it should advance, so that our soldiers were heroes, but now we think of our generals only as stupid and knavish and war-hungry. We used to believe that our civilization should act with great authority in the world, so that we found heroes among our politicians to speak for it, but now we regard our politicians only as petty and self-serving. We once believed that our writers and artists should speak of and to the common values of our civilization and be bearers of it, so that we found heroes among them even down to the 1930s, but now we think that our writers and artists should stay on the margins and entertain us.

It is not so much that we need one man to reinterpret our civilization to us, by redefining the "new man"—who is certainly there after all the changes of the past half-century—but that we need a whole society to lift itself to this heroic enterprise.

T IS THE contraction of the West and, with it, the feeling of repletion that is at the root of it all, as if there is nowhere else for it to go, very little else for it to do, and nothing more that it wishes to be.

Since the early 1950s American cur has shown very little interest in the to define the "new man" who shate emerge as a result of its assuming of the leadership of the West. On one hand, it treats the European ture as little more than a conversapiece, and on the other at home it to itself in a continent where it no neighbor who is capable of tal-

The importance of this circumst is that a country that is so isolated nothing against which to define own nationhood. The great natior the past were thrust close togethe rivalry or cooperation, one or the cat different moments taking the This was the European commutat lasted for so many centuries, one has to ask of what commuthe American nation is now the ler, and for whom and for what othan itself it feels responsible, paspresent?

America is the first country of West whose high culture does not know how to be patriotic, that not seem to understand that patriol is one of the deepest expressions the human need for community, which there is no substitute in absence of a universal church or g world empire. It is only where the is a strong sense of community the "new man" can be defined. Nat alism often is and even more of seems to be reactionary, but we have to recognize that it is a restle agitating force that breaks the patt of things-as-they-are. That is why n heroes are national heroes, and v the American culture's weak sense nationhood since the 1950s may count for the West's feeling of re tion and lassitude.

One looks again at America, v all its promise and all its performal and wonders if there is not someth in its emphasis on individualism, so thing in its ambivalence about its chistory, something in the ambiga with which it gazes on Europe, t prevents its whole culture from ming its own moment of heroism. We the exception of its soldiers in second world war, there has been American journey of note across Atlantic since Lindbergh. Did 3 Spirit of St. Louis not get there af all?

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER 1

THE FAT POET

bent for ambrosia

by Jeffrey M. Green

◀ HE FAT POET'S DOCTOR asked him whether, frankly, he wanted to die of a massive coronary within the next five ars. He described in gruesome detail actly what was happening inside the et's arteries, what a heart attack was, w painful and frightening, sparing thing until the poet's face went tite and flabby. His head spun. He t nauseated. He started to fall forurd out of his chair. Alarmed, the ctor ran around his desk, caught the et's shoulders, and, with great efrt, arrested his fall. The fat poet sighed a good hundred pounds more an his doctor.

The doctor had the poet open his llar and belt and sit forward with s head between his knees. He kept s head down for a while, and the octor leaned lightly against the edge his desk, surveying the poet's huge ubbery back, the pale pink shirt thtened across it, the soft belly bilwing down against the thick thighs their plaid doubleknit trousers.

"Feeling better?"

"Yes." The voice rose from between e poet's knees.

"You can sit up now." The fat poet's ce had a bit of color in it when it appeared. He sat back in the chair, s pants open, the soft belly oozing it. He reached for the shirt pocket here his cigarettes, now forbidden, sed to be.

"I scared you, huh," he chuckled. I bet you thought you'd given me a eart attack."

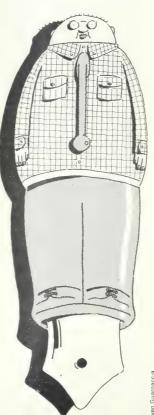
The doctor laughed, too. "We're ven. But listen, if you don't start losig weight fast, a lot of good poetry n't going to get written.'

The poet stood up and wrestled with ne button of his trousers and then igged on the zipper. "I've been fat all my life. You don't know how many times I've gone on diets."

"Have you ever tried writing a list of everything you eat?"

"No. What good is that?"

"It's the first step in a weight-con-



trol program I've been studying. I'm not going to feed you ideas about it. I just want you to keep a faithful list of everything you eat, as well as the time you eat it. For example, 'five-thirty, a martini with an olive."

"That's it? No diet?"

"Not in the first stage. You should do it for a month. I want you to come back next week, though, with the complete list, starting right now. You remember what you weigh?"

"Two hundred forty-two pounds. But don't forget, I'm a tall man."

◀ HE POET STOPPED OFF at his favorite stationery store on the way home from the doctor's: not an office-supply store with filing cabinets and typewriter tables crammed against the walls, although the fat poet enjoyed officesupply stores, too. No, this stationery store was more of an art-supply store, specializing in fancy "writing instruments" and unusual papers. He liked the store because it sold French cahiers, bound notebooks with heavy paper, blank or ruled in metric squares. He picked out a ruled one that would just fit in his vest pocket and walked home, amused at the task the doctor had set him. It would be interesting, really.

As soon as he got home, instead of mixing himself a martini and filling a bowl with peanuts, he sat down in his workroom with the new notebook. He wrote his name, address, and phone number on the cover, opened it to the first page, and carefully lettered FOOD. He looked at the word for quite a while. He realized that he didn't want the first entry to be banal: a martini and peanuts. He wished there were a

Jeffrey M. Green is an American writer currently living in Israel.

A minute later his wife peeked into the doorway. Seeing him stare at a blank page in a new notebook, she didn't say anything. But he sensed her glance and looked up, laughing heartily.

"Don't worry, you won't drive off the Muses. I'm not trying to write anything." He told her about the doctor's task, treating it as a joke. She l, hoping that maybe he would My lose some weight. His wheezing and high color alarmed her.

When the lung man had found the first signs of emphysema and the fat poet had forced himself to give up cigarettes, his wife had found herself in a zone of temperamental storms such as he had never treated her to before. It was worse than adultery and jealousy. Later, when he ran dry in the middle of the verse play that he knew would make his fortune if he only finished it, he was calmer than when he had craved a cigarette and not allowed himself one. At least liquor and sex were still permitted, she thought.

"I can still booze and fuck," he said. He had a way of reading her thoughts and expressing them coarsely. She blushed, despite years of the same thing, and left him alone before his open notebook: Mallarmé and the dilemma of a blank menu. It was a quarter to five.

At five, he put the new cahier aside and took up the one he was using for the first draft of act 2 of his verse drama, Edison. He had the idea of presenting the great inventor alone in his laboratory late at night, working on a secret invention. A time machine, or a mind-reading machine, or an electric brain. The fat poet hadn't quite decided what the invention was to be, although he leaned toward the electric brain. The first act reflected that conceptual hole already. What intrigued him was the Faustian vision of the lone inventor who, deaf and brilliant, never slept, and was secretive and in advance of world technology by a generation or more. He wanted the atmosphere to be close to Beckett's theater, or maybe Brecht's Galileo. Stark and suggestive. At a cocktail party while he was outlining act 1, he had gotten enthusiastically stewed with a producer and shared his idea. The producer was interested. One successful play, the poet told himself, and his money worries would cease; he could give up his teaching job at Sarah Lawrence. He forced his mind not to drift off to the house on an island off the coast of South Carolina, where he would spend at least half the year when he was rich and famous.

He looked blankly at the passage where Edison had to give out just what it was he was working on. Couldn't it remain an enigma the whole time? Should it be something impossible, like a time machine? Or something that exists today, like the electric brain? In any case, the revelation shouldn't come like the unveiling of a statue, but offhandedly. Let the audience catch its breath in surprise. His mind had taken this path at least a dozen times. He reread the last page he had written, a good three weeks ago:

Stage directions: Dressed in his black robes, Edison races feverishly back and forth in his crowded laboratory, from invention to invention. Suddenly he turns his back to the audience, gets down on his knees, prostrates himself before the huge table in the center of his laboratory, and prays silently for a full minute. He slowly rises.

Edison:

Guidance! Guidance! I have passed beyond them all. Without Guidance Fm a muddy

mole Snuffing for paltry worms in the tunnel

tunnel

He has dug about himself. Oh,
Guidance!

I am naked spirit where no moles

Sleep I told them I sleep only three hours.

A lie! I never sleep. My work is dreams,

Awake I pass into worlds beyond dreams.

Now my inventions of this world
I leave

Behind me. I turn to The

That was as far as the fat poet had gotten three weeks ago. His wastebasket was full of the crossed-out scribbles he'd spent his workdays on. Instead of committing himself to a mind-reading machine or a magnetic levitator or LSD, the fat poet sadly closed the notebook again and took up another one, which he had been filling with

idle thoughts in between bouts w

Poet's Meats

Tongue, lung, brains, and eyes.
The poet's organs.
Meat seasoned with rose-thorns like
a cloved ham.

He put the book down and wander into the kitchen with the idea of p ing through *The Gourmand's Me book* for ideas for the poem. His wlooked at him with surprise. "I'm ming something already. Dinner'll ready at seven-thirty."

"Fine. I'm not going to cook as thing. I'm doing research. For a poen He took a small red box of rais back to his study and ate them abse mindedly while he was looking throu the tongue recipes. When the raisi were all gone, he looked at the emp hox and slapped his forehead, disgued with himself. He picked up the no food cahier and wrote: "6:05. O box raisins." He thought, What am a kid? What a way to begin. Then turned back to the poem.

During the days that followed, to poet was appalled at both the trivial of what he ate (Oreo cookies) and to quantity (seventeen). Whereas his not long poem, "Poet's Meats," lengthen and fattened on hummingbird tongu (inevitably) and exotic fruits, the pc fattened on peanut butter and jel and chocolate sundaes. On his secon visit to the doctor, he was frank ashamed of the list he brought in. I felt like an eighth-grader who know that his latest book report isn't up standard. But the doctor loved it.

"Wonderful, wonderful. A gre

"Wonderful?"

"A complete list. Conscientious. D tailed. I'm very pleased with this."

"Pleased? But it's juvenile. Look that. Marshmallows. What adult ea marshmallows?"

"You do. I want you to keep th up. It's excellent. Come back in thre weeks with just as good a list."

The poet glowed with the doctor praise, but he felt dissatisfied, as something he'd tossed off without corcentration had won high praise from a critic he ordinarily trusted. He aways liked good reviews, but he'd rather they came for something he'd in vested himself in.

"Oh, yes," said the doctor, "or

er thing. Write me a composition ed, 'What I Like About Being

The poet wrote it down. "Are you ng to weigh me now?"

What did you weigh last week?"

Two-thirty-six."

Okay. Weigh yourself." The poet pped down to his underwear in the mining room while the doctor, glad be spared another inspection of the t's quaking flab, did paper work at desk. He looked up when the poet to back, wrenching his pants closed the protesting flesh. Exasperation rpened the corners of the poet's icate mouth and creased his plump eks.

What's the matter?"

'What good's your list if I gain ght?"

It's your list, not mine. Besides, I say you'd lose weight? I just at to know what you eat. What's bad news?"

'Two-thirty-seven. Up a pound.''
'Okay, fatso, do you know what
1 really weighed last week?''

'Two-thirty-six." Fatso! He would another doctor.

'Wrong. Two-forty-two. You took five pounds."

'Yeah? Five pounds? I'll treat self to an ice-cream soda! Five inds." The poet did a little dance. 'Write it down if you do."

wo weeks later he mailed "Poet's Meats" to his agent and "Why I Like Being Fat" to his doctor. He had also deed that Edison's invention couldn't an electric brain or anything procally technological. It had to be cery. Take the Faust parallel all the y. In the wee hours Edison would dy arcana, exotica, the black arts, irsilio Ficino, Paracelsus, practical bala, John Dee, witchery, alchemy. was searching for the Elixir. He dalready distilled a potion that ide sleep unnecessary.

Why I Like Being Fat

People notice you when you're fat. They get out of your way. They're afraid to pick fights with you in bars. Weight is strength. No one pushes me around. Fat is aggression. I attack the world with my excess weight. I keep it at a respectful distance.

Fat protects me. I am protected



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IF I LAY MY DREAMS ON THE GROUND by Kristina McGrath

If I lay my dreams on the ground they will never unfold here by your house in the city there by another's on the road if I lay my dreams on the ground they will never have room or grass enough to unfold, they will never have sun enough sleeve of light or mountain enough to unfold, to grow, to climb yellow wheat enough they will never have a path that sees enough to find them land enough to listen silence enough to ask their names water wide enough to reach their hands and take them on towards change they will never have enough long doors to be welcomed through silk blue enough to be painted on if I lay my dreams on the ground for you to read vou will never have eyes enough for any other flower.



Solution to the October Puzzle

Notes for "Sixes and Sevens"

Across: 11. gnar (reversal); 12. bin-go; 16. camp(anile) follower; 24. passe-part-out; 30. ochre, anagram of hero(i)c; 31. anagram. Down: 2. ar(achno)id; 4. a-loof(reversal); 7. in-law; 9. T.(rye)R; 24. paste, homonym; 25. reversal; 26. anagram; 28. t(o)r(t)u(r)e. Six-letter words: a. (33A) anagram; b. (17A) hidden; c. (5A) anagram of "put" around L-if; d. (1A) t-a.m.-t.a.m.; e. (22D) anagram; f. (5D) (E) sable; g. (14A) reversal of deb-B.O.'s; h. (23A) anagram; i. (34A) p-E-ewe-E; (15D) do(ugh)nuts; k. (14D) Sp.-lash; 1. (27A) hea(r)ths. Seven-letter words: a. (19D) "nee" in reversal of "pack"; b. (6D) anagram; c. (13A) fat-ally; d. (1D) tobaC(reversal)-C.O.; e. (3D) man-X-man; f. (10A) anagram; g. (20D) k-no-(who)w; h. (8D) anagram of "flat(n)ess"; i. (18D) heav(l)es; j. (21D) hidden; k. (32A) two meanings; 1. (29A) sirocc(anagram)-o(ii).

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against cold, against hunger, and against people who might want to hurt me. Bumps and blows don't hurt fat people. The world is soft,

Fat is proof of love. If you get a woman and you're fat, you really got her. Fat is a sexual touchstone. Fat is love and lust and joy in the body. Fat insures you against rejection. If she doesn't want you, it isn't you, it's your fat. If she does want yot, it isn't your fat, it's you.

Fat is soft and cozy, a cushion of my manliness. I am sweet and sensitive in my house of soft fat. I'm not hard or angular, angry or gruff, a knocker or pounder. I mold and form in gentleness. I am part woman in my fat. I give birth out of my fat. Fat is warmth in the north winds.

Fat shows I love momma. I eather food all up, every bit. I ask for more. I am a good boy and do what my momma wants. My round face and soft tummy are gifts to my momma, who wants me to love her so much. I am a good fat little boy. I eat everything up.

Fat makes me two people. I am me and my company. I wrap myself up in me.

The doctor called the fat poet uwhen he got his composition. He was excited. He had his patient write a other one called, "Why I Hate MFat," which turned out much short and meaner.

At the end of the first month, the poet was down to two-thirty-two an he'd bought a new FOOD cahier. It started to work on controlling his eaing. His friends noticed that he wallosing weight. He took to saying, "I's writing so much, I don't have time teat." And he patted the cahier in hereast pocket.

He weighed two hundred and eleve pounds when he placed his verse dra ma, Edison, on his agent's desk. B the time the producer had turned into a musical comedy, he was dow to two-hundred-three. At the openin of Wizardry at Menlo Park, which eventually ran longer than Damn Yar kees, he tipped the scales at a mer one-eighty-nine. Critics hailed "Poet" Meats" as the Howl of the 1970s, an the poet's lecture fees rose in propor tion as his weight and blood pressur fell. He took a year's leave from hi teaching post at Sarah Lawrence. I short, a success story.

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER 197

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PUZZLE

DRESSED TO THE NINES

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

Each numbered square in the diagram is the center quare of a block of nine. Each answer is of nine etters, and is to be inserted in its appropriate block, the irst letter in the numbered square and the rest around it, n correct sequence, starting at any appropriate square and joing in either direction. Solvers must determine the corect position.

Eight of the answers are unclued, the contents perhaps of a rather idiosyncratic answer 21. They range from quite common to somewhat obscure words. The first letter of each of these unclued words appears in its correct place n the diagram. The four entries positioned at the corners have four unchecked perimeter letters each; these can be crambled to read I TRIED NINE—BRIGHT!

There are no uncommon answers or proper names. As ilways, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 104.

CLUES

- Damage can set off disciplinarians
- Serviceman eats fish spread
- Peerless world body annoyed accommodating veterans'
- Look at Los Angeles-she's displaying a fixated make-
- St. Peter, for instance, if converting Union general
- Senator with a change of character backs first-rate rest homes
- 7. L. I. bridge I bombed from airship
- 8. Insults nice chap with backstab?
- To enjoy the opposite sex, ladies' man embraces four
- 10. Talents I'm ruining as mind reader
- Trip shows clothes about to come apart
- 12. Crude tank maneuvered without a mark on the land
- 13. What a beer drinker needs to tape record the first
- the sun is highest

game (two words) Warmups to sex: lashes without kinky rope 15. Kind of nursery that upsets choosy lad (two words) 16. No one's accepting temperature I'm producing when

S 23 41

- 17. Old instruments could make older music, but without
- 18. Ways to remove dandruff from cold shoulders? (hyphenated)
- 19. Discreetly take the initiation to "Plato's Retreat" in truly awful surroundings
- 20. Source of church music could be edited to go in paper (two words)
- 21. Bride-to-be's furnishing fiery, vague speech inside
- 22. Pleads for rind of Brie cheeses, chopped up
- 23. Cook's aid: pipe for smoking grass?
- 24. Liza awkwardly in embrace of crude pervert Union recruiter shows potential zero gain-right on
- Dissipated gal's mania—making low bows
- Mechanizes carpool riders?
- King penetrates his wife, taking the shape of a curve there's eccentricity for you
- Barron'sTM is unlikely to hop around the country
- 30. Screw driver
- 31. Ate garlic, developing body tissue
- An idiot's confused about fifty expansions
- 33. Developing an idea that comes through strongest—a tin god
- 34. Device to see around obstructions, i.e., coppers, pos-
- Exotic Argentine fruit
- 36. Sharing, in part, a king when related
- Cryptic note: "Apers ape"
- 38. How Lincoln began to redeploy our forces
- 39. Going back to worshipping—it's about time
- 40. Female Indian chief setting up a howl
- 41. Having overturned turf and leaves

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Dressed to the Nines, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016. Entries must be received by November 10. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to Harper's. The solution will be printed

in the December issue. Winners' names will be printed in the January issue. Winners of the September puzzle, "Tossed Salad," are R.R. Metheany, Annandale, Virginia; Charles R. Easton, Miami, Florida; and Charles B. Nelson, Decatur, Illinois.

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Varning: The Surgeon General Has Determined hat Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 9 mg''tar," 0.6 mg nicotine-100's: 12 mg' 'tar,' 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, May '78.

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by Nicholas von Hoffman

The Urban Crisis Leaves Town

And moves to the suburbs

by T.D. Allman





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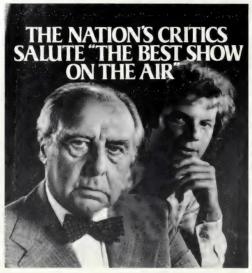
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LETTERS

The Church Militant

Paul Seabury ["Trendier Than Thou," October] thinks the schism in the Episcopal Church is not the result of a "skirmish" issue (i.e., the ordination of women) but comes from "impulses deep within the Church." His view is that the Church has abdicated its reason for existence—to be the means of salvation—by cravenly letting the world set the agenda for it.

I grant that since the 1960s many in the church (both Episcopal and Roman Catholic) have been tempted to see themselves mainly as the "auxiliary of a secular Zeitgeist," but I believe the present crisis of Christian identity springs from an even deeper source than mere loss of nerve. The more serious problem is not trendiness but an incapability of maintaining a certain supernatural world view. Many sincere Christians are no longer able to live as if reality were composed of gradations of being; as if, for example, there were some among us who have special "powers" to command assent.

If Mr. Seabury is so anxious to retain those Church structures that promote transcendence, I wonder if he would be willing to submit to a pope. In the face of an "infallible" decree, would he be willing to admit himself in error even when he knew himself to be right? Now that really would be untrendy!

Since the advent of biblical and historical criticism, many Christians have had to suffer a "double-consciousness." Though fondly attached to a supernatural world view of tradition and authority, they cannot let go of the newly experienced imperatives of intellectual criticism and individual conscience. Many Christians cherish ancient structures but they also know these structures to be historically conditioned. No tradition is identical with God. Any tradition is subject to reform, even radical change.

THE REVEREND HARRY W. McBRIEN
Saint Augustine Church
Hartford, Conn.

Foolishness at the Cathedral of St John the Divine, true or false, has nothing to do with the need of the church to break an old Jewish mole and give full status to women, not does it have anything to do with the recurring need of the church to modify the Prayer Book every few generations. (Old wineskins do get dry!)

LARRY A. JACKSON Greenwood, S.C.

Paul Seabury has, with sensitivity, probed our hurts and made known what ails our spirits. We who grew up in the orderliness, dignity, and beauty of Episcopal worship grieve that contemporary clergy, bedecked in contemporary folly, conduct bizarre services, preach hollow words, and rewrite matchless prayers. The street and the world have indeed come into the Church, and those who seek respite from such areas, where they must move daily, no longer have a place apart in which to find quietness and strength.

JOY NIMNOM KRAUS Washington, D.C.

Paul Seabury writes: "If Episcopalians were tolerant of the church's pronouncement on manners and morals, they were up in arms when the Church-in-Convention, in 1976, by a narrow and hotly contested vote, approved a drastically new version of its church prayer book..." I happened to be at that particular General Convention and was present when the vote was taken. The vote totals were: clergy, 107 yes, 3 no, 3 divided (which means the delegation split); in the lay order, 90 yes, 12 no, 9 divided. I would not exactly call that a narrow vote.

THE REVEREND CHARLES H. RIDDLE, III
Easter Chore Chapel
Virginia Beach, Va.

It is difficult to decide whether Mr. Seabury's naked bias or stunning ignorance of the course of recent history in the American Episcopal Church is the more repellent.

To take one minor point, regarding my own ordination as priest (not

riestess), I had been for some time deacon, as had many other women, nd the closeness of many of our orinations to the decision of the General invention was perfectly natural. Nor as I "shipped" to California. I had or two years been living and working in the Bay Area before I was orlained priest, and I settled in a Berkeey parish because it was (a) congenial and (b) convenient. Neither my ordination nor my present status as graduate-student cum worker-priest were he result of any obscure (or blatant) political designs.

THE REVEREND ELLEN M. BARRETT Oakland, Calif.

"Trendier Than Thou" had a familiar ring. I suddenly realized that much of the article echoed the years of Lester Kinsolving's bitter journalism against the Episcopal Church.

I am on the staff at Grace Cathedral and was present during the period mentioned by Mr. Seabury. There were never "pro-Hanoi rallies." Most of the other events described are so out of context or exaggerated as to be almost unrecognizable. During this same pe-

riod, a local radio station that had broadcast our 11:00 a.m. Holy Communion and Sermon for years took us off the air as being too conservative. We were described as "Oral Roberts with class." You can't please everyone.

THE REVEREND
RICHARD N. WILMINGTON
Canon Pastor
Grace Cathedral
San Francisco, Calif.

This is to protest the cover of your October issue, which featured the lower half of a female clerical face. I deplore your use of an image that is degrading to women and men alike, in connection with a subject of deep concern to all

THE REVEREND SISTER
RACHEL HOSMER, O.S.H.
New York, N.Y.

PAUL SEABURY REPLIES:

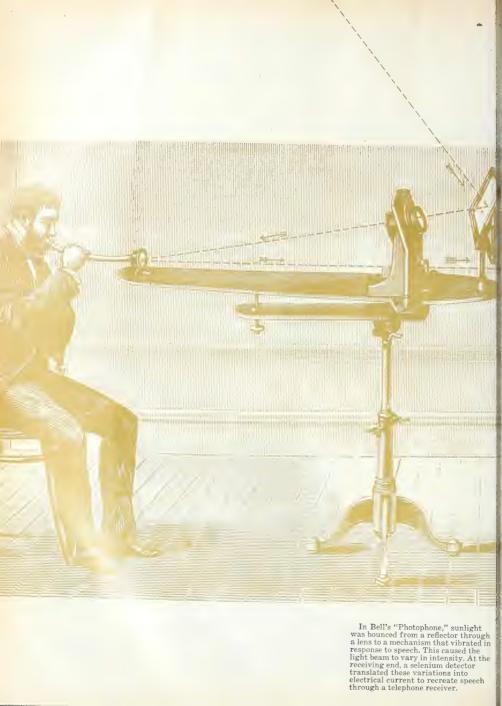
"Praise," Lord Acton once said, "is the shipwreck of historians." If this is so, considering some of these responses, mine is a safe voyage. Judging from the number of letters my article inspired, it seems to have touched sensitive nerves. I thought it might.

I want to emphasize that the troubles I perceived within the Episcopal Church, leading to the current crisis, are not to be found—nor did they originate—in the vast majority of parishes throughout the country. On the contrary, they originated within the national church establishment and the Church-in-Convention. If in charting the causes and course of this historic breach I appeared to cast odium upon wide parts of the church, I apologize; that was the opposite of my intention.

These events parallel a secular drama within the Democratic party six years ago when an unrepresentative convention nominated its candidate for President, prompting the defection of millions of Democrats from their national ticket and guaranteeing Nixon's reelection. The Democratic party fortunately survived. There are no popular elections in the church to correct such misrepresentations when they occur; but churchgoers, like Democrats, can vote with their feet.

Readers, among them Reverend Riddle, draw attention to several errors





77 years before we nvented the laser, Professor Bell had a perfect application for it.

In 1880, only four years after einvented the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell received patent for a remarkable idea—using light, rather than wire, o carry phone calls.

Professor Bell built an experinental "Photophone" that ransmitted his voice over a beam of sunlight. It didn't work very well, however.

Sunbeams are scattered by air, rain and fog. In any event, the sun doesn't always shine. The Photophone, unfortunately, was an idea whose time had not yet come.

A new kind of light

By the 1950's, scientists again were looking for a way to use light for communications.

In September, 1957, Charles Townes, a Bell Labs consultant, and Bell Labs scientist Arthur Schawlow conceived a way of producing a new kind of light extremely intense, highly directional, and capable of carrying immense amounts of information.

Townes and Schawlow received a basic patent on their

invention-the laser.

Since then, Bell Labs scientists have invented hundreds of lasers, including many firsts—gas and solid-state lasers capable of continuous operation, high-power carbon dioxide lasers, liquid dye lasers that produce pulses shorter than a trillionth of a second, and tiny semi-conductor lasers that work reliably at normal temperatures. Some of these, no larger than grains of salt, may emit light continuously for 100 years.

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While we were developing lasers to generate light, we also looked for a way of shielding it and guiding it for long distances and around curves.

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Spin-off

Laser light is now used in many other ways—to perform delicate eye surgery, detect air pollution, read product codes at supermarket checkouts, and do a variety of manufacturing tasks. Western Electric, the Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit, was the first company to put the laser to industrial use back in 1965. Hundreds of applications in many industries have followed.

Sometimes, it takes a lot of work and a long time to make a bright idea—like Professor Bell's—a reality. Often, the things we invent, such as the laser, benefit not only Bell System customers, but society in general.

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orrect—the vote was not close. The vote on ordination vote, coming before that of the prayer book, was the convention's decisive test of strength. When the vote fell one way, the strength of opposition collapsed.

Next, I apologize to Reverend Barrett for suggesting by flawed language that she had been transferred from New York to California. She was ordained by the New York bishop, and then appointed in northern California, her home.

Canon Wilmington's comments on my references to Grace Cathedral warrant a different response. I am unfamiliar with the critical writings of Lester Kinsolving; I had at hand straight newspaper accounts drawn from the San Francisco Chronicle, the San Francisco Examiner, and the Oakland Tribune. The radio broadcasts were, as I recall, discontinued around the time when Bishop Pike resigned. I may be wrong.

The Reverend Harry McBrien's thoughtful letter deserves a thoughtful response. He is correct: contemporary Christians must "suffer" a "double consciousness." Those who, like some extreme Evangelicals and extreme liberal reformers, avoid the difficult issue he raises either lock themselves out of the "immanent world" or lose all sense of the transcendent and historical Church. But I was writing to neither of these extreme tendencies. Both rigidity and deliquescence, as T. S. Eliot pointed out, are dangers.

But there are serious problems in Reverend McBrien's argument: they concern the relationship of form and hierarchy to conscience and criticism. Form and hierarchy are not necessary antagonists to conscience and criticism. They can and do provide an ordered protection of conditions in which both faith and conscience can safely flourish. An anarchy of cults is more productive of fanaticism and intolerance than the institutional church. During medieval witchcoaft persecutions, for example, it was not the papacy but rather Catholic and Protestant vigilantes who instigated and supervised the fury.

The historical forms of the Church should not be trifled with simply to accommodate a passing secular cause. As far as I'm concerned, qualified men and women both merit access to all secular professions. The serious issue of women's ordination is different, raising a fundamental question of a religious character: Is the Apostolic succession just an anthropological oddity or is it rather a chain linking the "living church" to Christ when present on earth? This is not a trivial matter.

Finally, a word about the cover illustration. While I enjoyed its wit, it gave an emphasis to the article that I myself did not intend to make. I wished to place the ordination issue within a train of many causal factors, of which it was only one.

The art of speech

My wife and I see no need for such language as Andre Dubus uses in "Delivering" [October]. It serves no purpose and is incongruous with your other selections. Why don't you assume the role of leadership and assure your readers that they may pick up a copy of your magazine, whether at home or in a reception room, and read it without offensive language meeting their eyes.

Louis T. Bogy San Antonio, Tex.

Andre Dubus replies:

The reason the boy speaks as he does is that he suffers; he is trying not to weep and to set a strong example for his younger brother. His is the adolescent language of pain. Were he fifteen years older and more articulate, he might have chosen other words. But as the story is written, the language is true to the character, and other words would not have served so well.

In lighter academia

I read with interest Cullen Murphy's venture into campus sociology, "In Darkest Academia" [October], and I regret having to advise you of an error of fact.

I was never placed on "probation" as a Boston University administrator either before, after, or during my appearance in a Dewar's Profile. Before accepting Dewar's invitation, I made sure that the then-President of Bostol University, Arlen Christ-Janer, had nobjection. That was in 1970. I became President of the University of Hartford in 1977. Thus, had I been on "probation" and only "reinstated afteracceding to the presidency of the University of Hartford," as Mr. Murphystates, it would have to have mean that I was on probation for sever years! Obviously that was not the case

While I took some kidding from a few of my colleagues, most of the community greeted my enterprise with good spirits and toasts of *L'chayim*.

STEPHEN JOEL TRACHTENBERG
President
University of Hartford
West Hartford, Conn.

CULLEN MURPHY REPLIES:

Dr. Trachtenberg will surely want to know that Robert Hutchins was not really cloned, and that Benjamin Jowett (1817–1893) was not in fact a candidate for tenure at Tufts in 1964. Readers with a mature sense of whimsy will no doubt catch many other "errors of fact." To my knowledge, the "academy" has never formally convened to suspend Dr. Trachtenberg, or anyone else, for that matter.

My point about the Dewar's Profile, of course, was that academics must be careful about such public displays. This is evidently not news to Dr. Trachtenberg, who confesses that he took pains to get the required dispensation from his president. "The most perfect irony," Samuel Butler noted, "is generally unconscious."

EDITOR'S NOTE:

"Occasional Poem," by A. E. Housman, which appeared in the book review by Francis J. Flaherty in the November issue, was reprinted by permission of the Society of Authors as the literary representative of the Estate of A. E. Housman, and Jonathan Cape, Ltd. as publishers of A. E. Housman's Collected Poems.

ERRATUM:

The author of the three-volume Years of MacArthur, mentioned in the brief review of William Manchester's American Caesar: Douglas MacArthur, 1880-1964 [October], is Professor D. Clayton James.

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MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL

Final reflections on the American courtier

by Lewis H. Laphan

Kings are for nations in their swaddling clothes. —Victor Hugo

HE OTHER DAY, in the midst of what was being represented as a serious conversation (about the Soviet-American military balance and the likelihood of thermonuclear war), I heard a professor of political science refer, lightly and in passing, to "the benign world of the 1960s." He said this as if it were a fact that no reasonable man possibly could dispute, in a wistful tone of voice that implied the fading of a golden age. The other gentlemen at the table, all of them professors or military strategists. nodded and smiled and let the remark pass without contradiction. They, too, remembered the 1960s as having been benign, I wondered if they had been traveling in South America when the student riots closed down their universities, or whether they had ever talked to anybody who had been either to Vietnam or to a public school in New York City. Their discussion pressed forward into the comparison of "throw-weights" and "force-ratios," but I didn't accompany them on their forced march into abstraction ("You understand, of course, that what we are talking about here is the psychological shadow of Soviet intimidation," et cetera) because I still was trying to figure out what they meant by the word benign. The 1960s had seemed to me a sufficiently destructive decade to leave an impression, if not of despair, then at least of vague unhappiness or melancholy. The protestations of freedom and love relapsed so quickly into rage and into the enslavements of bureaucracy and drugs. In New York the Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

casualties were less obvious than in Southeast Asia, but large numbers of people managed to commit suicide in one form or another, and many of the survivors succeeded in doing irreparable harm to their children, their courage, and their hope of the future.

At about the time that the professors were laying siege to Kabul it occurred to me that in my previous observations about the American courtier (his cost and magnificence) I had failed to take adequate account of the narcissism that is as much a part of Court ritual as the fireworks displays. What else was Versailles if not a citadel of mirrors? Narcissism I tend to associate with the private sector, with department stores, Playboy magazine, the Sierra Club, jogging, and Eastern religions, and so I had neglected to consider the formulation of public policy as a drama in the theater of self. This was a mistake. The Court resides at a great distance from the realm of common necessity (i.e., the world in which people don't find it demeaning to command federal agencies employing fewer than 4,000 functionaries or think themselves humiliated if Katharine Graham doesn't ask them to dinner), and this results in a feeling of terrible emptiness. The space has to be filled with something, if for no other reason than to allay the panic and hysteria that might interrupt the music or frighten the servants, and so the attendants at Court collaborate in the great work of making trompe l'oeils. They must persuade themselves that the world that they see and know is equivalent to the vast sum of the universe. Anybody who spends his time going to ceremonies and reading the Court gazettes obviously doesn't have the chance to study politics or art, le alone particle physics or the Chines He has no choice but to make some thing miraculous of what he does se and know—the other people at Court

HE REPUBLICAN IDEA of gov ernment, consistent with dem ocratic and evolutionary doc trine, assumes that merely mortal men govern the state, and that like other men, they will make the usual mistakes and offer the usual self serving excuses to cover the nakedness of their failure. Things proceed by trial and error. Although admittedly dangerous, this procedure encourages the restless seeking after truth and allows for the hope of discovery. Authority attaches itself to those people who have acquired a specific knowledge or skill because such people presumably have made the necessary studies and observations. Under a republican dispensation they retain their authority only as long as their strategies succeed or their theories meet the proofs of experiment. The more competent and necessary the services of the governing class, the shorter the span of its dominance and the fewer its mem-

To a court society this is intolerable. People are too frightened. The possibility of change (in the arts and sciences as well as in the political and commercial orders) implies too many risks and does too much damage to everybody's self-esteem. A governing class founded on its knowledge or capacity would be too quickly superseded in a period of rapid change, and a man would find himself out of favor or office before he had time to enjoy

he privileges of rank. The fear of hange hastens the retreat into narcisism, which, by virtue of its infantise epudiation of time, allows for indefinite suspensions and postponements.

Thus the Court proclaims itself imnortal. Nothing new needs to be discovered, and nothing further remains o be done. Everybody studies Zen. appears in Vogue magazine, and lives n Palm Springs. Authority attaches tself to persons, and the Court goes about the great work of investing the people it knows with the charismatic powers once assigned to princes of the blood. The emphasis falls on the personality of the man who does somehing rather than on the thing done, and gossip becomes one of the mighty engines of the state. Because hardly anybody wants to bother with the inricacies of foreign policy, Henry Kissinger becomes a majestic figure on the order of Cagliostro. The courtier can ignore almost any discomfort or boredom (cf. the housing arrangements at Versailles or the tedium of a seminar at the American Enterprise Institute), but he cannot tolerate an affront to his self-esteem. He must believe himself situated at the center of the world, and so he comes to imagine that the people he sees every day, either on television or at the Brookings Institution, are the people who count. His attitude is that of the society woman who, upon entering a crowded ballroom and failing to notice any of her friends, remarks that "no one is here." God forbid that the world might be changed by some unknown physicist or anonymous computer programmer, or by a despot at work somewhere on a subcontinent without benefit of publicity. It is the people at Court who shape the clay of events and weave the strands of destiny. They embody the wave of history, not merely the driftwood floating on the surface of the water. The courtiers look at themselves in the mirrors and know themselves to be in the company of heroes and demigods. They cannot be superseded because the safety of the state, not to mention the all-important matter of cultural hegemony, demands their permanent residence at Court. Averell Harriman can remember what Franklin Roosevelt in 1942 said to him about buttered toast. Is it conceivable that anybody else could know anything more significant?

In the ritual of worshiping itself the

Fermentation: The miracle that turns the juice of the grape into wine.



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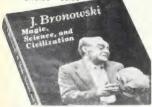
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THE EASY CHAIR

Court relies on the press, which, at the gross levels of investiture, performs the service of making celebrities. The talk shows and gossip columns, as well as the newspapers and fashion magazines, provide proofs of immortality. Who else but a demigod could be in so many places at once, coming and going to Acapulco and Jerusalem, moving busily among meetings, dinner parties, airports, and summit conferences?

The more subtle ceremonies of investiture take place within the ducal apartments of the professions. To the extent that people cannot distinguish themselves by means of their capacities, they come to depend on honorary titles, badges, dignities, and degrees. They spend their time acquiring campaign ribbons, and so they go to meetings at the Aspen Institute, join the proper clubs and councils, appoint one another to boards and commissions. travel in Africa or visit the American Indians, decorate each other with awards and prizes, attend conferences in Switzerland, serve tours of duty in the poverty zones, make annual progresses to Bilderberg or the Bohemian Grove, and worry about such important questions of the day as the dialogue between North and South and the Soviet-American military balance. By all these means they exalt themselves to noble rank and place the equivalent of an honorific "de" in front of their surnames.

ONSIDER, FOR EXAMPLE, the all but archetypal example of James Schlesinger, currently the Secretary of Energy. By all reliable accounts Mr. Schlesinger is an economist of indifferent ability who understands very little about the mechanics of markets. But he has spent his life acquiring honors and offices, and he has the kind of face that once moved Margot Asquith to describe Lord Kitchener, then in his dotage and presiding over the British catastrophe in World War I, as "the great poster." Like Elliot Richardson and Cyrus Vance, Mr. Schlesinger is a man about whom one thinks when organizing a committee, establishing a foundation, or setting up a board of trustees. Before becoming Secretary of Energy. Mr. Schlesinger served in the equally decorative capacities of Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, Director of the CIA, and Secretary of Difense. The interchangeability of his appointments testifies to their ornament nature. Obviously he had little occasion to learn very much about any othose departments of government, but at Court a talent for wearing rumple clothes or smoking a pipe bespeaks grasp of policy.

Once having persuaded itself that it knows everything worth knowing the Court finds it easy enough to be lieve in fairy tales. People go from room to room and year to year, talking not only of Michelangelo but also of the energy crisis and the China Card, of liberal education, social justice, and the equality of the races. It would be unfair to denounce them as liars and frauds. The attendants at Court do no tell calculated lies in the manner red ommended by Machiavelli and prac ticed by Bismarck, I'm sure that Mr James Schlesinger believes in the exist tence of the energy crisis, in much the same way that New York literary crit ics believe in the existence of an Amer ican literature. They believe because they must believe, and because the ac quiescence in the lie or the half-truth is so much easier than thinking. The courtiers tell themselves stories, like children talking about what they see in the shadows on their nursery walls or like superstitious seamen filling ur the empty spaces on their maps with drawings of fabulous beasts. The gentlemen who stand on the left-hand side of the king's bedchamber sometimes use the word fascist, but they seldom intend a comparison to Italy in the 1920s. They mean to say that they are mad at the United States and that their names have been left off the king's birthday list. The gentlemen of the right, who mark their maps with red crayons instead of blue, talk about the serpents of government regulation. Like the child who announces that there is a dragon in his bathtub, more often than not they wish to say that they don't want to take a bath.

o Wonder the professors thought that the 1960s were benign. For the brief and shining moment that was Camelot the intellectual classes could assume that they were infallible and that they could stage large political pageants (rallies, movements, global

realignments, et cetera) in more or less the same way that Sol Hurok staged Ukrainian ballets. President John Kennedy brought them into vogue with his fondness for collecting Harvard professors. In an earlier and more spacious age the American millionaire beset by intimations of mortality would content himself with collecting stuffed animals or objects of art. But Mr. Kennedy enjoyed critical theory of varying kinds and denominations (literary, social, and political), and he presided over what became a golden age of sophistry. The prince felt himself so blessed by fortune that nothing more was required of a theory (whether for a reordering of American education or a war in Asia) but that it conform to its own inner truth and beauty. The theorists borrowed the raison d'être of modern art, and in place of the notion of art for art's sake they substituted the notion of theory for theory's sake. Nothing was supposed to have unpleasant consequences, at least not for the artificers and scribes who never left Cambridge except to go to Washington, and who could explain

why the mistakes should be blamed on the trolls hidden in the forest of the historical process. Even the riots at the universities could be interpreted as a form of conspicuous consumption. The students had sufficient money and leisure to demonstrate on behalf of theories they had never seen, and the professors looking down from their neo-Gothic windows could tell one another that their portraits of the world were something more substantial than trompe l'oeil.

A few days after listening to the professors talk about military strategies, I had occasion to meet a purveyor of corporations who also mourned the passing of the 1960s. For a while I thought that he was talking about the miraculous boom in the stock markets. But then he mentioned Abbie Hoffman with a note of elegiac nostalgia in his voice, and I understood that he regretted the disbanding of the radical Left. The man felt himself bereft. He traded in huge amounts of money, buying and selling companies without a moment's regard for the suffering that his legerdemain imposed on people he never expected to see, and yet he couldn't take any pleasure in his power. Where was its fleshly substance? Who took him seriously as the personification of annihilating capitalism? He had tried going to meetings at the Aspen Institute, and he had listened to an awful lot of stultifying talk, but none of it had brought him a larger and more satisfying image of himself. Even the medal from the Shah of Iran had not brought him lasting happiness. How was this possible? Who even knew his name? In the good old days of the 1960s, he said, some students once had thrown rocks at his car. They had courted him with placards and, in effect, done him the supreme honor of thinking that the New York banking establishment constituted a governing rather than a courtier class. He remembered them with affection, perhaps because they had been so promptly arrested and because their assault gave him a reason to move his operations to the Bahamas and to subscribe to the circulars put about by the Committee on the Present Danger.

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TREASURE HOUSES

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Taking shelter in old buildings

by Robert L. Nessen

HE AMERICAN LIBERAL'S dilemma arises from the conflict between love of property
and guilt of ownership. (Conservatives have no similar conflict. To
them, having property is a sign of virtue, and as such it may not give them
pleasure, but it certainly does not leave
them ridden with guilt.) Liberal political support is assured if the politician can find ways for liberals to
keep their property and believe they
are serving a public good. This is
called having one's cake and eating it

Perhaps the most successful cakeand-eat-it scheme yet devised is the tax incentive that encourages investment by the wealthy in enterprises deemed to be in society's interest. In return, investors are rewarded by benefits that reduce and sometimes eliminate their taxes. Through the magic of tax incentives, the government can appear to give to the rich and the poor alike. There has been nothing like it since the dividing of the loaves and fishes.

In 1976, Congress extended tax in-

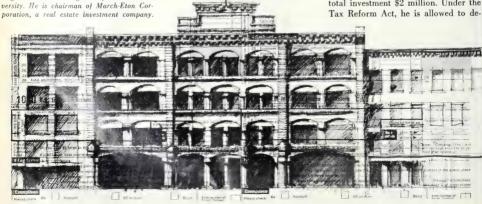
Law School and in the American and New

England Studies Program of Boston Uni-

vation of historic buildings. As a result of a change in the Internal Revenue Code, the costs of rehabilitating historic properties can now be deducted from an investor's income over a fiveyear period. The dispensation has prompted a euphoria of statement not usually inspired by tax legislation. To Sen. Russell Long, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, the legislation satisfies his long-standing desire "to preserve historic things around the country." To Sen. Glenn Beall, the bill's sponsor, it will "strengthen our sense of national unity and purpose, preserve our history, reinvigorate our urban communities, and make additional open spaces available for the use of our people and the protection of our environment." And to the National Advisory Commission on Historic Preservation, it is a step toward solving most of our major domestic problems: creating jobs, conserving energy and raw materials, and revitalizing our commercial centers.

Sharing in the joy were real estate developers and investors who, dazzled by the riches to be extracted from this change in the tax code, joined with the "preservationists" to celebrate the renovation of historic buildings as a miracle of American enterprise and spirit. They cheered for good reason. Tax benefits for historic properties are likely to become the nation's favored tax shelter, erected just in time to arrest the movement (or at least the illusion of movement) toward more equitable tax distribution. (It should be of interest to etymologists that these benefits were passed as part of the "Tax Reform Act of 1976.")

UMBERS, my daughter recently told me after failing math, are dull. But not when applied to historic preservation. It is the numbers that supply the drama, and they are exciting indeed, even in the simple example of the conversion of an old factory into offices. The factory, originally built more than fifty years ago and satisfying the Department of the Interior's standards for historic certification, is purchased by a real estate investor for \$1 million. Because of the new tax benefits, the investor can afford to spend an additional \$1 million to convert the factory into an office building, making his total investment \$2 million. Under the



preciate (or amortize) the \$1 million n rehabilitation expenses over five years at a rate of \$200,000 each year. He can also deduct, as a depreciation expense, the initial \$1 million purchase price over the factory's remaining useful life. Assuming a twenty-five-year useful life, this deduction would be \$40,000 each year (leaving aside, for the purpose of simplicity, any adjustments for land or salvage value). Thus, for each of the first five years, he investor can deduct \$240,000, for a total deduction of \$1.2 million.

Depreciation is not a cash expense, only a "paper" or accounting expense. Yet the depreciation is fully deductible from his taxable income, whatever its source (whether salary, dividends, interest, or rents from this property or any other real estate). Thus his total tax liability is reduced as a result. If the investor is in the 50 percent federal-tax bracket, these deductions will reduce his taxes by \$600,000 (i.e., 50 percent of \$1.2 million). Another way of putting it is that the federal government, by allowing these depreciation deductions, reimburses the investor for \$600,000 of his cost.

These figures have been called by some preservationists, in their more exuberant moments, "the salvation of our American heritage." But imposing as the figures are, they are not the sum of the investor's bounty. The investor does not have to put up the full \$2 million. As is customary in real estate transactions, he will use as little of his own money as possible—borrowing as much as 80 percent of the cost, or \$1.6 million, from a lending institution, and investing only \$400,000. He will nevertheless be al-

lowed to take the full \$1.2 million in depreciation deductions, despite the fact that his cash investment is only a fifth of the total cost of the property. He will also be able to bank any cash profit he may make from renting the offices. (The net rental income from the offices, including the cash profit, will add to his taxable income, but this will not affect the amount of his depreciation deductions.)

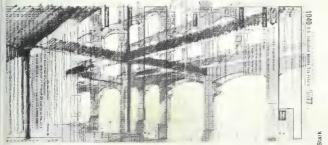
What we are seeing in this example is the vigorous application of a tax shelter in its traditional form. It is essentially identical to the tax shelters for oil or cattle or motion pictures, before these were curbed by the Tax Reform Act. A tax shelter is any reduction in tax liability that derives from artificial losses that a property owner is allowed to subtract from his income. In real estate these "losses" come, for the most part, from depreciation. They are not actual or outof-pocket losses. Depreciation was invented by accountants according to the theory that property wears out or deteriorates over time; and to the extent that it deteriorates, a loss is being incurred. This "loss" is fully deductible even though the value of the property may not have declined but may in fact have risen.

By allowing a five-year write-off of the rehabilitation costs for historic properties, Congress has abandoned all pretense that depreciation reflects economic reality. A newly renovated building does not wear out in five years, even if it is more than 100 years old. As an elderly Boston patrician put it several years ago, having been brought to the edge of restraint at a meeting of real estate developers, financiers, and tax lawyers sponsored by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities: "I am damned tired of hearing how our properties depreciate. Historic properties in Boston don't wear out. They get better every year." The man's stubborn insistence on physical reality obscured for him the financial reality of depreciation. A federal subsidy, in the form of tax savings, is being given to those who invest in the preservation of historic properties. The deductions are the investor's reward for his "good deed," what one New York tax accountant has called "the altruistic application of the greed factor."

Unquestionably the tax subsidy is an efficient means to an end. In the case of the factory building, the tax benefits are not simply an incentive; they are a compulsion to invest. There may well be a need to preserve the factor as a historic property, but we must not deceive ourselves. It is the numbers, and not the need, that attract the investment capital and ensure the success of the program initiated by Congress in the Tax Reform Act.

HE SCOPE OF this program extends far beyond such national landmarks as Faneuil Hall in Boston or the Chrysler Building in New York City. Among the buildings that qualify are those located within historic districts and thought to contribute to the "historic significance of the district." And a historic district can cut a large swath through a town or city. The whole of Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, and a substantial portion of the South End of Boston are historic districts.

Unofficial estimates from government sources range from 100,000 to 1 million buildings that meet or will meet the standard of "historic significance" by 1981 (when this program expires, unless it is renewed by Congress.) Obviously, not all of these buildings will be rehabilitated, and a large number are residential homes that are not put to commercial use and thus do not qualify for the favored tax treatment. But even after applying a liberal discount to these estimates, it is clear that the language used to define historic properties is sufficiently broad to sweep in a vast number of properties, including those that have no unusual merit,



either historic or aesthetic. A HIL g may be a historic property, according to the criteria set by the National Park Service for the Secretary of the Interior, if "by location, design, setting, materials, workmanship, facilings, and association [it] adds to the ikistoric] district's sense of time place, and historical development." [Isually a building has to be at least fifty years old, but there may be exceptions if there are "strong justifications" or if the in a historic district where historical attributes... are coness than fifty years old."

Furthermore, the standards for rehabilitation do not require that a
building be restored to its original use.
An old candle factory need not remain
a candle factory. The basic requirement is simply that it be restored to
a "compatible use" without its architectural and historical integrity's becoming "irrevocably impaired." Warehouses can be turned into indoor tennis courts, factories into restaurants,
and apartment houses into offices.

However impressive the program's scope, its effects on the federal budget are uncertain. As Jonah might have said when he woke up inside the belly of the whale, it's big, but what is it? No one knows precisely how big the program is or what financial burden it will create. Projections of cost vary from one person to the next. Official estimates hover between \$400 million and \$500 million, and they are far too modest. If, for example, 50,000 historic properties qualifying for the new tax benefits are rehabilitated at an average cost of \$250,000, the cost to the government could exceed \$5 billion.

The argument is made that, whatever the cost, it will be the same whether the renovations are funded directly by the government or indirectly through tax shelter. This contention is probably impossible to prove, for it requires the answers to two questions: How much government assistance is actually necessary to promote historic preservation? And how much, in tax revenues, is lost because of tax shelter investing? Finding these two figures is like trying to prove an equation of two unknowns. Leaving aside the relative efficiencies of an indirect or hidden subsidy versus a direct subsidy (an issue more suited togs the speculations of political philosophy than to cost analysis), the compara-

tive costs of the two approaches are not capable of proof. First, the impact of government assistance on historic preservation cannot be known with certainty or anything approaching certainty. Among the difficulties is that other general economic factors—such as mortgage interest rates, labor and material costs, and the amount of new development—can have a greater effect upon the volume of rehabilitation than modifications of the Internal Revenue Code or other government subsidies.

Second, no calculation of the tax revenues that will be lost as a result of tax shelter can be made within a tolerable range of precision. There are too many variables (such as the ratios of debt to equity and of land to building) that change from transaction to transaction. Furthermore, tax savings are not simply a function of the real estate investment. Tax savings (and the tax revenues lost as a result) will vary with the tax bracket of the person making the investment. The same person making the same investment will realize tax savings three times greater if he is in the 60 percent tax bracket than if he is in the 20 percent bracket.

Third, we do not know the number of historic properties that are or will be eligible for the tax subsidy, or what the rehabilitation costs will be. Given projections that range from a low of 100,000 to a high of 1 million properties, the difference must be measured in multiples of millions of dollars.

The problem of measuring cost was probably best summed up by a tax lawyer, who, talking of tax shelter generally, saw it as a game. "Every time the government tries to plug a loophole, we try to figure out how to avoid it. That's the genius of the free enterprise system. It's a little like playing chess, and it's very creative."

Added to this murkiness in the cost figures is the uncertainty of the aesthetic result. What are we getting in return for the subsidy? Aesthetics are, inescapably, subjective. To most Bostonians, the conversion of Faneuil Hall to a shopping mall reflects a cultural renaissance; while for at least one professor of architecture, it is an "expensive exercise in artificially creating the past." The spending of public moneys to save Radio City Music Hall may be an outrage to William Safire, but

many New Yorkers see the prosped of razing the hall as a cultural trav esty. In each of these cases, however there would probably be agreemen that these buildings have historic an architectural significance. If the ta program were limited to these and other landmarks, one would not be moved to quarrel. However, the pro gram is not so confined. The tax bene fits extend to broad categories of prop erties and do not require the making of aesthetic judgments or distinctions If the magnitude of the program is closer to \$5 billion than to \$500 mil lion, then along with buildings of un doubted cultural value we will be sub sidizing hundreds-and perhaps thou sands-of buildings that have no mer it other than that of being old.

ESPITE UNCERTAIN cost and quality, there has been no dampening of enthusiasm for the tax-shelter program. This is not accidental, nor is it the result of a failure to recognize these uncertainties. It is apparent that presenting this program directly and making it an explicit element of the federal budget was politically unacceptable to Congress and the President, In the realm of practical politics, historic preservation is acceptable only if its costs can be hidden. Tax shelter meets this requirement, having the pragmatic virtue of being discreet. There is probably no technique that is more effective and still legal in obscuring how and how much taxpayers are paying for the program. Thus, without any rational estimates of costs, without any review by the Senate Finance Committee, and with only a token dialogue in the Senate itself-one that was muted in patriotic pronouncements-the tax incentives were approved by a vote of 94 to 2, with only Sens. William Proxmire and Hiram Fong opposed.

Political feasibility, however, accounts only for the legislature's choice of method. The popular acceptance of the result was illuminated by an eminent New York lawyer who has become a voracious tax-shelter investor for himself and his clients: "I want to do two things in my business life—to make money and do good, and in that order." Tax shelter for historic properties meets his goals: the preservation of the nation's history and of

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FRANCISCO, I'LL ING YOU RED CARNATIONS

by Philip Levum

Here in the g! behind the fortress of Barcelona I have come once more to see the graves of my fallen. Two ancient picnickers direct The woman hushes him. All the way down this is a city of the dead, 871,251 difuntos. The poor packed in tenements a dozen high: the rich in splendid homes or temples. So nothing has changed except for the single unswerving fact: they are all dead. Here is the Plaza of San Jaime, here the Rambla of San Pedro, so every death still has a mailing address, but since this is Spain the mail never comes or comes too late to be of use. Between the cemetery and the Protestant burial ground we find the three stones all in a row: Ferrer Guardia. B. Durruti, F. Ascaso, the names written with marking pens, and a few circled A's and tributes to the FAI and CNT. For two there are floral displays, but Ascaso faces eternity with only a stone. Maybe as it should be. He was a stone, a stone and a blade, the first grinding and sharpening the other. Half his 36 years were spent in prisons or on the run, and yet in that last photograph taken less than an hour before he died, he stands in a dark suit, smoking, a rifle slung behind his shoulder, and glances sideways at the camera half smiling. It is July 20, 1936, and before the darkness falls a darkness will have fallen on him. While

the streets are echoing with victory and revolution. Francisco Ascaso will take up the hammered little blade of his spirit and enter for the last time the republics of death. I remember his words to a frightened comrade who questioned the wisdom of attack: "We have gathered here to die, but we don't have to die with dogs, so go." Forty-one years ago, and now the city stretches as far as the eye can see, huge cement columns like nails pounded into the once green meadows of the Llobregat. Your Barcelona is gone. the old town swallowed in industrial filth and the burning mists of gasoline. Only the police remain, armed and arrogant, smiling masters of the boulevards, the police and your dream of the city of God, where every man and every woman gives and receives the gifts of work and care, and that dream goes on in spite of slums, in spite of death clouds, the roar of trucks, the harbor staining the mother sea, it goes on in spite of all that mocks it. We have it here growing in our hearts, as your comrade said, and when we give it up with our last breaths someone will gasp it home to their lives. Francisco, stone, knife blade, single soldier still on the run down the darkest street of all, we will be back across an ocean and a continent to bring you red carnations, to celebrate the unbroken promise of your life that once was frail and flesh.

TREASURE HOUSES

his own wealth. This dual appeal is capable of making even the most ardent reformers (assuming they are in high enough tax brackets) forget, or at least overlook, the program's inadequacies and inequities.

I was told, at an early stage in my professional career, that it was foolhardy to be against virtue. And in this age of nostalgia what could be more virtuous than historic preservation? If I did not realize this before, I learned it a few months ago at a dinner party. where I was holding forth on my objections to the tax policy for preservation. One guest, who was remodeling her "historic" four-story apartment building in the South End of Boston (something that she could not afford to do before the Tax Reform Act), stopped me with one question: "Why are you against our American heritage?"

But if historic preservation is on the side of virtue, then why do we so anxiously hide what we are doing? As with sex in the Victorian Age, we may like the result but we seem to be ashamed of the process. Historic preservation should, perhaps, in the ordering of our national priorities, rank high. But we have to recognize that it involves the spending of public monevs. The method of funding does not eliminate the cost. If there is some mystery about how taxpayers in the highest income-tax brackets can turn losses into gains, there is nothing metaphysical about where the dollars come from. They are tax revenues that are uncollected from our wealthiest taxpavers. These are revenues that could have been spent on housing, defense, energy, health care, or assistance to the arts. They are also additional moneys that could be spent on Faneuil Hall rather than on marginal prop-

The late Bart Lytton, one of California's more colorful businessmen, once asked, when he was being hounded by his bank creditors: "If they are so smart, why ain't they rich?" We could ask a similar question. If historic preservation is so important to our social well-being, why not show openly what we are doing and take pride in how much we are willing to spend on it? These are good and fair questions. But no one seems willing to answer them.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1978

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THE LAST DAYS OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT

Unions get the pink slip

by Nicholas von Hoffma

HE NEWSCASTERS continue to talk about the vin and vang of American economics-Big Business and Big Labor-and George Meany's disagreements with whoever occupies the Oval Office are presented as if the old gentleman's ire is something for a President to fear. But the heart of the matter is that Big Labor isn't very big anymore. On the teeter-totter with Big Business, the unions find themselves high in the sky with legs flailing. The vaunted labor vote has vanished; the labor lobby has come down with pernicious anemia, and labor itself, this once mighty force in the society, has shrunk to the status of just another special-interest group, like consumers or the steel industry or the sugar refiners.

These past few years have not been a good time for labor. Union membership this year had fallen to only 20.1 percent of the labor force, the lowest since World War II. Since 1974, unions have lost more than half a million members, while in the same period the economy added 6 million new jobs. In the past few years, the unions lost more than half of the organizing elections supervised by the National Labor Relations Board, and three-quarters of the decertification elections in which recognized union representation in a plant was challenged. If they were known, the figures on the numbers of strikes lost would be yet more damning, but a

union never admits it has lost a strike unless its members are booted out of the plant gate and told they have not only been fired, but will be arrested for trespassing if they return.

The decline in labor's power in the construction industry would have been unimaginable a decade ago. The media had advised us that the industry was helpless before the building-trades unions. Today it is estimated that less than half the buildings under construction are union jobs. Nonunion labor is the rule these days for residential housing, but even on big, union-label high-rise and industrial-plant jobs, concessions are being made on wages and work rules. Union contractors are setting up dummy, nonunion companies for customers who have found out that if you don't want a union crew, you don't have to have one.

If the impression persists that labor is as tough and strong as ever, it may be owing to the demonstration put on by the government employee unions in the Sixties and early Seventies. To the outsider it looked as if craven politicians, scared both by the inconveniencing strikes of cops and garbage workers and by the power of the union vote, were prepared to give away the municipal franchise to every city's employees. Students of labor relations talked about the two-bites-of-the-apple problem, meaning that public-sector employees, unlike private-sector union members, could strike their bosses and organize to vote the head of the company out of office.

But the bills for those expensive labor contracts started coming due about the time of the recession. That wa when public-employee unions learne what other unions already knew: Yo can't win a strike when communit sentiment is against you—and it turne so ferociously against striking civ servants that nongovernment unio members won't even support them The largest union of federal employees, the American Federation of Government Employees (AFL-CIO), ha lost about 38,000 members in the pas seven years.

Another measure of organized la bor's diminished power is the frequen cv with which union officials are be ing jailed and fined for refusing to obey back-to-work orders from the courts. While this happens most ofter in government employment, an arena in which the right to strike has by no means been secured, the anti-union in junction historically has been a controversial device. Not now. The only people who are upset by it are those against whom the injunction is issued The arrest of union teachers, union firemen, and even union police draws no outraged protest from labor's liberal sympathizers-if, indeed, this constituency still exists.

The pressmen's strike, closing down New York's major newspapers for such a long time, may have made the unions look muscular, but union opposition to automated equipment in this industry has been an absolute failure. The New York strike, if it can be called a fight for the featherbed, wasn't a trend-setter, but a trend-ender. New equipment and new work rules already had arrived in Washington, Dallas,

Nicholas von Hoffman writes a syndicated column on politics, and is the author of Make-Believe Presidents: Illusions of Power from McKinley to Carter, published in October by Pantheon.



Cansas City, and a number of other ities, sometimes after a fight and ometimes without one; and on the raterfront, in the railroads, and in their industries, unions have had to oll up their fluffy comforters.

HE CREDIT FOR labor's losses and decline is usually given to George Meany, the octogenarian who personifies exense-account trade unionism. "A picure of George Meany on the front page of an American newspaper," lanents William Winpisinger, the atypcally dynamic president of the mahinists' union, "has the same kind of mpact a picture of Jay Gould or J. Pierpont Morgan once had: that of a gigar-smoking, affluent patriarch." But his view overestimates the old plumber's power to persuade the indepenlent international unions that make up he AFL-CIO to depart from ancient toutines. Not that Meany has tried, but even if he had, he would not have been able to push his constituent organizations into supporting a cause such as the civil-rights struggles. A close association with the civil-rights movement, a natural ally, might have rejuvenated the unions, which needed the talent, energy, and romanticism of the black upheaval. The civil-rights movement, in its turn, needed the structure, stability, and staying power of the unions. Some labor organizations with significant black membership, such as the auto and packinghouse workers, did commit themselves to civil-rights agitation, but for the most part the unions were diffident to the point of antipathy. Either they had no black members and weren't about to risk matriculating any, or, like the steelworkers, the union worked with management in arrangements that discriminated against black members in favor of white ones. Only with César Chavez did big but dwindling labor find a way to unite itself with the last decade's ethnic upsurge. But it wasn't enough. Life in the old-line unions goes on much as before, and Chavez is seen principally as a Chicano leader and only very indistinctly as a colleague of George Meany's.

Labor also failed to rally to the antiwar movement, though here the opportunity for a transfusion for organized labor's tired blood might not

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THE LAST DAYS OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT

have been as great. Even if the unions had strongly supported the antiwar protests, they would have been supporting people from occupational groups that traditionally have not been attracted to trade unions. These people, of course, now constitute the "new class," the new clericals, the professional, technical, and service-worker sector of the economy. Had the AFL-CIO identified itself with the antiwar sentiment instead of opposing it, a way might have been found to organize this "new class" in its new occupations. In any event, this was organized labor's best chance to show that unions had something to offer college-educated people, that unions weren't surly, overly combative organizations of irreconcilably plebeian taste and mentality.

Even more serious was the failure to support the women's movement. The unions had an opportunity to organize office workers on a dramatically large scale, and the AFL-CIO was in a position to offer a dignified, breadand-butter, trade-union feminism to the millions of women who do the work of the nation's banks, insurance companies, and other white-collar factories. But the modern women's movement was in large part made possible by sensibilities opened up during the civil-rights and antiwar efforts, and the unions, having sat these out, once again were content to remain complacent.

Regardless of how rambunctious organized labor may have been in the past, its officers now want to settle down and live comfortably, which means they do not live up to peoples' expectations of idealistic behavior. Heads of labor unions are expected to be ascetics. This is why César Chavez, making his protest pilgrimages down the highways of the San Joaquin Vallev with Ethel Kennedy and other personages from the pages of People magazine, enjoys a unique respect. Meanwhile, in front of the marble temple to labor on Washington's 16th Street, the cameras show George Meany getting in and out of limousines like any other member of the American ruling class. For this and his \$90,000-a-year salary, he is regarded as a sellout.

We are troubled by union officials who make more money than we do, although they don't make nearly as much money as their adversaries across the

felt-topped bargaining tables. Only nine officers of international union were paid more than \$100,000 las year, including expenses. (Here and there a few business agents in gang ster locals are also in the six-figure bracket.) The highest-paid union of ficer, Frank Fitzsimmons, the president of the Teamsters, earned \$159,000 in 1977, slightly more than 10 percent of the earnings of the highest-pair corporate executive. Archie McCardel of International Harvester, A union official who makes more than the boys in the shop is considered hypocritical, because unions, to be good in nonunion eves, must be forever young, forever enjoying the mendicant privations of an organizational Pentecost. Catholic cardinals and Protestant television evangelists find more public approval for their lush living than union bosses, who have to be poor to prove they're honest.

Harold Geneen of ITT last year earned \$896,000. His company's profits totalled \$563 million, so the stockholders had no reason to complain. Labor union presidents who take salaries of one-tenth that size can't justify them by pointing to the raises they negotiated for their members. Corporate heads who enlarge profits are hailed as masters of the bottom line: union officials who do the equivalent for their stockholders-the duespaying members-run the risk of being castigated for fueling inflation. There's a double standard being applied here. The reigning ideology permits the leaders of capital to submit to the amoral discipline of the free market and to no other; leaders of labor are expected to adhere to a higher. more selfless code. Capital can be autocratic: labor must be democratic.

A union must be run under conditions of moral asepsis. It must live up to a nebulous idealism that not even business's detractors expect from corporate America. Businessmen are accorded a leniency and understanding that unions are not. Businessmen who break the law commit white-collar crime: union officials who do the same are racketeers. When the prosecutorial authorities realized the dimensions of the illegal campaign contributions in the 1972 elections, they offered a de facto amnesty. Perpetrators who quickly came forward and confessed to dropping bundles were given a wink nd had their cases handled charita-Jy. No such courtesy has ever been * xtended to the officers of the Teamters Union. American business exectives obtain a sympathetic hearing when they admit they had to commit Ittle crime. Unions were once ofered a similar sympathy. Back in the 4 ra when Pete Seeger was singing "Which Side Are You On?" cracking moren scabs' heads with brickbats was, If not a socially sanctioned activity, me that people understood was necssary to win a strike. But the political limate has changed, and in the conest for public approbation, the unions have lost to their opponents.

ITHOUT A DOUBT the unions brought upon themselves their low ratings in the public-opinion polls. They failed to convince people that they cared enough about dishonesty in their organizations to do something about it. They failed to recruit able, younger executive talent in the '50s and '60s, so that now, depressing as the bull-walrus labor bosses sitting around swimming pools in Miami may be, the lower-echelon nonentities waiting for them to die are even less appealing. However, organized labor's image problems also depend to an extent on a mass media that depicts unionists as featherbedding gangsters, corruptionists, parasitical cynics, authoritarian boors, and racketeers engaged in the business of entrapping working people into closed-shop slavery. Union members are typically referred to in our mass media as lazy, overpaid louts who contribute nothing to the national commonweal but poor workmanship and inflation.

As union power eroded during the past two decades, the anti-labor rodomontade has increased. The press as an institution has always been heavily anti-labor union, but in the past there were always a few countervailing periodicals. It is safe to say that no prolabor mass medium exists any longer. Those that are not hostile in their editorials hold to a position of neutrality, at the same time running stories about organized labor's connections with crooked pension funds and gangsters. Chavez aside, the most unions can hope for from the media is the kind of impartiality that brackets big



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SONGS

by Philip Levine

Dawn coming in over the fields of darkness, takes me by surprise, and I look up from my solitary road pleased not to be alone, the birds now choiring from the orange groves huddling to the low hills. But sorry that this night has ended, a night in which you spoke of how little love we seemed to have known and all of it going from one of us to the other. You could tell the words took me by surprise, as they often will, and you grew shy and held me away for a while, your eyes enormous in the darkness. almost as large as your hunger to see and be seen over and over.

30 years ago I heard a woman sing of the motherless child sometimes she felt like. In a white dress this black woman with a gardenia in her hair leaned on the piano and stared out into the breathing

darkness

of unknown men and women needing her songs. There were those among us who cried, those who rejoiced that she was back before us for a time, a time not to be much longer, for the voice was going and the habits slowly becoming all there was of her.

And I believe that night she cared for the purity of the songs and not much else. Oh, she still saw the slow gathering of that red dusk that hovered over her cities, and no doubt dawns like this one caught her on the roads from job to job, but the words she'd lived by were drained of mystery as this sky is now, and there was no more "Easy Living" and she was "Miss Brown" to no one and no one was her "Lover Man." The only songs that mattered were wordless

like those rising in confusion from the trees or wind-songs that waken the grass that slept a century, that waken me to how far we've come.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT

business, big government, and big labor in a despicable trinity, as if all three wielded comparable power and influence. Labor's opponents have been so successful in putting over their case that they have convinced the public that our pro-business mass media suffer from a liberal, pro-labor bias.

Unions are so weak and their opponents so strong that businessmen are now prepared to rupture the social concordat that emerged from the industrial wars of the 1930s-the sometimes tacit, sometimes explicit recognition that unions were here to stay and that in contesting them, management would refrain from trying to destroy them. In cities throughout the country, businessmen have been attending seminars on union-busting conducted by persons who style themselves "labor relations consultants." The big corporations, which, it had been assumed, made peace with organized labor long ago, are attempting to keep unions out of their new plants in the "Sunbelt" states. An industrial relations vice-president from one of the corporate megaliths was recently quoted as saying, "All big managements want to operate 'double-breasted,' whatever they say. That goes for du Pont, General Electric, General Motors, Union Carbide, you name it. Most of the new plants they open are nonunion and they are staying that wav."

Even without the rigidities of organized labor's reigning gerontocracy, and even without the impact of the media and the techniques of "labor consultants," union power might have declined. History has not been on the unions' side. Their main strength in the past has been the highly skilled craft unions, whose members' services were essential to their employers. They have been displaced in no small measure by nonunion, quasi-professional technicians. Not only are the great industrial unions of semi- and unskilled workers finding their members' services increasingly dispensable in a capital-intensive, high-technology world, but their fates are bound to the fortunes of the companies in whichever industries they work, Unlike English unions, American labor organizations have no party as a political base to extend their power past the contract armwrestle with management; nor do they have the control that German unions share with management at the heard of-directors level.

There have been occasional attempts by unions to dominate an industry the most interesting and far-reaching being that tried by John L. Lewis, the fabled head of the United Mine Work ers, who founded the CIO and played a large part in organizing the steel auto, and rubber workers. Lewis's pow er rested in part on charisma and in part on a goon squad the Mafia would have envied. Most miners adored Lewis, and the minority who didn't were too intimidated to go against him. Under Lewis, from the late '40s on, not only was there peace in the coalfields. but millions of dollars in union money were lent to coal companies to buy modern equipment. The small, economically marginal mine operator was driven out of business. Lewis envisioned a modern industry in which machines rather than men did most of the mining, and an industry that was unified enough to keep production down and prices up.

The miners were not the only union to provide working capital to their industry. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers did it, as did the Teamsters. but in the 1950s Lewis had control of the union welfare fund, which received a royalty on every ton of coal dug, and he was in a position to invest huge amounts of money that the industry could not possibly have obtained elsewhere. Had Lewis not been in his seventies and close to retirement, he might have moved to give the union overt and public financial and managerial control, provided he could have circumvented the antitrust laws. Had he done so, the nation would have had a model of a major industry that was run, if not by its workers, at least by the union they belonged to, or more accurately, by its autocratic president.

HE CONSEQUENCES of the unions' decline are more easily appreciated than the causes. Ideas, as everyone knows, are taken seriously only when backed by power. At the moment, the Right has the power and the representation, so it should not be surprising that Congress, which we are told by columnists is as liberal as it is numerically Democratic, can devote itself to working on a huge increase in the Social

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Security payroll tax and a drastic cut in the capital gains tax. The country's much-discussed swing to the right arises less from any great shift of opinion than from the decline in political power of those with different ideas. If the people making less than \$20,000 a year don't even have the organization to elect a Congressman, they're not a threat to the republic; they're not even a threat to the reelection of the republic's upper-class politicians.

And without effective union political power or some other countervailing force, it is just that sort of person who dominates the national government. The available income figures (which seriously underestimate the members' wealth) show that the House is an upper-middle-class body with fifteen blacks and a Blue Collar Caucus of only twelve members. The Senate remains what it was back in the era when its members weren't popularly elected-a millionaires' club. Seventeen of its members admit they are millionaires, but a greater number probably are as well. Individual Senators may, of course, have truly hemorrhaging hearts for their less wellto-do countrymen, as the millionaire Teddy Kennedy has shown in his long fight for a comprehensive national medical program, but if his equally rich colleagues see no reason to pass such a bill after thirty years of study and discussion, one explanation may be that they can afford to go to the hospital.

Without a kick in the pants of the kind unions can no longer deliver, labor must suffer increasing rejection from the national government. The last session of Congress saw organized labor lose almost everything it wanted, in particular the labor-law reform bill, which sought to give workers who want to organize unions a measure of protection, and to chastise companies who punish their employees for trying. Without such a bill, the prospects of organizing such companies as J.P. Stevens, the giant southern textile operation that has repelled AFL-CIO boarders for years, are poor to nonexistent.

A union too weak, too poor, and without enough community support may find itself, not destroyed, but forced to give up its adversary role with management, and to accept that of a junior partnership. "I run this place just like a business," said Dave Beck, Jimmy Hoffa's predecessor in the presidency of the Teamsters Union. who, like Hoffa, left office to go to the penitentiary. But what kind of business did Beck mean? "Our business is selling labor," he explained. It's a parlous easy thing for a union to exchange functions and become a labor contractor, an enforcer of discipline among the workers, a super foreman and straw boss for management. That's what unions in Russia do, and although it would be an exaggeration to say American unions have been reduced to a similar nullity, they do often serve as management tools.

It would not do to talk too loudly about the AFL-CIO being turned into Daddy Bigbucks' little helper, yet sometimes you can read a not too oblique acknowledgment of the true state of labor relations in the business press, as in this excerpt from Forbes (February 20, 1978):

Organized labor is now so interwoven into the fabric of the U.S. economy, especially in basic industry, that any sudden and serious loss of its authority would probably distress management more than please it. General Motors "needed" the United Auto Workers to police its huge—more than 450,000 people—work force, a high GM executive once remarked. If the UAW did not "police" the contract, he said, GM plants would be chaotic.

In Washington, union and management often team up to testify and lobby to defeat environmental and safety controls or to gain high protective tariffs. Even without this lugubrious coupling of theoretically antithetical forces, the absence of powerful unions or other organizations representing the working millions has resulted in the maintenance and increase of much of the centralized federal planning and regulation that victors over labor so detest. Stronger labor organizations, working in conjunction with management, might be able to develop and carry out programs for occupational health and safety, medical and infant care, and retirement. Indeed, one of the saddest casualties of the loss of the coal strike was the breakup of the union's unique network of clinics and family health-care programs.

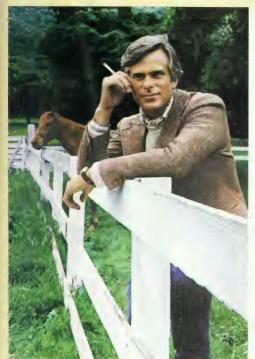
Back in the Samuel Gompers eralabor organizations were almost a skeptical as the boss about having government take over welfare activities. But unions too weak to compel th owners to protect their workers from poison chemicals, irradiation, or an of the other things that maim and kill leave the society with the choice of federal regulation or nothing. Hencour characteristic pattern of traged-first, then regulation—first the exploding gas tanks or the shredding automobile tires and then the Departmen of Transportation rules and regulations.

Without strong unions or some sub stitute we are a badly underrepresent ed nation. In 1900, 64.1 percent of our employed adult population worked for somebody else. The rest were self-employed farmers, merchants, and professionals. They, with their wives, were often hard-pressed financially, but they were independently situated and therefore able to devise endless organizational schemes and arrangements for their political and economic representation. Today 94.1 percent of the employed adult population works for somebody else. For most of those people, without union power there is no power. Assuredly the petrified political parties are incapable of offering representation, so that we are left with only merchandising surveys and public-opinion polls to make our preferences known. Moreover, in the workplace at a time when the society has become totally job dependent, the members of the society have lost all control over their jobs.

Unions have gone through periods of declining power and membership before, just as we've had to suffer through earlier periods of business worship. When the businessmen foul out again, when the present faith in the private sector weakens, without unions and without any other broadbased economic or political organization for the employee society, it is difficult to see what else people can turn to but the governmentalism most of us detest. If there are no unions to keep the wages up through collective bargaining, Washington must pass minimum-wage laws. There may be some truth in the old adage you don't hear anymore, that a bad union is better than no union at all.

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BURNING DARWIN TO SAVE MARX

Only the fittest scientific truths survive

by Tom Bethell

ROM MY READING of the political journals of opinion within the past year or so, I gather that there is something called the New Right, which poses a rather grave threat and is likely to drag us all back to the age of Colonial Oppression and Social Darwinism. But from reading the daily newspapers and the Congressional Record I get a very different impression: the civil rights bureaucracies grow ever larger, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission becomes more powerful every day, and hordes of feminists flow ceaselessly into Washington demanding equality.

It is evident, surely, that the Age of Egalitarianism in which we really do live is in little danger of being supplanted. It becomes more secure with every passing day: we have more and more equality, although the idea of "more equality" obviously becomes contradictory at some point. But the idea of equality is now obligatory: it is settled and certain, fixed in the firmament of opinion. To resist it ever so slightly is to invite the label fascist. In fact, we live not so much in the Egalitarian Age as in the Age of Compulsory Equality.

Whenever a society becomes as steeped in an idea as ours is in egalitarianism (although the phenomenon is worldwide), the idea becomes manifest not merely in politics and law but in spheres normally thought to be innocent of ideology. Contemporary art, for example, has a profoundly egalitarian cast, because if someone, a childish dauber, for instance, calls himself an artist and proceeds, self-confidently, to express himself with paint, then he is said to have as much claim on the

Muse as anyone else who calls himself an artist. Good intentions are as meritorious as good canvases.

Science is another sphere that has been invaded by political considerations. In certain fields, scientific truth is being reevaluated in the light of egalitarian principles. This seems odd at first because we have been taught to think of science as the pure and disinterested search for truth: something practiced by the absentminded, perhaps slightly dotty professor in his laboratory, peering into his microscope for no other reason than to satisfy his curiosity. Wasn't it Sir Isaac Newton who was so distracted from everyday life that he boiled his watch instead of an egg? He was too busy contemplating the abstract domains of time and matter to notice the difference. Within the last generation, however, the idea has begun to take hold that science does in fact have a distinct political bias.

When the politics of science is brought up in discussion, people at first incline to think about the government funding of scientific research. The federal government's role is not to be taken lightly, of course. It now provides \$2.7 billion, or two-thirds of the funds for scientific research at universities. The universities themselves provide less than one-eighth of the money. Thus the science professor who wants to do research must learn how to petition the custodians of patronage in Washington. That does a lot to encourage a sense of practical reality.

But it is important to realize that the people who run the National Science Foundation and the National Institutes of Health (which give

Tom Bethell is a Washington editor of Harp-

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away must he money) are not interested in monitoring research with a view to eliminating (ideological error. Such error is indeed monitored, not by politicians, but by the far more pervesive and subtle mechanism of aca-

atific activity. At the mundane level of finding, it is enough to ensure that research apposals straying too far from the body of appears and application is sent to Washington, "program officers" solicit opinions of its merit from selected specialists whose identities are not disclosed to the grant applicant. This procedure acts to introduce conformity into scientific thinking. The alert petitioner will know what is acceptable and what is not.

Loren R. Graham, a professor of the history of science at M.I.T., remarked in a recent issue of *Daedalus* devoted to the "Limits of Scientific Inquiry" that

if I were at present an executive of a research foundation and I were asked to vote on funding a program for projects on race and intelligence, I would vote negatively. I would refer to the fact that current definitions of "race" and "intelligence" are inadequate for the task, that the problem is not one that seems currently solvable, and that money could be used to greater advantage in other areas.

The man comes close to saying that he would vote not to look into the matter because not enough is known about it. A Florentine cardinal might well have thought up a similar reply to Galileo's petitioning for funds for a telescope. Such statements, then, will act as warning signals to the professoriat: THIS ARCOFF LIMITS. Elaborating on this, Edward O. Wilson, the Frank Baird Professor of Science and Curator of Entomology at Harvard University, said in a recent interview that "a penumbra of disapproval" currently surrounds the entire field of human behavioral genetics.

The domain of peer review extends far beyond grantsmanship, however: it is the gauntlet that must be run in order to publish one's articles in respectable academic journals. Rather than risk remaining unpublished, nearly all scientists will think the correct thoughts. And more generally still, peer review works effectively because most people want to be thought of as respectable citizens, not as fanatics. No one wants to be sent to Coventry with William Schockley and Arthur Jensen for making claims (that there are racial differences in intelligence) that flout the doctrines of egalitarianism.

Scientists thus pick up sociopolitical and moral currents "in the air" and tend to enforce compliance with them by monitoring one another's work. The point to note is that the sociopolitical wisdom comes first. Having popularly established itself, it is then "validated" by science. This notion of science as a subservient discipline is perfectly demonstrated when one considers the historical problem of racial classification and its solutions, at various times, by scientists. The example also illuminates the trend toward egalitarianism.

Genetic skulduggery

years, it is possible to discern three broad eras of racial categorization. The first might be described as the period of the White Man's Burden, during which slavery and colonial "oppression" were practiced by one nation or group upon another. During this period, anthropologists validated the status quo by coming up with the necessary scientific justification.

To this end a good deal of skull-measuring took place. One prominent collector was Samuel George Morton, a Philadelphia doctor, who began collecting skulls in the 1830s and eventually amassed more than a thousand of them. Morton measured the skulls' capacities by filling them with lead shot. His assumption -a bold one-was that the more intelligent people have larger heads. Morton's contemporaries seem to have accepted this without question. Having measured the capacity of the skulls, he then grouped them according to races, whose reality as separate taxonomic entities also was not questioned in the nineteenth century. He found, not surprisingly, that the economic order was indeed justified. Whites had the largest heads, Indians the next largest, and Negroes the smallest. When Morton died, the leading Southern medical journal said of him: "We of the South should consider him as our benefactor, for aiding most materially in giving to the negro his true position as an inferior race."

Morton's research was scrutinized recently by Stephen Jay Gould, a professor of biology, geology, and the history of science at Harvard University, who, to judge from his published writings, spends a fair amount of his time trying to root out racism, sexism, and cultural imperialism in the sciences. If the Civil Rights division of HEW ever decided to hire a scientist, Gould would be the kind of person they would be looking for. Gould takes the view that almost all scientific observation is likely

to be tainted to some extent by the expectacions and prejudices of the observer. Therefore the wisest course of action is for the scientist to be as open as possible about his biases, so that readers can mentally make the appropriate adjustments if they feel inclined. Gould has commendably followed his own advice, and in a recent paper in Paleobiology, coauthored with Niles Eldredge, he mentioned as an aside that he had "learned his Marxism literally at his daddy's knee."

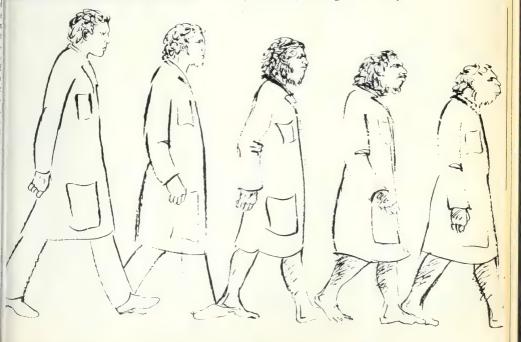
It might seem almost superfluous to add. therefore, that in a recent article in Science magazine Gould found that Morton's data had been misinterpreted and reflected an "a priori ranking (his folks on top, slaves on bottom)." Gould did not go back to measure the skulls themselves; he reanalyzed the statistical data that Morton himself had provided. "I suspect," he added, "that unconscious or dimly perceived finagling, doctoring, and massaging are rampant, endemic, and unavoidable in a profession that awards status and power for clean and unambiguous discovery."

It would be possible to give many other instances of the anthropologist's art pressed into service on behalf of the White Man's Burden: not merely crania but buttocks, genitals, and heart were carefully measured in search of deviation from a theoretical racial ideal. Craniometers, sphenoidal hooks, and other complicat- "... not merely ed measuring gadgets were brought to bear on the task. In 1900, a certain A. Von Torok made 5,000 measurements of a single skull. In France, Paul Broca, called by Charles Darwin "a cautious and philosophical observer," dug up some skulls he presumed to be aristocratic and compared them with skulls from a pauper's grave. "He measured, multiplied, divided, and grouped them," Jacques Barzun has written, and finally showed that the aristocracy really was superior to the proletariat.

crania, but buttocks, genitals, and heart were carefully measured in search of deviation from a theoretical racial ideal."

N THE EARLY TWENTIETH CENTURY, the Separate-But-Equal Era begins to make its appearance-so named after the 1896 Supreme Court case of Plessy v. Ferguson. During this period, which lasted until the 1950s, anthropologists, evolutionary biologists, and, increasingly, geneticists were more than ready to affirm that there really were distinct races, often called subspecies, but that it was a mistake to say that one was superior to another.

Many of the respected practitioners of twentieth-century biology, among them George Gaylord Simpson and Theodosius Dobzhansky, validated the new classifications. (On the other hand, one or two, including Julian Huxley,



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perhaps unconsciously anticipating political ugh in other respects he was far nt—always repudiated racial cate-The "concluding remarks" of s and L. C. Dunn's Heredity, Race, written in 1946, are of interest because they already have become lete. "Although universal uniformity of n appeals to some people," the Columbia University professors wrote, "there is no reason why monotonous sameness should be our goal. On the contrary, such a prospect appears bleak in the extreme. . . . The varieties of human cultures will appear to us an inspiration rather than a curse if we learn to respect, to understand, and to admire them.... It is a waste of time to discuss which contributions are superior and which inferior." That is the "humane" rendition of the separate-but-equal theory of the races, which, if expressed today, would be likely to give rise to Grand Jury

An excellent variation on the same theme was propounded by William C. Boyd in his 1950 book *Genetics and the Races of Man* (a "Book Find Special Selection" that year, praised by Bernard Cohen of Harvard). "The genetic classification of races," Boyd wrote,

is more objective and better founded sci-

entifically than older classifications. The differences we find between races are inherited in a known manner, not influenced by environment, and thus pretty fundamental. But the new criteria differ from some older criteria in an important respect. In certain parts of the world, an individual will be considered inferior if he has, for instance, a dark skin, but in no part of the world does the possession of a blood group, a gene, or even an Rh negative gene, exclude him from the best society. There are no prejudices against genes.

Boyd asserts, then, that the races are genetically separate, but one gene, of course, is no better than another.

Today the genetic classification of races is considered to be misguided at best. Richard C. Lewontin, a population geneticist and Alexander Agassiz Professor of Zoology at Harvard, wrote in 1972 that human races are in reality very similar to one another, "with the largest part by far of human variation being accounted for by the differences between individuals." Like Gould, incidentally, Lewontin has described himself as a Marxist, and he once told a reporter that in his study of genes "I devote a lot of theoretical work to looking at systems of many genes simultaneously. It turns out that collections of genes have prop-



erties that arise from the interaction of the genes that don't occur when you look at them singly. I'm saying the Marxist perspective eads you into certain modes of thought that end to be conducive to looking at complex yestems." (Even if people won't work together, genes do, he seems to be saying, and that way hey get interesting results.)

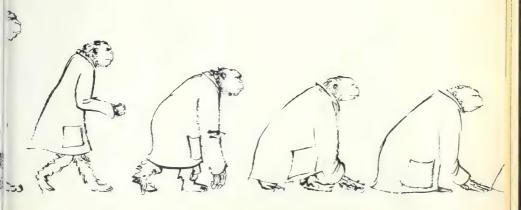
By 1972, of course, we were well into the hird or Egalitarian phase of racial categorizaion. Lewontin's remark about the difference between individuals being bigger than the mean difference between groups was a transation into science of the sentiments behind the Civil Rights Act. We should think of people as individuals, not as members of groups. Just in case anyone was not getting the message. Lewontin added the following admonition: "Human racial classification is of no social value and is positively destructive of social and human relations. Since such racial classification is now seen to be of virtually no genetic or taxonomic significance either, no justification can be offered for its continuance." Gould, a colleague and friend of Lewontin at Harvard, followed up with a column in Natural History unequivocally titled "Why We Should Not Name Human Races-A Biological View."

Ironically enough, politics has marched

ahead of science once again. If affirmativeaction programs are anything to go by, we are now moving into phase four, the Age of Compulsory Equality. If government workers in the antidiscrimination business are not to lose their jobs, it will be necessary to continue having a basis for making discriminations between people. How this is to be done if scientists are going to withhold their seal of approval from racial classification is not immediately clear.

Gould, when asked about this at Harvard recently, said he could see no reason why racial categories shouldn't be established as a matter of social policy. But the problem is that unless scientists are prepared to endorse such categories with their own criteria, affirmativeaction programs could run into the following difficulty: the only basis for putting people into racial groups will be the amateurish judgment of laymen. The federal government-as is rarely reported in the press-currently employs people who go around government office buildings counting up black and white faces. That is how they compile their elaborate racial employment statistics. They can't do it any other way because according to the Civil Rights Act (such a nuisance at times!) you can't query race on employment application forms. Therefore racial tabulation has pro-

"The federal government— as is rarely reported in the press—currently employs people who go around government office buildings counting up black and white faces."



ceeded by means of what a Civil Service Commission spokesman called "visual survey of the workforce." But the same spokesman added that this will all soon be changed and the government will go back to asking for race on employment forms. Lest this seem regressive, he hastened to add, the Civil Service will admit racial self-classification. In other words, out are what you say you are racially.

This could turn out to be a disastrous anomalv unless the scientists somehow come up with a redeeming theory. If a company is under orders from the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission to increase its black, Oriental, et cetera, workforce, then it could do so by finding the requisite number of employees who were prepared to say they were members of the desired race. At that point the company could declare a victory. It is difficult to see what the legal response would be if another branch of government (the Civil Service Commission) were allowing self-description. That is why an appeal to "objective" criteria supplied by scientists may once again be necessary. No doubt the biologists will be happy to oblige, as they always have in the past. The alternative would almost have to be race review boards (already reported to exist in at least one school district). Such review boards would have a Nuremberg Law aspect, calculated to melt away most of the already slim support for affirmative action.

Social Darwinism

▼HE FOREGOING exemplifies the problem of the classification of data in science-a problem that tends to be solved in a way that harmonizes with reigning political sentiment. More frequently. however, the subordination of science to sociopolitical considerations occurs as a result of a "partial" (in both senses) observation of the world by scientists. The natural world is, after all, filled with billions of "facts," only a tiny fraction of which in any given period are observed and described by scientists. And it seems that the facts that are picked out tend to recommend themselves precisely because they are to some degree aligned with political expectations.

A good example increasingly under discussion is Darwin's theory of evolution—the theory of natural selection (according to which plants and animals evolved because they left offspring that were "fitter" than themselves). As with genetic theories of race, this has been found to have implications contrary to the egalitarian spirit of the times, hence in need



of revision. As one would expect, the recent attack on Darwinism has come from the Left. As Edward O. Wilson wrote in a recent paper mittled "The Attempt to Suppress Human Behavioral Genetics":

It is a remarkable fact that in recent years the most effective opposition to the study of human evolution has come not from religious fundamentalists and the political right, but from biologists and other scientists who identify themselves with the radical left. The focus of these critics was initially on the inheritance of intelligence, but more recently, and significantly, it has broadened to include virtually any kind of study that touches on the genetic evolution of human behavior.

How did this peculiar state of affairs come about? The first line of attack has been to point out that Darwin was, after all, a creature of his times—the time being one of lais-sez-faire capitalism. According to this view, Darwin was a Social Darwinian. This is a very interesting criticism because Social Darwinism has hitherto been thought of as a latenineteenth-century corruption of a theory supposedly derived purely from nature. It is now suggested that the theory originated from society and was subtly transferred to nature—with perhaps Darwin himself not quite realizing that this was what he was doing.

The "official" version of the evolution of the theory has been that in the years leading up to the publication of The Origin of Species in 1859 Darwin merely puttered about on nature walks observing the flora and fauna around his country house near London, occasionally pausing to classify beetles, weigh this sample or measure that, until at last the great day arrived when he had collected enough facts and so was able to perceive the great synthesis-the general law of nature toward which all these observations pointed. He is perceived that way, above all, because he himself did so much to encourage that picture of himself, especially in his voluminous correspondence. Never, we are led to suppose, did he so much as look up to notice the busily smoking factory chimneys of London (although he lived in London at an important juncture in the formulation of his theory), or so much as deign to pick up a newspaper to find out what was going on in the world.

According to the view coming into vogue, however, Darwin in fact discerned that nature was constructed according to the progressive business principles of early capitalism. Just as laissez-faire worked miracles for business (there was no need for government intervention), so "the survival of the fittest" worked

miracles in nature (there was no need for "Just as laissez-God's intervention). Darwinian scholarship, which has been growing exponentially in recent years, continues to provide glimpses of Darwin the unconscious economist.

Silvan S. Schweber points out in a recent issue of the Journal of the History of Biology that at the critical period when he was formulating his theory, Darwin was reading Dugald Stewart's On the Life and Writing of Adam Smith. "No checks were necessary to the vice of intemperance," Darwin jotted down in a notebook at the time. "Circumstances made the check." And "Darwin's Reading," reproduced by Peter Vorzimmer, shows that the great naturalist was reading the novels of Harriet Martineau in the same period. These works, according to one Victorian historian, "provided detailed commentaries on the ideas of Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, interwoven with the plots of simple fictional romances." They were best-sellers.

Just as mid-Victorian English life was serenely secure, and could be envisioned to last a thousand years with no great disruption, so Charles Lyell's view of geology was slow and steady. Darwin agreed with Lyell—and the Victorian ethos. But now Gould (in the article coauthored with Eldredge) tells us that the fossil record suggests that "evolution is concentrated in very rapid events of speciation"—sudden bursts of "revolutionary activity," in other words. Gould remarked recently that this was "the best-kept secret in pale-ontology." Gould and Eldredge write:

Phyletic gradualism was an a priori assumption from the start—it was never "seen" in the rocks; it expressed the cultural and political biases of nineteenth-century liberalism. Huxley advised Darwin to eschew it as an "unnecessary difficulty." We think it has now become an empirical fallacy.

One thinker who did take note of bias was Karl Marx. He wrote to 1862: "It is remarkable how Darwin cognizes among the beasts and plants his English society with its division of labor, competition, opening up of new markets, 'invention,' and the Malthusian 'struggle for existence.'" Marx admired the book not fer economic reasons but for the more fundamental one that Darwin's universe was purely materialistic, and the explication of it no longer involved any reference to unobservable, nonmaterial causes outside or "beyond" it. In that important respect, Darwin and Marx were truly comrades, even if Darwin did decline the honor of having the second volume of Das Kapital dedicated to him.

"Just as laissezfaire worked miracles for business . . . so 'the survival of the fittest' worked miracles in nature. . . ."

Political science

AGE OF MATERIALISM that Darwin red in is still with us. (Gould, in r Since Darwin, argues convincingy, incidentally, that Darwin delayed ablishing his theory as long as he did because needed a materialist climate of opinion to be ccepted, and that climate was only just be-If ming to come over the horizon in the 1850s. Earlier than that, the bishops would still have had enough going for them to have made mincemeat out of Darwin-as they tried to do anyway, without success.) Thus Darwin has prospered under a long-range climate of materialism, but the short-range economic weather of laissez-faire capitalism is no longer working to his advantage. More than anything else, that accounts for the considerable revisionist scrutiny Darwin's theory of evolution has received in recent years.

No longer is unrestrained competition, once perceived as beneficial to business production and animal production alike, considered acceptable. We now live at a time when lip service, at least, is paid to notions of collective effort and collective security. One can see why Darwinism would upset the Left. As a theory, it is far from the ideals of egalitarianism. Just as some animals "prospered" and did well, thus evolving, others did not make it at all and so became extinct. It served them right, too, because they were not so fit. Evolution was nature's eugenics program. How do you think our Marxist biologists like that idea? They don't like it at all.

They much prefer Peter Kropotkin to Darwin. In 1903 Kropotkin wrote a book called Mutual Aid: A Factor of Evolution, He amassed almost as much evidence that animals cooperate as Darwin did on the other side of the argument. But his book was not well timed. Andrew Carnegie, we may safely assume, was not so eager to meet Kropotkin as he had been to meet Herbert Spencer (who had coined the phrase "survival of the fittest," and for all practical purposes the theory of evolution itself, seven years before The Origin of Species was published). But today Kropotkin's book would be well received. It would not be surprising to learn that it is being reprinted. Noam Chomsky is a devotee of Kropotkin, and so is Richard Lewontin.

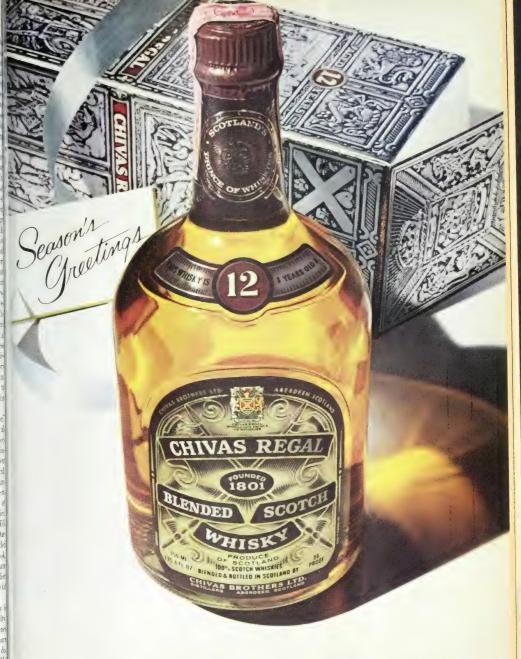
But with or without Kropotkin, the principle of mutual aid has been rediscovered, or perhaps more accurately, finally observed in nature. It was there all along, of course. Darwin would only have had to look out of his window at Down House to see it—or to hear

the bird that screams a warning to others in the flock, and so exposes itself to a great degree of danger than if it had kept silen Did Darwin fail to do so because of his "cutural bias"? Perhaps. But if he had observe mutual aid, and decided that he would have to reckon with it in his theory, it would have dealt a serious blow to natural selection: how could the "struggle for existence" permit on the fittest to survive if animals were helpin one another out at the same time?

Mutual aid has now been given the mor cumbersome name of reciprocal altruism, of sometimes simply altruism. To account for it Darwin's theory has been modified, but no in a way that pleases the Marxists. The selfis struggle for existence has been preserved, but writ small, as befits the era of microbiolog (and micro generally). No longer do indi viduals struggle: it is the genes that fight fo their survival. The "selfish gene" is now al the rage. This permits the Darwinian theory to be preserved in broad outline. Genes that cause their "owner" (such as the bird tha cries out a warning) to shriek thus preserve identical genes lodged inside near relative that are members of the flock. Even if the alarm-sounding bird is killed, it doesn't mind because its warning has caused its identical genes to be preserved in relatives, and these genes survive to perpetuate not the specie: but more genes. This is an ingenious theory but farfetched. There is no reason for im puting the complex emotion of selfishness to molecules beyond that of saving Darwinian theory in outline.

Natural selection becomes "kin selection" in the above instance, and that is how altruism is preserved in the species. Kin selection is a component part of the discipline called sociobiology, whose principal exponent these days is Edward O. Wilson of Harvard. The left-wingers have, as noted, a natural antipathy to Darwin. This antipathy is converted into violent hostility at the mention of sociobiology. In Darwin's Origin of Species. the evolution of bodies is explained. In Wilson's Sociobiology: The New Synthesis, Darwinian methods of explanation are extended to behavior. In Wilson's most recent book. On Human Nature, the same principles are applied exclusively to mankind (the earlier volume had dealt primarily with such social species as ants and chimpanzees).

It is not difficult to see why sociobiology is unpopular in the Age of Compulsory Equality. Genes play a big role in sociobiology, and genes are supposed to be tiny blueprints that more or less prescribe what we can or cannot do. Genes won't be denied. (Continued on page 91)



The Chivas Regal of Scotches.



RABBIT THE #1

The Swiss are no cuckoos. They sit surrounded by Ger-

many, Italy and France – all of the biggest car makers in Europe.

Europe.
Their choice of cars is unlimited. Yet the car they buy most is the Volkswagen

It seems fair to

To begin with, mountain climbing isn't

just a hobby in Switzerland; it's the way everyone drives. Good weather or bad (especially bad) there is nothing like Rabbit's front-wheel drive to get a car up an Alp. Or a Rocky, or even a steep driveway.

Also, the Swiss worship precision; it's what makes them tick. Car and Driver described the Rabbit this way: "Quality is exceptionally high throughout, with solid slamming doors and a structure that feels as substantial as a Mosler safe."

The Swiss also dote on technol-

ogy. Fuel injection, for example.

You might be as interested as the Swiss to know that you can't get a Renault with fuel injection. Or a Fiat. Or a Lancia. Not to mention Toyota, Honda, or Mazda. But you can get a fuel-injected Rabbit.

Last, but hardly least, is the fact that the Swiss are—well—frugal. And so when they see a car that's built like a vault, climbs like a goat, is far ahead of its time and still sells for a reasonable price, the Swiss do what sensible people everywhere do.

They buy them in droves.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



THE

LEAVES

And moves to the suburbs by T. D. Allman

Whatever happened to the urban crisis?

Last year, the cities of the Northeast and Midwest seemed less in the midst of municipal difficulties than in the path of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. The Bronx was in flames and Buffalo was buried in snow. The "underclass," perhaps the most subtle epithet ever directed against nonwhite Americans in need of a job, was looting Brooklyn,

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and taking over Washington east of Rock Creek Park. In Hartford the civic center had fallen down. All the statistics and all the media images testified to the same melancholy truth: Jobs were still disappearing from cities, and so were taxpayers. While the welfare class dismantled the temples of urban America stone by stone, selfish people in the suburbs refused to share their wealth, and smug people in the southern climates lounged beside their swimming pools. The federal system was robbing the poor to give to the rich: America's cities were writhing in poverty, arson, and decay. At stake, as a group of bigcity mayors pointed out, was not just "the survival of our cities" but the "survival of the American way of life as we have known it." "While every American city is not tottering on the brink of disaster," they said, "all are moving toward it."

The press, politicians, and urbanologists all agreed on one thing. With cities and their people, as a Presidential policy group put it, in distress, the only hope left was for a national urban policy, the kind of "massive effort to achieve the revitalization of our cities" that Jimmy Carter had promised in the 1976 election. So through the summer of 1977 and the cold and bitter winter that led into 1978, the northern cities waited, as the idiom current at that time put it, to be "saved." Finally

the President spoke.

"I am convinced that it is in our national interest," Jimmy Carter announced last March, "to save our cities. The deterioration of urban life in the United States is one of the most complex and deeply rooted problems we face. The federal government has the clear duty to lead the effort to reverse that deterioration. I intend to provide the leadership." He then announced a series of programs "designed to marshal the immense resources of America in a long-term commitment to pursue that goal." Had not our cities become disintegrating warrens of poverty and despair? The President promised a labor-intensive public-works program to put the chronically unemployed back to work rebuilding decaying business districts. Had not private corporate capital callously abandoned its social obligations in the very cities that had generated its enormous profits? The Carter national urban policy promised a National Development Bank to provide venture capital for inner-city economic revival. Had not the suburbs, like shortsighted parasites, selfishly shirked their metropolitan responsibilities, refusing to share revenues and closing their borders to the urban unemployed? The White House would create federal incentives to make the states part of the urban solution. Had not Southern Shift, and Washington's own irrational proclivity for pouring federal money into Atlanta and Phoenix at the expense of Cleveland and Baltimore sentenced the northern cities to fiscal doom? Under Jimmy Carter, the Treasury would provide direct federal budgetary assistance to help impoverished inner-city governments stand on their own two feet again.

"Let there be no doubt," the President concluded, "that today marks a turning point."

> THE HORSEMEN PASS BY

HESE DAYS, to look at what has happened to cities since the President made his pledge is to look in the face of a paradox. Big-city politicians, bureaucrats in Washington, urbanologists around the country agree on two things that, at first glance, seem contradictory. The first is that Jimmy Carter's urban programs are inadequate—and abysmally inadequate-either to save cities, or to confront the urban crisis that so recently was considered this nation's most troublesome domestic problem. The second thing on which they agree is that the catastrophe has not taken place. In spite of the dire consequences predicted for the nation if Washington did not come to the rescue, 1978 was not the year the sky fell on St. Louis, the skyscrapers were abandoned on Wall Street, or Detroit burned to the ground. It was the year the northern cities confounded the prophets of inner-city doom. Once dismissed as anachronisms of the presuburban past, cities like Boston and Baltimore proved themselves to be vital human centers with futures far more promising than either their detractors or their beleaguered proponents imagined possible.

In the months following his announcement of the national urban policy, Jimmy Carter's grandiose promise to rebuild the South Bronx "brick by brick and block by block" never went beyond tokenism. But the World Trade Center, once dismissed as a white elephant, achieved a 90 percent occupancy rate, and the Citicorp Tower, the eighth highest skyscraper in the world, opened in midtown Manhattan. The Administration's commitment to revive decaying inner-city neighborhoods never was translated from the drawing boards to the tenements of Bushwick and Dorchester. But from Boerum Hill in Brooklyn to Capitol Hill in Washington the fastest growing social problem was not the departure of the white middle class; it was the displacement of the poor and nonwhite, as affluent, taxpaying professionals bid up the prices on brownstone houses and cooperative apartments in what once

were dismissed as unsightly slums. Urban specialists now refer to this process as inner-city "gentrification."

Today the National Development Bank, like the incentives for state aid, remains no more than a proposal on a piece of paper, marked over by Congress, and seemingly forgotten in the White House. But without waiting for Washington to show them how, small businessmen competed avidly for rental space in downtown Boston's Quincy Market and a major utility expanded its operations in Newark. The Urban Land Institute estimates that 70 percent of all sizable American cities today are experiencing a significant revival in what once were called "deteriorated" areas. According to a study for the Pacific News Service City Project by Thomas Brom, corporate investment is flooding American cities, and the influx of American capital into downtown areas is being matched by funds coming from Europe, the Mideast, Japan, as well as from other areas that were once supposed to offer investment opportunities far better than devastated Detroit or run-down old New York. While automobile money flowed into Renaissance Center in downtown Detroit, Olympia and York Developers of Toronto began sinking \$350 million into a real estate package of seven office buildings in New York. Money Market Directories estimates that over the next few years America's 300 largest corporate funds will

invest more than \$6 billion in real estate, and for many foreigners, American cities seem to be the most alluring investment opportunity. Nowhere else can Europeans invest money and have some assurance that it will still remain their property ten years later.

But wasn't New York destined to become a ghost town unless President Carter provided money and jobs? The President's labor-intensive public-works bill was never passed, yet over the past two years, in spite of the fiscal crisis and the layoffs at City Hall, New York has added more than 100,000 jobs -nearly half the workforce of Atlanta-to its payrolls. Today the unemployment rate in Cleveland, erstwhile ruin beside Lake Erie, is 6.8 percent. In Atlanta, workshop of the New South, it is 7 percent. Miami has more of its workers unemployed than Boston. Baltimore, Detroit, and St. Louis all have lower unemployment rates than El Paso. Houston and Dallas are still booming, but Chicago, with its run-down ethnic neighborhoods, has a lower unemployment rate than Los Angeles, (See table below.)

But aren't America's cities going broke? What happened to the municipal bonds no one would buy? What was the fate of the teachers and policemen whom northern cities couldn't pay unless heroic action was taken in Washington? NEW FISCAL PROBLEM: TOO MUCH MONEY; FEARS OF DEFICIT CRISIS VANISH AS CITIES, STATES FACE PROBLEM OF

NORTHERN CITIES NARROW THE UNEMPLOYMENT GAP

Comparison of unemployment rates in select cities for 1976 and 1978

		1976			1978	
NORTHERN CITIES	EMPLOYED	UNEMPLOYED UN	RATE(%)	EMPLOYED	UNE UNEMPLOYED	mploymen rate(%)
St. Louis	210,629	19,852	8.6	226,972	10,144	6.6
New York	2,730,000	344,000	11.2	2,838,270	279,000	8.8
Cleveland	287,744	32,892	10.3	297,731	21,818	6.8
Baltimore	379,815	40,133	9.6	385,781	26,799	6.5
Boston	272,246	34,074	11.1	299,368	23,979	7.4
Detroit	600,183	75,085	11.1	631,805	62,009	8.9
SOUTHERN CITIES						
Denver	222,429	16,873	7.1	240,774	15,960	6.2
Los Angeles	1,221,611	134,526	9.9	1,273,114	114,779	8.3
Dallas	428,876	25,403	5.6	478,094	22,473	4.5
Houston	709,008	36,192	4.9	816,233	40,333	4.7
Phoenix	313,017	33,939	9.8	353,725	19,645	5.3
Atlanta	244,376	31,676	11.5	216,225	16,319	7.0

SOURCE: U.S. Department of Labor, Bureau of Labor Statistics

RISING SURPLUSES, read one headline during 1978. The Carter proposal for direct budgetary assistance for cities still has not been enacted either. Yet the prophecies of urban fiscal disaster, serious as the economic condition for many cities remains, have been disproved by an astonishing fact: in calendar 1977 the aggregate state and local government budget surplus reached the remarkable level of \$29 billion, the highest in history. Instead of being "black, brown, and broke," cities are attracting affluent people from all over the world, and in some fortunate cases at least, finding themselves with more revenues than they know how to spend. For all the diagnoses of senility, and all the prognoses of imminent death, it is increasingly difficult to deny that the northern cities have turned out to be remarkably durable-holding their own economically and fiscally, in spite of the people and jobs they lost from the end of World War II through the early 1970s, while reasserting their traditional social and cultural preeminence at the very moment it was

supposed to be gone forever.

Since the beginning of the year the whole tenor of urban discourse has changed, with visions of inner-city renaissance prevailing over the old prophecies of doom. In August I asked several members of the House and Senate, and a number of urbanologists and staff members in Congress, the Department of Housing and Urban Development, and in the White House-all grappling with urban problems-how they thought America's "dying inner cities" would be faring five or fifteen years hence. Without exception they believed the cities would be much better off than they are now. Where policy makers once were so pessimistic, they now seemed to foresee a future for cities that the so-called Sunbelt and suburbs might envy. "For the next twenty years," Kenneth McLean, staff director of the Senate Committee on Banking, Housing and Urban Affairs, told me, "the good life in America will be urban." "I'm optimistic," added Rep. William Moorhead of Pittsburgh, who is chairman of the similar committee in the House. "There has been a fundamental shift. People are rediscovering, in a massive way, the advantages of city life." Moorhead -who lobbied diligently to win Congressional support for fiscal aid to New York-has never been one to pretend that urban problems don't exist. But he doesn't see cities as needy relics of the Industrial Revolution any more, but rather as pacesetters of the post-industrial age. "We won't get back the old manufacturing jobs," he points out, "but cities will benefit greatly from the explosion in the service sector. Today in Pittsburgh, the biggest single employer isn't U.S. Steel or the government bureaucracy. It's the University of Pittsburgh."

Pittsburgh, of course, cleaned up pollution years ago. It has one of the most homogeneous populations of any big American city—and the incredible wealth of the Mellon family on its side. Surely spokesmen for cities that are less fortunate don't buy all the new talk of urban revival.

"I made a mistake when I propounded the abandonment theory," Rep. Parren Mitchell of Baltimore, the chairman of the Congressional Black Caucus, told me when we sat down to talk in the ornate cloakroom of the House of Representatives, "I did not reckon with the fact that white capital would not let its urban investment go down the drain." Mitchell, who represents a predominantly black district, thinks his city, and others, have turned the corner. The 1980 census, he concedes, will reflect the population losses many older cities suffered in the early 1970s. But he points out that while city populations may decline more, the per capita wealth of those who remain seems bound to increase. Mitchell believes long-term events will show that the last few years were not the nadir of the urban crisis, but the period when the American city turned around. "When I moved deeper into the ghetto a few years ago," the Congressman said, "even my black friends said I was crazy. Today the next street over is predominantly white middle class, and on my own block, black professionals are buying up houses and renovating them.

"In fifteen or twenty years," Mitchell concluded, "America's worst national problems won't all be concentrated inside cities as they are now. Cities

at the worst will be doing fairly well."

CATCHING UP WITH REALITY

HAT IS COING ON when a national crisis seems to abate, without the President of the United States having vindicated the great-man theory of history, without Congress having passed a single piece of major national urban legislation? Elinor Bachrach, who, in her work for the Senate Banking Committee, has been intensively involved in urban fiscal problems for years, suggested that it might be a matter of fashion. "Washington is a town of fads," she said. "I can remember when 'environment' was the buzz word. Then we got all excited about the energy crisis. The city craze," she elaborates, "has now been killed off by the Prop 13 fashion." Politicians last year were saying only new programs could bail cities out; this year they are

. .

cutting every tax they can find. With so many swings in the Washington tiller, why has the national ship not run aground long ago? "It is fortunate," Ms. Bachrach said, "that beyond the limits of the District of Columbia there exists a real world, with real forces that manage to operate without an Act of Congress.'

While that sentiment is little shared on the banks of the Potomac, Roger Vaughan, an economist who has made many studies of urban problems for the Rand Corporation, has a theory even more disconcerting for those who imagine that by debating policy they determine events. As one of the authors of a study on the urban impact of federal policies sponsored by both private funds and the federal government, Vaughan has said, "There always is a gap of at least several years between the problem, and our political perception of it." After years of gathering and analyzing thousands of statistics, Vaughan works on the assumption that if a problem provokes the greatest possible public concern, it already is being solved. He remembers how environmental pollution became the raging public concern at the precise moment when the flight of industry was dissipating city smog; that the energy crisis came to obsess political discourse in the midst of the greatest oil glut in history. "It was the same way with the urban crisis," Vaughan told me. "By the time we became aware of Southern Shift, it already was beginning to ebb. We were too busy suddenly discovering what harm we had done to cities in the 1950s and 1960s to notice that, in the 1970s, events had started to favor cities again." Vaughan does not suggest that there is never anything to worry about, just that Presidents, Congressmen, and journalists tend to run around worrying about the wrong things. He suggests that "we should be worrying about what we're not worrying about.'

So while tax surpluses increase, a President tells us about "the distress of the most fiscally strained communities"—and when word of the taxpayers' revolt reaches the capital a few months later, the political elite reacts with astonishment and alarm. Prestigious newspapers print editorials about the crisis of urban disinvestment while the Arabs put up a skyscraper next door. In the halls of Congress, Senators and Representatives make speeches about the advancing blight in our cities while outside their office windows, on Capitol Hill, seedy sandwich shops are being metamorphosed into pretentious French restaurants, and rundown, \$15,000 welfare rooming houses are being subdivided into apartments costing \$85,000 apiece. The divergence between policy and reality-most graphically illustrated in the happy divergence between the fate of Jimmy Carter's urban programs and the fate of America's cities—in fact operates on two separate levels. The first concerns the federal government itself, and involves the gap between "news" and what really is happening even when no one notices it; between "debate" and what already has been decided by events even when the crisis managers go home at five; and between "policy" and what the federal government, with its immense weight on affairs, effects even when there is no policy at all. The second level concerns a national and international reality larger than the federal government. It involves the gap between what the government is doing, whether it knows it or not, and those immense social, demographic, economic, and technological forces that exceed the capacity of the federal government to control them.

On the first level—that of the effect of the federal government on events-it is now clear that the concentration in the press, in Congress, and in the White House on specific urban programs frequently has blinded almost everyone to the effects on cities of unprogrammatic federal spending, whatever its intention. This was true in the 1960s when, under the rubric of the War on Poverty, ostensible policy and programs were as pro-city as they ever have been, but the aggregate of federal spending nonetheless was accelerating the outflow of capital, jobs, and people from inner cities at a rate no amount of Great Society programs could reverse. Today it is the continuing tendency to confuse programs (that is, what the President, Congress, and the federal bureaucracy say, and sometimes even believe, they are doing) with what the federal government is actually doing, and an almost complaisant lack of attention to spending (that is, to what the government is really doing, whether it wants to do it, or even knows it is doing it) that continues to becloud understanding of the impact of the federal government on cities.

Lyndon Johnson said he was trying to help cities; Lyndon Johnson believed he was helping cities, with "urban renewal" programs that destroyed neighborhoods, and with "equal opportunity" programs that gave the jobless and poor incentives to stay in northern cities at the very moment opportunity was shifting to the suburbs and the South. So the conventional wisdom grew up that Lyndon Johnson poured so much money into so many cities to so little effect that he proved "you can't solve problems by throwing money at them." Richard Nixon, in his turn, made it very clear that it was not his policy to throw money at problems. So it became the conventional wisdom that cities got into trouble because of Nixon's stinginess. Later, as city problems got worse, Gerald Ford demonstrated his insensitivity to New York City. Such, even after Wa-

tergate, was the implacable faith of Americans in their supreme magistrate that it was widely assumed a metropolis of more than 7 million people might expire before our very eyes, because a President of the United States had indicated it was fine by him if it did. Finally Jimmy Carter promised his national urban policy; again it was believed a fundamental change in direction would occur, because the man in the White House had said so.

The statistics (which, like policy, always lag behind events) are now available. They make short

work of all those conventional wisdoms.

T NOW IS CLEAR that, whatever his intentions, Lyndon Johnson's Great Society programs bore no more relationship to the real problems of America's cities than the Domino Theory did to the security of Connecticut. Far from throwing money at urban problems (and much future grief might have been avoided if he had), President Johnson presided over a federal money machine that as late as 1968 still was constantly sucking wealth out of northern cities, and enfeebling urban industrial economies that already were in trouble. While LBJ paid ghetto dwellers to stay put in Harlem and Roxbury studying obsolete trades, he used New York and Massachusetts tax dollars to build the manned space center in Texas. The Great Society was not misplaced largesse: it helped set up cities for the crisis that broke a few years later. Nixon and Ford, for their part, may not have intended to throw money at problems, but throw money they did, or rather the federal bureaucracy and Congress, sometimes in spite of Presidential vetoes, did. To the extent American cities faced a major crisis during the Nixon-Ford years, the cause lay as much in the federally encouraged outflow of urban assets that had occurred under the Democrats as in the anti-city policies of their Republican successors. (Of course, Nixon's partisan use of revenue sharing to help Republican suburbs hurt cities, and above all Republican mismanagement of the economy, resulting in two major recessions in the early 1970s, greatly intensified the problems cities already faced.)

Nonetheless a truly remarkable influx—not outflow—of federal moneys into cities had occurred by the end of the Nixon-Ford Administration. The transfer of federal wealth to cities that occurred under two Republican Presidents has played the same causal role in helping cities now that the outflow of money under Johnson earlier played in cre-

ating the urban crisis of the Nixon-Ford years, Under Jimmy Carter the direction of federal spending in cities has not changed at all, even though the direction of policy ostensibly has. It has only accelerated. What was the merest trickle of federal funds into municipal coffers in Johnson's day had become a flood by the time Ford left office. Today it is a deluge, so that urban analysts who once feared that cities would expire for lack of outside money now fear that cities might become sick with surfeit. As data assembled by the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations indicate, a fundamental change has occurred in the financing of city budgets over the last twenty years, largely independent of the specific policy of the specific President in the White House. And when these figures are linked with the other indications of urban revival we now have, they would tend to debunk that most hardy perennial of all policy myths: It seems that at least some problems in cities begin to be solved, if you throw enough money at them.

As the table opposite indicates, so far as cities were concerned the transition from Eisenhower. with his fear of deficit spending, to the Administrations of Kennedy and Johnson and all their Keynesian advisers, made little difference at all. Under Lyndon Johnson, direct federal aid amounted to only 1 percent in St. Louis, only 1.7 percent in Newark, and only 2.1 percent in Buffalo of the general revenues those cities raised themselves, from their own local property, sales, and other taxes. These sums were too small even to compensate for the competitive advantage other federal programs -notably FHA mortgages and the Interstate Highway System-then were lavishing on the suburbs and the South and West, let alone to help solve social problems. Meanwhile Phoenix-in the heart of the so-called Sunbelt*—was getting 10.6 percent from Lyndon Johnson. By the end of the Nixon-Ford years, direct federal aid to many cities had skyrocketed-to 23.6 percent of the revenues St. Louis raised, 11.4 percent in Newark, and no less than 55.6 in Buffalo. Of course Nixon and Ford -as their liberal critics often pointed out-also rained money down on affluent suburbs and the

^{*}Like most conventional wisdoms, the arbitrary antithesis between "Sunbelt" and "Frostbelt" is a crutch that has crippled understanding of cities and their problems, and should be eschewed. In some of the frostiest of the "Frostbelt" cities—notably St. Paul, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, and Chicago—urban problems have been far less severe than in cities like St. Louis, Baltimore, and Oakland, where the snow falls less often or not at all. The distinction also ignores the problems of growth in cities like Houston and Los Angeles, even though these are often as severe for human beings as the problems of stagnation and decay.

southern areas when the money was more needed elsewhere. Phoenix by the end of the Nixon-Ford years was getting direct federal aid amounting to 35 percent of its own burgeoning revenues, while direct federal aid to expanding cities like Denver, Los Angeles, and Houston-where the problem wasn't urban decay at all, but uncontrolled growth -had risen from almost nothing to a full fifth of those cities' own revenues.

Under Jimmy Carter, or much more accurately speaking, under the tendency of federal programs, once started, steadily to gain in both mass and velocity, the federal manna falling on cities has become a blizzard. St. Louis, which was getting less than \$3 in annual per capita direct federal aid during the War on Poverty, was getting \$86 by the time President Ford turned his back on the cities. Today St. Louis receives \$223 in direct federal aid for every man, woman, and child within the city limits. It would be astonishing under such circumstances if economic conditions did not improve. Over the past two years, St. Louis has gained more than 16,000 new jobs, and the number of unemployed has been cut almost in half-from 19,852 then to 10,144 this year. Since 1976, per capita aid to Newark has risen from \$47 to \$251, and now amounts to 55.2 percent of all locally raised revenues. In Buffalo, the current figures, respectively, have risen to 69.2 percent and \$218; in Baltimore, to 53.3 and \$258; and in Phoenix, the ever fortunate, to 58.3 and \$116. Since the end of the War on Poverty, some \$400 billion has been spent in

direct federal aid for cities and the people who live there. On an annual, virtually self-renewing basis, without any additional new programs, some \$80 billion in federal money now goes specifically for urban aid programs, and for social programs aiding people who live in cities. These figures do not include other federal spending in cities, for example salaries for federal employees, or the share of this year's mammoth \$117 billion military budget that will be spent in urban areas in spite of the continuing southern and suburban bias of most defense spending.

> ELUSIVE CRISES

OW CAN SUCH a stupendous, in many instances desirable, transfer of wealth into cities not merely have been ignored so totally in analyses of the urban "crisis," but the policy debate on cities have been premised so universally, and for such a long time, on the completely opposite assumption -the assumption, as Senator Moynihan, for example, never ceases to iterate, that the real reason for urban problems is that the federal government keeps taking much more out of cities than it puts back? A major reason, it needs to be reemphasized, is the perpetual tendency of the press, Congress,

ACCELERATING FEDERAL AID TO CITIES

Direct federal aid as a percent of city's general revenue, selected cities and fiscal years 1957-1978

		FIS	CAL YEARS		fede	capita ral aid 975 population
CITY	1957	1967	1976	1978 (est.)	1976	1978 (est.)
St. Louis	0.6	1.0	23.6	54.7	\$86	\$223
Newark	0.2	1.7	11.4	55.2	47	251
Buffalo	1.3	2.1	55.6	69.2	163	218
Cleveland	2.0	8.3	22.8	68.8	65	217
Boston	82	10.0	31.5	28.0	204	203
Baltimore	1.7	3.8	38.9	53.3	167	258
Philadelphia	0.4	8.8	37.7	51.8	129	196
Detroit	1.3	13.1	50.2	69.6	161	248
Atlanta	4.3	2.0	15.1	36.0	52	150
Denver	0.6	1.2	21.2	24.2	98	140
Los Angeles	0.7	0.7	19.3	35.7	54	120
Dallas	0		20.0	17.8	51	54
Houston	0.2	3.1	19.4	22.7	44	68
Phoenix	1.1	10.6	35.0	58.3	57	116

Less than .05 percent. source: Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations staff computations based on U.S. Bureau of the Census data.

even the policy makers themselves to confuse policy with what really is going on. A year ago, inner-city spokesmen were calling for a "Marshall Plan" for cities. When Jimmy Carter finally announced his urban policy, it contained specific new program proposals that would have added \$4.4 billion in direct new federal spending for cities. The conventional wisdom at the time was that Carter was "the most fiscally conservative Democratic President since Grover Cleveland," that he had decided to make cities eat crumbs, and give them no cake.

But alarming as the thought to policy makers may be, policy is not where the action is. Sen. William Proxmire of Wisconsin no doubt is right when he points out that to give American cities today what Europe got under the Marshall Plan would be to inflict mass cutbacks in urban spending that not even the lunatic fringe of the Proposition 13 crowd would espouse. The Marshall Plan provided \$13 billion over five years—or \$2.6 billion a year—to seventeen countries with a population larger than the whole of the United States. Today cities are getting \$2.4 billion each year in mass transit funds alone, and \$4.5 billion annually from the Environmental Protection Agency. "The federal government spends twenty-three times per year the amount we spent per year under the Marshall Plan." Proxmire points out. "Even when we allow for inflation, we now put about ten times more into our cities each year than we put into Europe under the Marshall Plan.

Proxmire—like others who no longer support the urban catastrophe scenario—is no enemy of cities: he is not trying to invent excuses to stop spending money where it is needed. But he is appalled to see federal funds shoring up affluent neighborhoods while garbage goes uncollected in marginal areas; to watch Community Development grants pouring into the richest census tracts, while poor neighborhoods collapse further into ruin. Proxmire wonders why so little of the federal money goes to Harlem, or to give tax breaks to struggling factories providing jobs in Queens, why the only significant piece of urban legislation Congress passed in 1978 was a \$1.6 billion loan guarantee for the big Wall Street banks. "Providing credit for New York City, the credit capital of the world," he suggests, "was like shipping dairy cows to Wisconsin.

Without a doubt much of what Proxmire says is correct; a large portion of this influx of federal money into cities is utterly wasted, so far as solving inner-city social, economic, and fiscal problems is concerned. As much as \$20 billion of the \$80 billion given to cities each year leaks into the suburbs. An enormous amount of it goes to people and neighborhoods that don't need help at all. Mean-

while much of the money that actually reaches inner cities and people in distress serves to create a permanent dependent population, rather than new jobs; it does absolutely nothing to revive inner-city school systems, or to preserve municipal capital, ranging from bridges to sewers, which is deteriorating at an alarming rate. To the extent that cities suffered in the past from the unprogrammatic impact of federal spending, whatever the policy of the moment happened to be, for the foreseeable future they will benefit to a similar extent from the reverse phenomenon. But the inflow of federal money into cities certainly until now has not had, and may never have, whatever the rhetoric current in Washington, that surgical precision that the advocates of "targeting"—the great new urban policy buzz word-talk about. Instead, the federal funds being spent in cities should be regarded more as an act of nature, like a change in climate, than as an act of conscious policy implementation. And one should be just as wary of the "countercyclical" claims made for federal spending. In both cases the theory is straightforward. When the economy goes down, the conventional doctrine holds, federal spending should go up; this is the theory of countercyclical programs. The theory behind targeting is that, whatever the overall state of the national economy, federal money should be spent on the areas, and people, that need help the most.

These theories are attractive, not merely because we should minimize the human costs of a cyclical economy, or because we should help people who need help even when the economic indicators are going up, whether they live in East Orange or south Texas-these theories are attractive because they foster the illusion that the federal government is more a policy instrument, and less an act of political nature. Alas, our whole experience with trying to use big government to solve big social problems over the past few decades shows not, as the conservatives pretend, that it can't, but simply, as liberals won't accept, that we really don't have all that much control over whether it does or not. It is one thing to rain down money on the South for twenty years, and then move the rainmaking machine to the cities. But there are several problems with trying to do much else.

The first problem is political. It is far easier to get the 535 members of the House and Senate to approve legislation that helps all their constituents than it is to get them to vote funds that help only a few districts and states, however deserving they may be. In a political system in which it is also much easier to extend old programs than to initiate new ones, "countercyclical" money tends to go on being spent, even when the economy enters a new

cycle, just as "targeting" tends to broaden out into pork barrel legislation that helps Riverdale as much as it does the South Bronx. We have seen this tendency operating with particular force during the current session of Congress. The problem is not that the legislators have failed to help people and cities in distress, but that, jumping on the Proposition 13 bandwagon, they have cut taxes for everyone. The President started out by asking Congress for some labor-intensive public works to help chronic unemployment; he may wind up having to veto legislation that would give every corporate vice-president's son a summer job.

The second problem is far more serious; it might be termed cultural. It quite simply is that, in American society, programs once in effect, whatever their initial intent and specific provisions, invariably help the rich more than the poor, the white more than the black, the educated more than the functionally illiterate, and those who have something more than those who have nothing at all. In the 1960s, Project Head Start was metamorphosed quickly from a program for underprivileged ghetto youth into an amenity for the preschool children of the affluent. CETA jobs help those who already know the ropes in City Hall more than they help the chronically unemployed. Today anti-redlining legislation, currently a great reformist cause, is the most conspicuous example of this tendency. In the long run it probably will hurt the very people it is supposed to help, by encouraging white middle-class families to buy up inner-city houses, and displace the poor blacks and browns who live there now. Even among the disadvantaged this tendency operates: It takes a high level of literacy, considerable industry, and a keen sense of how bureaucracies work to be a successful welfare chiseler. One of society's real victims is un-

HESE WARPS IN CAUSALITY between what we achieve and what we have set out to achieve are not, as those who mistake making policy for manipulating reality like to think, indications that what is needed is just a little more fine tuning. Like the distortion in an amplifier, like the errors of margin in the weapons we used in Indochina, they are inherent parts of the process. And finally, because of the inevitable lag between crises and the political perception of them, to say nothing of the chronic delays in appropriating money and then spending it, one must count in the tendency of the

likely even to know how to get food stamps.

federal government to throw money at the places where problems once were, not at the places where they are now.

Today the perception lag remains, and all the other limitations of what we try to do with policy, too. Does this worry Jimmy Carter? The surprising thing is that this advocate for Zero-Base Budgeting, with his dream of an end to deficit spending, appears far more aware of what really is going on, and far less troubled by it, than those who spend their time picking over his proposals for a National Development Bank, Last March, for example, when the President announced his national urban policy, he divided it into three parts, in descending order of significance. Carter first pointed to "the very substantial increases" he already had made in the volume of federal moneys flowing into cities, and correctly pointed out that "total assistance to state and local governments already had been increased by 25 percent," from \$68 billion to \$85 billion, even before he announced the policy. The second major element in his urban policy, the President said, was "the reorientation of federal activities to make certain that they support our urban goals." Only third and last did the President mention the "new initiatives"—the programs that offered so little new money, and that Congress has not enacted anyway—that left so many urban advocates disappointed. Two other sentences from the President's speech are worth quoting. "The Defense Department," he said, "will set up a new program to increase procurement in urban areas." "And the General Services Administration will retain facilities in urban areas and will put new ones there." He later followed these promises up with executive

Thus—as with the New South and the suburbs before—the money seems likely to keep pouring in, whether it goes where it is needed or not, and whether we know it or not. Jimmy Carter in fact has put himself in the business, whether he fully realizes it or not, of taking back with the right hand what Lyndon Johnson once gave-while giving back with the left hand what LBJ took away. The reverse symmetry hardly could be more exact. The War on Poverty was a policy that purported to cure America's gravest social ills; but while Johnson was raising millennial expectations, federal spending patterns in fact were making inner-city problems worse. Jimmy Carter's policy didn't offer very much, beneath the rhetoric, in new programs; and what he offered has not become law. But the new federal spending patterns that Carter did not originate, but which he is certainly helping to accelerate, are offering cities something all the liberal rhetoric of the Great Society never could: money, which is like manure. Spread enough of it around, no matter how indiscriminately, and something is bound to spring up. If the urban crisis has not turned out to be the gaping wound in our society it once seemed, neither

has the balm spread upon it.

The easiest way to dispose of old myths is to create new ones. Cities were believed to be dying only a short time ago, asphyxiating for lack of money. Nothing would be easier now than to suggest that cities are in the midst of an amazing renaissance that has solved all their problems. The truth is that many double-edged forces, cutting into the lives of millions of people in complex ways, are at work in cities, and on the whole country. If there never was an "urban crisis," at least not in the terms assumed by those who make policy and report it, the lesson to be drawn is not that the opposite conventional wisdom is true. It is that we should stop bounding every few years from one inadequate metaphor for the situation we face to another.

The energy crisis; the population crisis; the pollution crisis: the crisis of crime in the streets and the crisis created by the revolution of rising expectations. The crisis of the falling dominoes, and the missile gap crisis. The whole history of policy discourse over the past twenty years often has been no more than a pantomime in which vast amounts of money and officials, technology and newsprint have been marshalled to fight crises that, it eventually was discovered, weren't really crises at all. We have tended to confuse unstoppable evolutions with sudden breaks in the dike. We have assumed that events which threatened our preconceptions were "problems"-and conversely, we have imagined that when the problems turned out to be not what they had seemed to be, we had nothing to worry about at all. We shall hear less and less about the "urban crisis" in the future; new buzz words are already taking its place.

> AN ODD RENAISSANCE

OR TWO YEARS, Prof. Franz Schurmann, an expert in international relations at the University of California at Berkeley, has been studying the problems of America's cities. Starting on the outside and working in, concentrating on the worldwide forces affecting Anacostia or the Upper West Side, he has come to the same conclusion that many urbanologists have reached, beginning with ten-

ements and tax receipts—that American cities face a dynamic future, not slow death as relics of an outmoded past. Rather than trying to sort out the "crises" and break them down into "problems" that can be solved, he and other members of his Third Century America Project, working with a grant from the Ford Foundation, have tried to understand the whole: to discover how situations like the declining rate of return on European capital investment or the growth of agribusiness in Mexico relate to the Manhattan condominium market, or the dynamics of the illegal labor market in Chicago.

By forgetting about the crises for a little while, and the "policy implications" of his research, too, Schurmann has discovered that what we face is less an urban crisis, and much more a national transformation. He sees the influx either of poor Third World peoples or of foreign capital into our cities not as problems to be solved, but simply new facts of life we must begin to understand. With Manila and São Paulo looking more and more like Manhattan, he wonders, is it so surprising to see New York and Los Angeles looking more and more like Third World cities? American cities, he points out, are getting richer and poorer at the same time. The problem is not merely that any one conventional wisdom is wrong, but that when put together, so many of them are true: He sees an urban crisis and an urban renaissance going on at the same time. What he considers most important is not that affluent whites are rediscovering the urban life-style at the same time Third World migrants are filling our cities, or that petrodollars are flooding New York while industry continues to leave. What he considers important is the convergence of all these events. Efforts to turn back the clockwhether New Left attempts to save archaic steel mills, Nixon's stab at "Project Independence," or Carter's own efforts to reduce dependency on foreign oil-only create the illusion, he warns, that scattershot policies can be a substitute for taking advantage of fundamental new changes that we cannot reverse. "What the economic realities say," according to Schurmann, "is that our dependence on the world economy is not due to oil. By the middle of this year, oil had slipped to third place on the list of U.S. imports; machinery and transport equipment headed the list, followed by manufactured goods. The U.S., which a century ago became the world's leading industrial nation, is now rapidly becoming primarily a trading nation."

And far from being bypassed by events—whether we consider those events good or bad—cities instead are becoming, as Professor Schurmann puts it, "the nodal points in a great transition not just of American society but of the whole world economy."

After trying to piece all the "crises" together, Schurmann has worked out his own scenario of what is happening to American cities. It falls into three parts, and bears little resemblance either to the old prophecies of urban doom, or to the new talk of a happy 'urban ending. First, he believes, "downtown centers of U.S. cities will continue to boom, with office buildings like the new Citicorp Tower going up, and areas of gentrified living like [New York's] SoHo continuing to expand." Barring a major change in the world economy, he has concluded that American cities will continue to benefit from the worldwide transition into a new "post-industrial era involving compact high technology, a huge service sector encompassing everyone from millionaire real estate analysts to Spanish-speaking housemaids earning less than the minimum wage, as well as sizable culture and leisure sectors. Cities," he emphasizes, "are central to the new era."

But what will happen, as this metamorphosis goes on, to the people who already are in cities? "Second," he observes, "as downtown and gentrified areas expand, the poor and jobless are being crowded into the outer cities, and beyond." As Schurmann and members of his project see it, the fact that cities will become richer doesn't mean that problems like poverty will go away. Far from it. "The difference," he points out, "the characteristic of this new urban era, is that this time it is the rich who are coming in and pushing the poor out." Our cities will become more and more like the European cities American urbanologists often have envied—but in ways they have not anticipated. "The likelihood," Schurmann comments, "is not just that downtown America will become more like the smaller charming European towns-high-finance and high-culture centers with lots of palaces, theaters, and restaurants-but that the revived centers of cities like Boston and Baltimore, like the bombedout European centers that were rebuilt following World War II, will be ringed by dingy workingclass suburbs or, as one now frequently sees in Europe, 'bidonvilles,' tin-can and clapboard shacks housing Europe's migrant workers, the counterparts of our own illegal aliens." As American cities become increasingly internationalized, he has concluded, the American economy will not just more and more resemble foreign ones, but American society will change, too. In the third phase of Schurmann's scenario, "stratification will turn more and more into class, as the lines between different kinds of people no longer are sociological abstractions, but become visible traits" under these new urban circumstances. He foresees many more white affluent city neighborhoods, many more expanding slums in which English is hardly spoken, money being poured into new skyscrapers and elegant restorations, while elsewhere the deterioration has only begun.

F THESE KINDS of changes amount to a solution of an urban crisis, it is an odd sort of renaissance, in which urban problems are not so much solved as switched around within metropolitan regions; in which problems once considered the exclusive bane of northern cities increasingly afflict the suburbs and the South, too, while the inequalities in our society are not diminished by a period of great social ferment and economic transformation, only made more intense. Not even the most optimistic forecasts of inner-city revival see the bigcity ghettos disappearing. But are there Sowetos in our future too?

"Slumming of the suburbs is already evident in many American metropolitan regions," Schurmann comments. "It is especially evident in many close-in suburban centers." "The suburban crisis is no longer on the horizon," Roger Vaughan adds. "In the older and inner suburban cities it is already here." Research by the Rand Corporation (see table on next page), conducted for the Economic Development Administration, compares how fast cities were generating new jobs with how fast their suburban counterparts were generating them during the period when perceptions of the urban crisis were most intense, and fears for the economic future of cities were greatest. Covering the years from 1970 to 1975, these data indicate that even back when the alarums about the urban crisis were shrillest, it already was time to disabuse ourselves of another policy myth—the conventional wisdom that downtown business districts were turning into deserts of joblessness, while the suburban shopping mall was the scene of a perpetual economic miracle. Instead, all across the country, inner suburban growth rates were slowing down, while the rate at which cities were generating new jobs was catching up. Though the pattern was the same everywhere, it was particularly instructive in the old manufacturing-belt metropolitan regions, where the flight of jobs to the suburbs was supposed to be most serious.

The data show that during the 1960s, the suburban centers indeed were outperforming the downtown economies at an extraordinary rate. In the Northeast and Midwest, suburban centers like Cherry Hill in suburban Philadelphia and Nassau Coun-

ty in suburban New York were generating new jobs more than four times faster than their respective city centers. In the South and West, this was the period when Orange County began to outperform Los Angeles, and San Jose to overtake San Francisco in job growth. There, suburbs were generating new employment twice as fast as the inner cities.

But by 1975—the very year the fiscal crisis broke and urban economic decline became a major national issue-the situation had changed dramatically. In the South and West, the ratio had reversed itself. Cities were now generating new jobs twice as fast as the nearer suburban centers. And in the Northeast and Midwest, cities were outperforming suburban centers, if one takes into account the fact that while the growth of new jobs in cities continned, their populations were declining—that the new jobs cities were creating had to be shared out among fewer and fewer people.*

All this hardly means that Harlem is becoming the showplace of the American economy, and that Scarsdale soon will have to go on the dole. But it does show that inner-city economies were stronger, even in the depths of the recessions of the early

* Cities probably have performed better in generating new employment than these data indicate, because the official statistics by definition disregard the "subterranean" economies flourishing in most U.S. cities. One whole stratum of urban America-illegal aliens-and the work they do is almost entirely left out because of the way we collate numbers. Another group, U.S. blacks, also is significantly disfranchised from the statistical life of the nation because of the inherent bias in how we count urban population and assess economic activities in cities. Does a houseful of Caribbeans in The Bronx not exist because 1970s, than seemed possible. In fact, since 1975, as the employment statistics for cities like St. Louis and Cleveland show, cities have accelerated the rate at which they have generated new jobs. Outlying exurban areas and the newer suburban districts are still growing fast, but what can be said is that factors once actively biased against cities now are increasingly favorable toward them. It seems likely that both the Southern Shift and the great migrations to the suburbs have largely run their course. Many inner cities already have passed through the social trauma associated with deindustrialization; it is now Westchester and North Carolina that must worry about losing jobs-to Taiwan and Korea. The suburbs also face structural limitations on growth that cities do not. Cities expand vertically, suburbs laterally, and there is not much horizontal space left for new growth in many suburban areas, as one discovers when one seeks cheap, large tracts of developable land these days in either Nassau or Los Angeles County. The result is that while cities today are generating new employment opportunities sometimes faster than, or at least as fast as, many suburban areas, the suburbs themselves are our census takers do not speak Spanish? Do the profits and losses of a drug dealer have any less effect on a city than those of a corner grocery? Most inner cities have not lost nearly as many people or jobs as official statistics indicate, and as anyone who has ever lived in a ghettoor experienced poverty-knows, life on the other side of

the tracks is an existence not of indolence, but of con-

stant hustle. We should not imagine "they don't want to

work" or are not even there, just because their liveli-

hoods and lives fall outside the purview of what is con-

sidered legitimate economic and social activity.

CITY-SUBURBAN GAP NARROWS

In the 1960s, suburban economies were growing faster than cities, but in the 1970s the gan began to close

			ne gap began	to close				
MOCONIA COLONIA			UFACTURING BELT	su	NBELT	MOUNTA	IN & WEST	NATIONAL AVERAGE
Employment	1	Central Cities	Suburban Centers	Central Cities	Suburban Centers	Central Cities	Suburban Centers	
growth	1960 1970	1.2%	18.0%	28.2%	58.9%	25.1%	53.1%	19.4%
Population growth		5.8%	17.1%	34.6%	72.2%	22.7%	99.7%	13.3%
Employment growth	≻ 1970 1975 <i>×</i>	4.2%	5.4%	21.7%	18.2%	25.8%	14.9%	7.9%
Population growth	19,0 19,5	-3.5%	0.4%	13.3%	9.2%	11.0%	10.9%	4.2%

Analysis compared 388 central and suburban cities of populations exceeding 50,000.
SOURCE, Rand Corporation analysis of Bureau of Labor Statistics data for Economic Development Administration.

falling prey to social problems once confined within city limits. Interstate highways, on which the suburbs heavily depend, have begun to deteriorate, as have stocks of suburban housing, hastily built with FHA mortgages in the 1950s. New York's Suffolk County has one of the fastest growing dependent populations in the country. It would be as simplistic to herald doom for suburbia now as it once was to regard skyscrapers as tombstones. But it hardly seems too early to point out that the controversy over "suburban exclusion"—like the one over redlining-has come too late, and is an example of yet another lag in perception between the social problem and the political debate. There is no doubt now that increasing numbers of the poor and of racial minorities finally are getting their chance to move to suburbia. But barriers preventing the poor, jobless, and nonwhite from getting a house with a picket fence around it are beginning to tumble precisely at the moment when suburban opportunities are beginning to ebb-and the affluent are beginning to discover not just the charms of urban life, but the high cost of suburban mortgages and commuting.

Like most urban "solutions," the changing composition of inner-city populations creates as many problems as it solves; not the least of these is the danger that what political influence black Americans have been able to gain as a result of their long march from the rural South into the slums of urban America now will be eroded as the forces of gentrification gather momentum. Urban policy debate still tends to focus on the immense losses in white middle-class populations that cities suffered from the end of World War II into the middle 1970s. We take far less note of the fact that poor and nonwhite populations are leaving their ghettos today almost as dramatically as ethnic whites deserted the old neighborhoods in the 1950s. According to U.S. Census Bureau data, of the fifty Congressional districts that have lost 5 percent or more of their population since the 1970 census, forty-six of them have a majority of their populations in urban areas-and almost all of these districts have populations that are largely nonwhite or poor or both. Fourteen of fifteen Congressional districts represented by blacks have lost population since 1970, and the nation's only predominantly Puerto Rican district, New York's 21st, has lost nearly a third of its total population in less than eight years. Where are these people going-or being pushed? Many are simply being transferred to other areas within the same city, but black migration to the suburbs is now a significant demographic pattern, and for the first time since the inauguration of the Underground Railroad, more blacks are emigrating to the South than are leaving it. (See table below.)

The conclusion is an obvious, and in many ways unflattering, one about the way our society works. So long as suburban land was cheap, and the South booming, we could afford to cede our downtown areas to dependent populations, and abandon their stagnant economies to the "underclass." But now that the scent for an urban revival is in the air, cities increasingly look like those reservations we ceded so solemnly to the Indians-until we noticed they had uranium underneath. While sociologists detect changing cultural attitudes toward city life, it is probably best to seek the reason for what is happening in market forces. The truth—whatever cultural enlightenment may be involved-is that the cost of a suburban split-level has only to soar so high, and the price of an inner-city brownstone to plummet so low, before people in Westchester start finding even certain neighborhoods in The Bronx colorful and cultivated places to live. As

BLACK FLIGHT

In the 1950s and 1960s the influx of poor, nonwhite populations created social and fiscal problems for cities. Today the problem is reversed. Nonwhite political gains are threatened by ghetto flight. Every one of the sixteen urban Congressional districts with either black or Puerto Rican majorities has suffered major population losses in the 1970s. The result: Nonwhites may lose political representation after the 1980 census, in spite of urban "revival." (N.B.: Two black members of Congress, Ronald Dellums and Yvonne Brathwaite Burke, both of California, represent districts that do not have a black majority.)

Majority Nonwhite Congressional Districts

			PER CENT
			POPULA-
			TION
			LOSS,
		REPRESEN-	1970-
DISTRICT	CITY	TATIVE	1976
California 29	Los Angeles	Hawkins (*)	-6
Illinois 1	Chicago	Metcalfe (*)	[†] -15
Illinois 7	Chicago	Collins (*)	-12
Maryland 7	Baltimore	Mitchell (*)	_ ()
Michigan 1	Detroit	Conyers (*)	-11
Michigan 13	Detroit	Diggs (*)	-19
Missouri 1	St. Louis	Clay (*)	-20
New Jersey 10	Newark	Rodino	-9
New York 12	Brooklyn	Chisholm (*)	-15
New York 14	Brooklyn	Richmond	-11
New York 19	Manhattan	Rangel (*)	-14
New York 21	Bronx	Garcia	-29
Ohio 21	Cleveland	Stokes (*)	-21
Pennsylvania 2	Philadelphia	Dix (*)	-7
Tennessee 8	Memphis	Ford (*)	-9
Texas 18	Houston	Jordan (*)	-6
7.03 3.6 3		71 1 0	

^{(°) =} Member of Congressional Black Caucus.
† Rep. Ralph H. Metcalfe died in October.
sources: The Almanac of American Politics 1978; Congressional Quarterly; U.S. Census Bureau.

with the bombed-out cities of Europe thirty years ago, one of the northern cities' greatest present assets is their past misfortune. For thirty years the cost of inner-city land, real estate, and labor has been declining, and the cost of those commodities in the suburbs rising, in relationship to each other. Whether the arsonists of the South Bronx have created a graveyard of urban civilization, or the biggest bonanza for the smart money developers vet, depends on the eve of the beholder. But even if one does consider Walter Wriston a philanthropist for building Citicorp Tower, or Henry Ford's investment in Renaissance Plaza a selfless gesture of noblesse oblige, it does no harm to keep in mind the comment of one big-time realtor: "Any corporation today that decided to sell in Baltimore and buy in L.A.," he said, "would be acting irrationally in terms of the market, Everything would cost more in California, and they would be putting 3,000 miles between themselves and what is still the richest, biggest market in the world, the North-

PROBLEMS MOVE OUT

HAT WILL BE the long-term effects on cities of the sudden rediscovery that they not only can be pleasant places to live, but profitable places to buy land? Even while working hard to attract private investment, many city officials have mixed emotions about the strategy. Officials in Hartford recently mounted a major campaign to persuade an airline to open a headquarters downtown. The effort was a success, but virtually all the new jobs created are held by commuters, not the inner-city unemployed. Officials in Boston point out that the revival of Quincy Market and the surrounding area. impressive as it has been, has saddled the business district with tax-exempt government offices, and that most of the revenues the new restaurants and boutiques bring go into the state treasury. Meanwhile, more than one thousand small-scale loft industries, employing mostly low-wage workers who are now on the unemployment rolls, were destroyed by the redevelopment process.

It is already clear that many problems once considered exclusively "urban" now seem less troublesome for cities not because they are being solved, but simply because they are being pushed beyond the city limits. Meanwhile even more serious city problems are not even being displaced. They are

only being masked by current political, economic. and social trends. Inner-city education, for example, is in appalling shape. But we are hearing less and less about the blackboard jungle for two reasons, both of which have nothing to do with the fact that we seem to have lost the knack for teaching people how to read and write. The first reason is that more and more Americans, including nonwhite Americans, are having fewer and fewer children. The second is that the kind of people who can command attention in Congress and in the press now increasingly send their children to private schools, especially when they live in cities. Nineteen-seventy-eight was the year it became fashionable for cultivated people with high incomes to extol the charms of city life, to confess they had found life in the suburbs just a little dowdy. But it was also the year that Congressmen and state legislators fell all over each other in a mad scramble to give tax credits to those who take their children out of public schools. New York, having earlier abolished free tuition at City University in the name of fiscal solvency, this year enacted generous tax credits for parents who send their children to private universities. So while the tax revolt spreads, and there is less and less money for P.S. 10 or the Bronx High School of Science, the academies of the new urban gentry enjoy important new indirect subsidies. This is hardly a prescription for solving inner-city social problems, let alone restoring American cities to their former roles as the Great Integrators of American life. Education in most American cities today is not only separate and unequal, but scandalously so. The real question is not whether the deterioration of most big-city school systems can be stopped, but how to begin constructing new ones. The issue is hardly even raised.

We also should take less comfort than we do from the declining crime rates in cities. They bespeak no particular victory for either law or order, let alone any success in making our courts more just or converting our prisons into institutions of rehabilitation. It is just that violent crime is essentially teenage crime, and with Americans showing less and less of an interest in reproducing themselves, teenagers of all races form a rapidly dwindling proportion of most inner-city populations. We have demography-not any new wisdom in transmitting civility and skills to city youth-to thank if there is less terror in the subways, fewer assaults on city streets. (See table on facing page.) Indeed, if the death of the American city has proved to be an illusion, part of the reason is that the death of the American family is becoming a fact. As Dr. Thomas Muller of the Urban Institute points out,

Another looming problem for the northern cities and the whole country is the massive deterioration of our public capital stock, which no amount of private restoration or speculation in real estate can reverse. As much as a third of the drinking water piped into New York City is lost through seepage before it reaches the city limits. Arson, abandonment, and other forms of disinvestment continue to extort an enormous public cost even when property values rise. And to the potholed

streets and seeping tunnels of the North, the collapsing freeways and disintegrating sewer systems of the suburbs and South will be added sooner than we imagine. Probably the most serious mistake in urban policy always has been the tendency to confuse the fiscal solvency of cities with their physical health. If a city's budget is in the black, it is always assumed, then it is somehow a successful human society; if a city is going bankrupt, it must bespeak some terrible crisis of urban civilization.

The truth is that there tends to be little difference in the black teenage unemployment rate in solvent cities like Houston and fiscally troubled cities like New York. States like Connecticut, New Jersey, and New Hampshire for years escaped financial trauma by keeping taxes low. But this did not turn Newark into the Dallas of the North, or make the little mill towns of New England, with their vanishing industries, better places to look for a job than Manhattan or Boston. It is very instructive, as one looks back at what has happened to cities over the last few years, to note how successfully our political and economic system has dealt with the money problems, while scarcely addressing the human ones at all. For all the scare headlines and Con-

THE DECLINING SIGNIFICANCE OF CRIME*

The larger	the city	the factor	crima has	been declini	n or

		PERCENT CHANGE IN
CITIES BY POPULATION	NUMBER OF CITIES	CRIME RATE 1977-78
more than 1 million	6	-4
250,000-1 million	49	-2
50,000-250,000	371	-1

Crime is decreasing fastest in the Northeast and in the Midwest

Crime	index	trends	by	geographi	c region	
DEDCI	CNT CIT	A NICE IN	CD	IMP DATE	1077 78	

REGION	PERCENT CHANGE IN CRIME RATE 1977-78
Nationwide	-2
Northeast	-6
Midwest	-5
South	-1
West	+2

Number of crimes are decreasing in Northeastern and Midwestern cities, while they are still growing in Southern and Western cities

Increase or decline in numbers of offenses known to police

NORTHEASTERN AND	CHANGES IN NUMBER	SOUTHERN AND	CHANGES IN NUMBER
MIDWESTERN CITIES	OF CRIMES 1977-1978	WESTERN CITIES	OF CRIMES 1977-1978
New York	-26,505	Los Angeles	+7,025
Chicago	-7,892	Houston	+4,103
Boston	-2,201	Phoenix	+3,050
Baltimore	-929	Atlanta	+2,988
St. Louis	-2,066	Miami	-326
Detroit	-6,527	Dallas	-1.433

Statistics compare change from 1977 to 1978 during the period January-June.
 SOURCE: Federal Bureau of Investigation Uniform Crime Reports, September, 1978

gressional questioning, the bank guarantees for New York came through. Indeed all the members of what President Carter calls his "new urban partnership"—federal officials, state officials, city officials, Congressional officials, corporate officials did not so much bail out the city as themselves from the financial and economic complications default would have entailed.

But one can hardly say the same things about New York's—or most other cities'—underlying problems. What is the value of a balanced budget if it means a continual deterioration in city services? What is the benefit of a deluge of federal spending if it means a widening, not narrowing, gap in incomes between the very rich and the very poor? What will have been accomplished, even if cities enjoy a real renaissance—if all the problems we formerly kept locked in the ghetto are just sent off to roost someplace else?

HERE WAS A FISCAL CRISIS in American cities three years ago, one which was mistaken for an urban crisis that never existed in the terms that were assumed. Today the fiscal surplus in some American cities—the cities with the worst problems are still very short of cash—risks being interpreted in a way that bears no more relationship to the complex problems of city life than the old scare-talk did. What is especially troubling is not that some local governments had so little money three years ago, and that they have so much of it now. It is that the financial response of our system remains so unpredictable and volatile, and so unrelated to the chronic problems we face. For decades cities and their budgets have tended to be both more vulnerable to recession and more responsive in times of recovery than the nation as a whole. While default has been avoided, cities still face the unsolved fiscal problem that they are given the least money when they need it most, and have to carry burdens that other levels of government can shirk as they please, while remaining so vulnerable to the irrationalities of both our cyclical economy and the flow of federal dollars. What will happen if there is another big recession by 1980, and in the interim the taxpayers' revolt means that the federal Treasury is no longer throwing money at problems? The gnawing doubt behind all the rosy urban forecasts now is that the favorable indicators we see reflect only the general, and relatively modest, recovery of the national economy since 1975. It will be interesting to see how all the new theories stand up, which way all the straws of urban revival will blow, when they are exposed to an unfavorable wind.

Oddly enough, one of the first times I heard the urban catastrophe thesis disputed, and a much more positive future for American cities predicted. was at a time when inner-city unemployment rates were still at Depression levels, and the municipal deficits had not vet begun to turn into surplus. I did not hear it from an investment banker or academic or a politician in Washington, but from Mayor Kenneth Gibson of Newark, the city Americans still somehow consider to exist outside the framework of our national possibilities. For years Gibson has had a quite opposite view. He has called Newark "the city of the future"—the place where the hardest problems hit first, but also where the outlines of the future might first become visible. "Watch where Newark is now," Gibson said for years, "and you will see where your own city will be five or fifteen years from now." It always seemed like a prophecy of doom. But more than a year ago, Gibson was saving that the urban crisis had bottomed out, that cities were on the way up again. "Newark is a city with a future," he told me back in those days when that seemed difficult to believe. "The energy crisis has guaranteed the future of the American city."

Even earlier, about the time of the New York City blackout and riots in the summer of 1977, Nicholas Carbone, head of the Hartford city council, was predicting urban recovery too, and appending to his prediction a question. "There is no doubt cities will be saved," Carbone was saying at a time when so many cities seemed doomed. "The real question is who cities will be saved for: the big corporations and the returning middle class, or for the poor, the jobless, the people who always seem to be shortchanged by our society? Are cities collections of skyscrapers, or groups of human beings? Who will cities be saved for?"

Perhaps that was the real question underlying the great urban debate, and today we have the answer. It is visible in the newly gentrified neighborhoods with their marble fireplaces and parquet floors, in the ticky-tacky little suburbs where the blight has already begun; in the soaring new palaces downtown, and in those downtrodden parts of rural south Texas where, for all the talk of Southern Shift, the glitter of Houston has never reached. As always we face a maddening inability to grasp the conditions that plague us, a truly American genius for casting them into brilliant new forms.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1978

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THAT'S IMAGINATION, THAT'S PLYMOUTH.

CONFRONTATION

short story

by Arthur Koestler

RIL 12

It started with a dream, several years ago, hen I was still in the Ministry. An urgent teleram is handed to me, but I am unable to depher it. The letters are smudged, or the paper altogether blank. I know that I am bidden to ake a decision on a matter of life and death, ut I can do nothing about it. That dream me back to haunt me at intervals over a ngthy period; I think it only stopped about the time of my resignation.

But then, a few weeks ago, there was anher urgent telegram on the in-tray. This me the text was quite clearly printed—that much I could make out; but again I was unble to read it, because I had broken my specicles and the whole world had become a lur. Thus what had to be done remained unone, with disastrous consequences, all through by fault.

The bother is that this crazy conviction has egun to invade my waking hours, too, as the nounting tide invades the dry land. It frightns me. There were also other symptoms. So have decided to start on the long-overdue experiment, wishing myself bon voyage, and o record in this diary whatever will come out of it.

I have kept several diaries, on and off, in my three-score years and ten; this, I feel, will be the last. A romantic German novelist nece wrote: "Memory is the paradise from which we cannot be expelled." I would add to that: "Memory is the hell from which we annot escape." It makes a fitting motto for hese jottings.

PRIL 15

First experimental session. Result: nil. I ust felt embarrassed, then got the giggles. Like an old fool—which, after all, is just what I am.

APRIL 18

Second experimental session. It went a little better. After the first session I would not have recognized Dr. Adamson if I had passed him in the street. This time I was at least able to memorize his rather weak features as we sat facing each other across the desk in my study. It was decent of him to agree that we should have our sessions here instead of his consulting rooms. I suppose this is quite unorthodox (though I cannot see why it should be). Then he in turn made an unorthodox condition: my part in the dialogue is to be tape-recorded, but not his. He dislikes tape recorders, he said: they interfere with his spontaneity. I was tempted to ask: "And what of my spontaneity?" but thought better of it. I did not want the Experiment to start with an argument. Besides, he could have replied, quite justly, that I am in the habit of talking into microphones at meetings, conferences, et cetera.

Extract from transcript of second experimental session.

Make yourself comfortable, Dr. Adamson. Will that armchair do? May I offer you a drink? Sorry, I am forgetting that I am not host but patient....

and I bought it donkey's years ago. Rather striking, don't you think? But to tell you the truth, this kind of picture tends to make me uneasy these days. I feel the silly impulse to collect the lady's eyes and ears and breasts from the various odd locations to which they have strayed, and to put them back into the proper places where they belong. You may think that I am a hopeless philistine, which is probably true, but I cannot get rid of the idea that

Arthur Koestler has written numerous works of fection and nonfection, most famous among them Darkness at Noon, which has been translated into more than thirty languages. His most recent book is Janus: A Summing Up (Random House).

Arthur Koestler CONFRON-TATION

the woman in the portrait must suffer atrociously in her dismembered state. There is a distinct look of pain in that single, triangular eye hat has been allowed to remain in Its place. One ought to give her a shot of morphine and put her together again. How childish can you get

in your second childhood?

... Yes, of course I have seen dismembered people. I had what used to be called "a good war." But that isn't the point. Trouble is I have forgotten what the point was. Nowadays I keep forgetting things.... I even keep forgetting why I started on this experiment. Facing you like this, it all seems embarrassingly silly. Never mind, here we go, here we go....

[There is a lengthy pause on the tape. When my voice resumes, it sounds rather strained.]

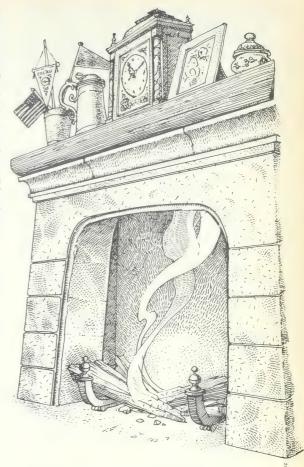
. . . On weekends when we managed to get away to our country place. loved to do some strenuous digging in the garden, going after the bind. weed and those other tough, beastly things: Helen used to call it my week. ly stints in the concentration camp One day, a few weeks ago, that family joke turned against me with vengeance. I was getting rather exhausted, so I decided to call it day and have a hot bath followed by a cool gin and tonic, when I suddenly understood, in a blinding flash of intuition, what it meant to be unable to stop digging because there is a man behind you with a loaded gur pointed at your back. I told myself not to be silly, that it was all over and done with. But the next weekend when I took out my pickax and spade from the toolshed I remembered the rows of shivering men and women or that East European plain who had to dig a long trench in the frozen earth. five feet deep, ten feet wide, to exact specifications. When the trench was finished and considered satisfactory, they were lined up along its edge in front of the machine guns and the tipcarts with the quicklime.



wondered how many hours it had taki to complete the trench, and I
ried to put myself into the place
'one of those shivering scarecrows.
reasoned that as it had been a backreaking job, he must have looked
proward to finishing it. When it was
tually done, and found to conform
requirements, the guards may have
liven a gruff bark of approval or
fen of praise; and my alter ego may
we experienced a perverse echo of
le satisfaction one derives from a
b neatly done.

... On some occasions they were iven a minute or two to say their rewell prayers. Those were still ne idyllic days before the victims are made to strip and gassed in atches. There are photographs in our rchives of the scene just before the rayers were said, and of what hapaned immediately afterward; but nere are no photographs of the scene ing that minute or two while the rayers lasted. Odd, isn't it?

... Oh, yes, those archives. When ne war was over, I was assigned to a Intelligence outfit that specialzed in unearthing that sort of maerial-assembling the evidence. We





ollected these photographs as others collect samples of $\underbrace{\text{art nouveau.}}_{\text{t}}$ ut that was many years ago, and I $\inf t$ turn a hair. Or so it seemed o me at the time.

... There have always been people ho could wade through the deluge ithout getting their feet wet. They ave always been the majority. Once believed that I was one of them. Now seem to be thrashing about in a hirlpool and being sucked under.

PRIL 20

Dr. Adamson seems to believe that collect-

ing those photographs was a morbid hobby of mine. I pointed out to him that I was acting under orders. He shrugged and suggested that I may have unconsciously contrived to be given that job. That of course is sheer nonsense—or is it?

Anyway, when I told him about the end of my weekend digging stints, he advised me to take them up again, to break the spell. But he must have seen a sort of panic in my eyes, for he hurriedly withdrew his suggestion.

To show my gratitude for this reprieve, I told him about some of the more bizarre symptoms—which otherwise I wouldn't have done, lest he should think I was certifiable.

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Arthur Koestler CONFRON-TATION

rom transcript of third perimental session.

about the time when I dethat to be a weekend gravediging his own grave was not a mania crept un on me. You might call it pyropho-Dia, although there seems to be no such word in the dictionary. There is an open fireplace in the library our country house, and Helen and f both loved a log fire in the evenings. It was another weekend ritual. I used to split the logs with an ax and a steel wedge--until one day I remembered certain methods used by the Aztecs in offering human sacrifices to the gods; I shall spare you the details. You may call this farfetched, if you like, but now it is the cook's nephew who splits the logs. Even so -- you cannot deny that in some sense, to some extent, a log is alive. You only have to watch the fire to know it. As the sap is converted into steam, the log keeps hissing in its agony. And as the flames lick it more insistently, it shoots off wild sparks before it surrenders to the inevitable, is scorched, flares, withers, turns gray, turns into ash. If you watch carefully, each log is a drama. Even the crumpled sheet of newspaper you use to light the fire performs a grotesque Totentanz. As it turns from white into charred black, the print on it vanishes, the paper rears up as if in savage pain, it writhes, shrivels, twists, in the scorching flames before its final annihilation --like a human body burnt at the stake. Believe me, doctor, watching an open fire is no fun. . . . So that was the end of another cherished weekend ritual. Helen did not seem to mind.

APRIL 25

Here we go again. I have neglected this diary for several days—mainly, to be frank, because the whole idea of the Experiment seems to become more and more absurd. Or too clever by half. Anyway, at our fourth session (or was it the fifth?) Dr. A. abandoned his customary reserve and delivered himself of a sermon. Its message was strictly predictable. I am, quoth Dr. A., haunted by ghosts of my own making; a masochist, or repressed sadist—which apparently comes to the same—who derives a devious gratification from morbid fantasies. He wound up the sermon by mentioning various therapies and pills. I asked him whether my taking pills will

stop torture now practiced by some forty underdeveloped and overdeveloped countries and I described to him some of the juicin methods. "You see," he hooted gleefull "there you go again. You talk as if it we your doing," "Of course it is my doing," told him patiently, "and yours. In fact, e erybody's." He shrugged as if giving me underdeveloped as if giving me underdeveloped and the shrugged as if giving me underdeveloped and the shrugged as if giving me underdeveloped and the shrugged as if giving me underdeveloped and overdeveloped and overdeveloped countries and I described and I described and overdeveloped countries and I described and I d

APRIL 28

Yesterday Dr. A. came in briskly and pulle his chair up before I had a chance to do i as if to demonstrate that it was he who we in charge of the proceedings. "At the lassession we got rather bogged down," he said with his sheepish grin, "so today let us stic to simple facts." He then suggested that talk about the circumstances that led to m resignation. Somewhat reluctantly, I con plied. After all these years, the passion ha gone out of it and only the bitter aftertast remained.

Extract from transcript of fifth experimental session.

... I was supposed to have been quite competent at my job. At an rate. I was moved up the ladder a little faster than the average. Not much faster; but that small headway made a difference. I had reached the level at which, in a small way, you begin to influence policy, whether you like it or not. Of course it is mostly a matter of marginal decisions, not of the big central issues that are decided at Cabinet level. But the trouble is that occasionally a marginal issue can have an unexpected effect on a central issue, if you see what I mean. One thing leads to another.

That's the rub: that one thing leads to another. It is like a chain that you drag behind you, a cannonball fastened to your leg. You cannot make even a trivial decision that doesn't lead to something else. I am at a loss to understand how others can face up to it and why we are not all of us out of our minds. But perhaps we are. If that is the case, where shall we look for guidance? I had my share in some of those marginal decisions. Most of them were unsavory tributes to expediency. On a few occasions I protested, and was overruled. That was when the dreams about the messages in the in-trays began.

Finally, things came to a head with the Borovian crisis. The public was kept in ignorance about that infamous affair. Do you realize that we still live in a Byzantine world? The deisions that really matter are still ade in secrecy. Parliament is an mena for shadowboxing. We no longer mploy eunuchs in government, only oral castrates. There should be an ascription over the gates of all our linistries: "Abandon your guts, ye ho enter here." Or: "Please leave our moral conscience in the gentle-en's cloakroom."

Anyway, I have a good memory for pisodes, and I remember more or less erbatim the farcical dialogue with my Minister when I went to see him to and in my resignation. He was a tuffed shirt and an old cynic; he lso had a gift for impersonating his olleagues in the Cabinet when he was ith his cronies. His first name was ack; in the Ministry we called him black-Jack.

When I came in, he put on an agrieved expression, combined with atherly solicitude. "Sit down, Tony, it down. Have a cancerette? Must be in old joke, but I have only just leard it in Washington. Most peculiar he sense of humor of our dear cousins, most peculiar..."

"Minister, the reason I asked to

see you. . . .

"I know, Tony, I know. That Bororian business. I am no more happy
about it than you are. Not at all. Not
a bit. But you must have realized by
low that we have no choice. Whose
fault is it if the Borovians have the
largest deposits of a certain rare
mineral indispensable to our nationall security? History is a cruel scemario-writer."

"To blame history for our crimes as always been an easy way out."

"Did you say crimes? That's a strong word, Tony."

"When you were in opposition, you used even stronger words to condemn the type of policy that you have now adopted."

"That was in a different situation and a different context. A totally different context, I daresay. Morever, you seem to forget that public opinion is solidly behind us. After all, what are we doing? We are trying to avoid, or at least to minimize, bloodshed by denying arms to both sides. The pacifists are happy. The Left is happy. The liberals, vegetarians, philatelists all approve of the arms embargo and strict nominterventionist policy toward both sides."

"You forgot to mention that the Borovian side outnumbers the Mutulis at the rate of ten to one in men and

arms."



"That's what the Mutuli propaganda keeps saying. We have no evidence that their figures are correct."

"You know perfectly well what fate awaits the Mutuli people. The Borovian chieftain's speeches left no room for doubt about that."

"Well, the Mutulis are a stubborn lot. They have only themselves to blame for refusing to come to terms with their powerful neighbors."

"Minister, the reason I asked to see you was to hand in my resignation."

"I guessed that much. Tony, you are a coward. You are going to quit with a noble gesture and leave it to us to Arthur Koestler CONFRON TATION d lirty work, calling our polal, which I thoroughly re-

yourself have just called it

"All politics are unhygienic. But there is a world of difference between the unhygienic and the criminal. Anyway, I take it that your decision is final."

"I am afraid it is."

"Well, we shall miss you, Tony."
"I doubt it, Minister."

34 A V 3

So that was that. When I had finished my solo recital, Dr. A. expressed his feelings by a polite shrug. "For the life of me," he said, "I cannot see why you should feel guilty having acted in a way that does you the highest credit. After all, you sacrificed your political career to preserve your moral integrity."

"A fat lot of good my cherished integrity did to the Mutuli people. The facts and figures of the massacres are still not known and pre-

sumably never will be."

"What else could you do?"

"Get on a soapbox, spill all the official secrets, call the government a bunch of assassins. Instead of which I kept a discreet silence, honoring the unwritten rule that if you connive at a crime against humanity you may be forgiven, but not if you rat on your club or chums."

To this Dr. A. replied vaguely that few people can adopt a line of conduct that goes against their nature and upbringing; besides, what difference would it have made to the fate of the Mutulis? I told him that was beside the point, and I suspected that he somehow secretly thought that wretched African tribe was a figment of my imagination. I felt suddenly tired of the futile argument, and we left it at that.

MAY 4

He (Dr. A.) insisted that I go on with my solo recital. I told him that I didn't see the point of it. He said never mind, people go to confessionals, even confirmed agnostics, because afterward they feel better. I objected that this was a bogus confessional, absolution being guaranteed beforehand. But I didn't want to offend him (after all, the little man means well, according to his lights), so I gave him a brief résumé of my unremarkable life since my resignation. Retiring politicians and diplomats are usually offered sinecures in the City; my own lot was to be elected to the boards of countless do-gooding bodies, from the RSPCA to the Committee for Prison

Reform, from the League Against Rac Discrimination to the International Assoc tion for the Abolition of Torture, and so I found most of these charitable institution sickeningly inefficient and as much torn by trigues and struggles for power as any politic body. So there was not much spiritual co fort to be derived from these quarters. I ke soldiering on, and still do, without illuside about the value of what I am doing. But I si pose one cannot go on indefinitely in that sta of mind. Which is after all why I embark on the experiment with Dr. Adamson. . . . N that it has helped much, so far. We both see to have settled down in our opposite corne of the boxing ring. When the gong sound we get to our feet to do some inconclusi sparring, duly recorded on the tape, and the end of the round return to our corne hoping that the next round will produce sor decisive result. Here is an extract from t transcript of the seventh session:

. . There again I beg to disagre with you, Dr. Adamson, You keep call ing my preoccupation with violence torture, and pain a pointless of session. Obsession--perhaps; point less: no. After all, we are all day dreamers. It is a need, isn't it? Ar what if you feel the need-the urgeto identify yourself in your day dreams not with the conquering her but with his helpless victims-no with the victor but with the var quished? I can see nothing wrong wit being an inverted Walter Mitty. Yo may disagree, but the urge is real and I believe there is a purpose t it, though it is difficult to ex plain in your vocabulary. Why do w attend funerals? To make the dea feel less lonely. And we write to th widow that we share her grief ar pain, because we believe that shar ing dilutes the pain as acid is di luted in water. Why do saints devel op stigmata? To share and thereb dilute the pain of the man on th cross. If there were enough Walte Mittys around to daydream the agonie of the damned, all suffering would be neutralized by their power o imagination.

MAY 7

Dr. A. seems to become more aggressive with every session. I am surprised and pureled by his change of tactics. Instead of sparing in the ring, he has taken to hitting belot the belt. At yesterday's session he quite upardonably lost his temper and accused meaning the session has been seen as the session h

WISH SOMEONE SMOOTH SAILING IN THE YULETIDE.

As your friends embark on this holiday season, make them gift of Cutty Sark Scots Whisky. It will assure them the toothest possible journey.



Arthur Koestler CONFRONTATION

of indulging in an attitude of "arrogant heartbrokenness," wallowing in the mud and being tout on for punishment." He actually shouted his accusations at me so that I became woried about what Helen might think of these goings-on behind the door of my study. In the many apologized, but that was neither here nor there.

MAY 11

To put it in a nutshell: I think I have caught a virus that attacks the brain. Inside this virus is the double-helix of anxiety and guilt, wound around each other like two snakes embracing. The air is saturated with that virus. You breathe it in, it infiltrates through your pores in all sorts of devious ways. I have seen it at work on some of my friends and thought I was immune against it, but now my immunity is gone. I am defenseless against the posson of horror and pity as I am defenseless against the need to inhale the smoke of my cigarette.

Extract from transcript of eighth experimental session.

Did vou ever read Pascal, Dr. Adamson? Do you remember his agonized cry: "The eternal silence of infinite space terrifies me"? I am even more terrified by the universe of modern cosmology. Some physicists call it a block-universe -- a four-dimensional transparent block, with time as the fourth dimension, which contains the frozen past, present, and future. We crawl along inside it like blind maggots, and because we can only move in one direction, which we call the future, we believe that the past is wiped out. In reality, everything that happened is still happening; everything that was, still is. The agonies of the past are preserved through eternity, the gas chambers are still working to full capacity. the witches chained to the stake still scream as the flames turn their

feet into a black, oozing mass a their hair into torches. What wa is, forever, in the everlasting perified present of the block-univer—the eternal now of unyielding a spair... Whatever you say, I ha a feeling that it is partly my doi—that I have a share in it. But y will never understand this, my clevittle man, because after all you a only my alter ego, a shabby embod ment of logic and common sense.

At this point one hears the sound of a dabruptly flung wide open, and the tape cor to a stop. What happened was that Hel worried about the din, had burst into study and discovered that I was screaming the top of my voice at an empty chair.

MAY 17

Thus ended the ill-begotten Experiment. I daresay Helen guessed from the beginni that there was something fishy going on my study connected with the mysterious v itor whom she had never met. Yet it was s who, unwittingly, had implanted the idea to my troubled mind. She kept reminding that I had a knack for sorting out other p ple's problems; so why should I not be all to do for myself what I did for them? stead of a monologue, enter into a dialogu Tony, the patient, confronting Tony, the guil across the desk. It would be a kind of doyourself therapy, All I had to do was assur alternately the role of one or the other. I ev thought of using a ventriloquist's puppet, had I didn't know how to get one. Finally I s tled for the empty chair across the desk, occ pied by the phantom of Dr. Adamson, which after the first few sessions, acquired quite de inite features. Several times I even felt temp ed to shoot him (or myself).

... I must stop now and set the tape r corder up for today's session. Dr. Adams seems to be late, which has never happene before.

HARPER'S DECEMBER 1978



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THAT ONE COULD SAY

That one could say simply the world is ugly merely but it is not that only

the voices

in nasal Puerto Rican Spanish raised in anger & next door

the screeching radios but there are blasts of light from the rivered sky

& the little

children in the back call out to each other gleefully

With incredible courage like the newly born the man outside lifts up his face in greeting to the warm evening the autumn air the light off the river with a gesture of old Spain

raises his head & moves in a rhythm of singing a thrust out of Africa of Araby flamenco

SCORCHED EARTH

Scorched earth

& I ride up in the taxicab on Broadway this morning with a taste of coaldust drying out my mouth & my insides blackened—

But not to miss it, not to miss anything that happens: the truck stalling in weighty importance

& the fronts of houses

on the side streets

& the young man leaving

the house for the day

& looking

about him to see what's up

& people zigzagging between the cars in the traffic making me gulp for them,

even the cold,

the no-sky to make them serve save you,

give you

your voice back

with the charred coal.

the glimmer of blackness

by Hilda Morley



ESPYONAGE

What's in a name?

by Willard R. Espy

Words with unexpected backgrounds are as innumerable as the stars, but less orderly. One way to impose an appearance of order on the seething verbal universe is to choose a single constellation—in this case, common words born of proper names—in which at least the principal stars can be listed.

th my telescope, an old whoremonger named Pamphilus turns into pamphilet. Gaya, an Italian woman's name, becomes gazza, magpie (for the same reason, I suppose, that our own magpie was named from some

chattering Maggie); a gazza collects small bright of jects, including coins; a certain Venetian coin be comes known as gazetta, "little magpie"; the coin happens to be the price of the first newspaper printer in Venice. Gazette and gazetteer enter English. Presto Gaya = newspaper; atlas.

Even the Pole Star drifts imperceptibly across the sky. Sometimes overnight, sometimes over the ages proper names drift back into common ownership. A

little of that drifting is traced here.

BLOOMERS

Mrs. Amelia Bloomer (1818-1894), a militant advocate of women's suffrage, sought to free women from their burden of voluminous clothing, at least during periods of exercise, by dressing them in loosefitting trousers, gathered tight at the ankle, with a knee-length outer skirt. Though practical, the outfit was scarcely a treat to the eye, and when she began hearing it referred to as bloomers she protested. She was not the inventor, she insisted; she had borrowed the idea from Elizabeth Smith Miller; she did think people should have the courtesy to call the costume millers instead of bloomers. Emancipated women were themselves called bloomers after their wearing apparel.

JACKANAPES

"Jack [here meaning monkey] o Naples," shortened to Jackanapes, i said to have been the nickname o William de la Pole, fifteenth-century Duke of Suffolk, whose badge was a figure of an ape with ball and chain Suffolk was banished on a charge o aiming at the throne, and on his way to exile was beheaded off Dover ir 1450. He was an unpopular man, and jackanapes became colloquial for "a silly, conceited fellow."

NOSY PARKER

Matthew Parker (1504–1575). Archbishop of Canterbury early in the reign of Elizabeth I, sent questionnaires to all the parishes in England concerning the way in which priests and people conducted their church affairs. He won a reputation for nosiness that has made his name a byword in England. A nosy parker is one who pries into others' affairs.

UKULELE

Edward Putvis, a small, lively British officer who retired to Hawaii in the last century, was nicknamed Little Flea. He became an expert player of a stringed instrument similar to the banjo, played with the fingers in a fashion reminiscent of a flea hopping about. The instrument, brought to the Islands by Portuguese workmen, took Putvis's nickname. The Hawaiian translation of "little flea" is ukulele.

This material is adapted from O Thou Improper, Thou Uncommon Noun: An Etymology of Words That Once Were Names, published this month by Clarkson N. Potter, Inc. Copyright © 1978 by Willard R. Espy.

NUS-FACED

Saturn ruled in Italy jointly with Janus, god of beginnings. Janus was depicted with two faces, one looking forward and one back, whence our expression janus-faced for a two-faced or deceitful person. January is named for him, as is janitor. Janus being also god of doors. In the temple of Janus, the doors were supposed to stand open during war and closed during peace. It is said that they were closed but four times in five hundred years. A janiceps (Janus plus Latin caput, "head") is a monster with two fused heads, the faces turned in opposite directions.

NICEPS

NX-EYED Lynx-eyed refers not to the lynx, which happens to have rather poor vision, but to Linkeus, and Greek

leussein, "to see."

NTALIZE

The word tantalize derives from Tantalus, a wealthy king, son of Zeus by the nymph Pluto (not to be confused with the god of the underworld). Tantalus committed an atrocious sin, generally believed to be that of serving up his son Pelops as a meal for the gods. His punishment in Hades was to be placed in the midst of a lake whose waters reached his chin but receded whenever he wished to drink, while above his head hung choice fruits just out of reach. To tantalize is to tease, torment. A tantalus is an article of glass furniture holding decanters for wine

-visible, but out of reach.

ANTALUS

UDGE

Isaac D'Israeli, father of the nineteenth-century British prime minister, found in a seventeenth-century pamphlet a curious origin of the word fudge, meaning "Nonsense! Humbug!" He quotes: "There was in our time one Captain Fudge, commander of a merchantman [the Black Eagle], who upon his return from a voyage, how ill fraught soever his ship was, always brought home to his owners a good crop of lies; so much that now, aboard ship, the sailors when they hear a great lie told, cry out, 'You fudge it.'"

MUGWUMP

The term Mugwump, originally an Algonquin term for "great man," was used respectfully by colonists in America for a tycoon. Its meaning deteriorated to "one who backs down or withdraws." Ivor Brown, author of A Word in Your Ear, says, "An American writer recently explained a mug-wump as one who sits on the fence with his mug on one side and his wump on the other."



- MUGWUMP

PETRELS

The name of a seabird derives from Saint Peter's bootless try at walking on water (Matthew 14:29-31). His faith deserting him, he began to sink, and would have drowned if Jesus had not given him a lift. Hence, says Bergen Evans, author of Comfortable Words, "The little birds often seen in mid-ocean are called petrels (or stormy petrels since they were thought to foretell and were sometimes seen in storms) because petrel (formerly peterel) is a diminutive of Peter. And the birds are called after St. Peter because, like him, they seem to walk on the sea."

When Ethelreda, her name shrunken to Audrey, had become patron and of Ely, Cambridgeshire, the molk sold "necklaces of fine silk" occlebrate her feast day. Says in Moore, author of You English ds: "These 'Saint Audrey's laces' ave their name to the poor-quality of which was soon manufactured over England; until by 1700 tawdry [a contraction of 'Saint Audrey'] was a name for any cheap finery or trumpery thing."

ANTIMACASSAR

In Victorian times, Makassar, a city in Indonesia, produced an oil highly popular as a men's hair dressing. Unfortunately, the dressing left stains behind. In self-defense, housewives sewed or pinned tidies called antimacassars to the backs of chairs and sofas. Antimacassars are not as pervasive as they used to be, either because men's hair is less oily than it once was, or because women don't care as much.

FERRIS WHEEL

For the Chicago Exposition (1893), a tinkerer from Galesburg, Illinois, built a great wheel. It revolved on a stationary axle, stood 168 feet high, and carried 36 cars, each capable of seating 60 persons—a potential of more than 2,000 passengers. The tinkerer was G. W. Gale Ferris, and some version of his chef d'oeuvre now dominates every amusement park and carnival. None, however, matches that first ferris wheel in grandeur. Because the first wheel stood at the Midway Plaisance in Chicago, any central avenue for the exhibition of curiosities or amusements is now called a midway.

MIDWAY

Arlette, attractive daughter of the tanner Falbert of Falaise, was surprised naked, washing her clothes, by Robert le Diable, Duke of Normandy. The result was William the Bastard, better known as William the Conqueror. But Arlette was not, as sometimes claimed, the source of the word harlot. That appears to descend from Old German Hari, "army," and Lot "loiterer": "a camp follower."

In John Lylie's Euphues: The Ana omy of Wit (1578), followed in 158 by Euphues and His England, the title character's comments about the world around him are so highly eaggerated in form and substance an so overloaded with alliteration the we now call any affectation of speed a euphuism. Gongorism, with a similar meaning, derives from the Spanis poet Luis de Gongora y Argot (1561–1627).

EUPHUISM

TATTER-DEMALION

I introduce a quite unimportar word in the hope that someone ca give me a plausible explanation of where it came from. "Tatterdema lion" means "a ragged fellow; a rag amuffin." The "tatter" part seem easy enough at first glance; it is prol ably from Icelandic tötur, a rag. Br wait-does it not also echo the bat baric Tatars? Are two words agai reinforcing each other? As Andr Breton says, "Words make love. And what about the last three sylla bles? Webster is at a loss as to theil origin, and so, as far as I know, i everyone else. I wish I could fine some connection between "demalion" and "daemon," but that would b much too elegant a solution to have any semantic plausibility.

ковот

In 1923 the play R.U.R., by the Czech writer Karel Capek, tool Broadway theatergoers by storm. The initials in the title stand for "Ros sum's Universal Robots," the name of a firm that manufactures me chanical beings, enslaved to work for men. In the play, the robots revolt The notion that man might eventually be destroyed by his own creations was disturbing in 1923, and is even more disturbing today. A robot is an ex ternally manlike mechanical device capable of performing human tasks or any device that works automatical ly or by remote control. The name is applied also to a person who works mechanically, without original thought, Robot in various Slavic languages is cognate to our "orphan." It means hard, usually forced, labor especially that of peasants, for a ma norial lord.

72

HARLOT.

ISLING

DDY

JKES

Quisling, meaning traitor, took quick root in the language during World War II. Vidkun Quisling (1887–1945) was a Norwegian whose willingness to serve the German conquerors of his country in 1942 made him despised throughout the world. After the war he was found guilty of treason and was shot.

Outside of oaths, there are surprisingly few words that conceal the name of God. One is giddy, from Anglo-Saxon gyddig, "God-possessed." Giddy means dizzy, or frivolous and flighty. One may doubt, however, whether our Jehovah was the god the heathen Anglo-Saxons had in mind.

The Duke of Wellington's nose compared in magnitude to those of Gyrano de Bergerae and Schnozzola Durante. His troops called him "Nosey." Cockneys began to call noses dukes in his honor. Fists, by extension, were duke-busters. Dukebuster shrank back to duke, but retained the meaning "fist." When you are ordered to put up your dukes, you are being challenged to fisticuffs.



SARDONIC

The repulsive word sardonic attained its meaning of "disdainfully or sneeringly derisive" through folk etymology. Sardinia, second largest island in the Mediterranean, is the home of the bitter Sardinian herb, which "renders men insane, so that the sick person seems to laugh." This laugh was called in French rire sardonique, and in English, sardonic.

land) ar
lord's na

Toward the end of the century, Lord Grimthorpe undertook the restoration of the west front of St. Albans' Abbey (Hertfordshire, England) and its window. The good lord's name entered the language deplorably: to grimthorpe means "to do a rotten job of restoration."

BUNCOMBE

BIINK

In the Sixteenth Congress (1819–21), the county of Buncombe, North Carolina, was represented by one Felix Walker. From time to time Congressman Walker made irrelevant speeches, explaining on the side that his constituency expected them, and that he was speaking not for the ears of his fellow Congressmen, but rather for Buncombe. Buncombe came to mean "anything said, written or done for mere show; nonsense." Nowadays the second syllable is generally dropped.

The first great historian, Herodotus, who lived in the fifth century B.C., left a systematic account of the Greco-Persian wars from 500 to 479 B.C. Among the men he described was a stammerer named Battos. Battology is needless or excessive repetition in speech or writing.

RODOMONTADE

BATTOLOGY

Italy is the source of that great drumrattle of a word, rodomontade. In Boiardo's Orlando Innamorato (1487) and Ariosto's sequel, Orlando Furioso (1532), Rodomont is a Saracen king who besieges Charlemagne in Paris. He is depicted as a braggart, but a brave and fierce warrior. The bravery has been forgotten; his name stands for "vain boasting; empty bluster."

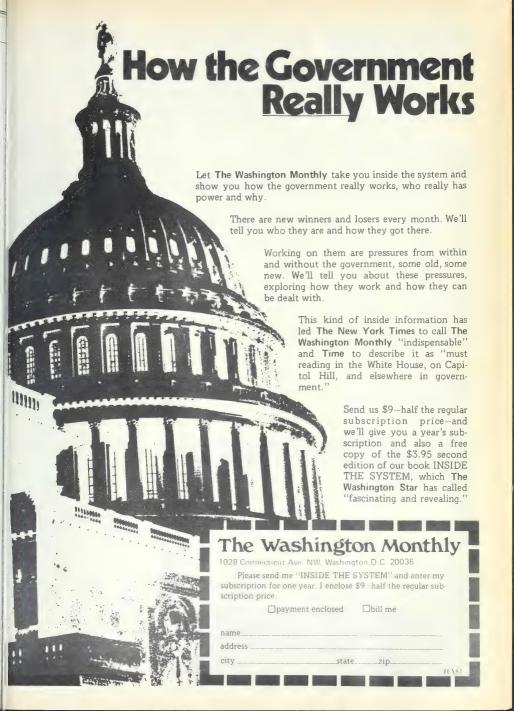
THER THINGS BEING EQUAL

by David Suter



generosity, he is surely "given" at the outset of his own proof.

David Suter, a free-lance artist, begins a monthly picture feature with this issue.



MUSICAL CHAIRS

You can't go out humming the scenery

by Martin Duberm

HE TRIVIALITY of theater on Broadway is by now nearly uncontested. Few would deny that the pursuit of laughs and the dispensing of easy comfort hold iron priority on its stages; that plays with the potential to reveal or awaken pain are avoided; that sentimentality stands substitute for emotion, surface effects for content, cartoons for people. Rather than argue such characterization, Broadway's champions dismiss it as irrelevant. They defend Broadway on other grounds entirely: for its unparalleled technical know-how, for its "entertainment value," and (always the trump card) as the home of the American musical-the genre best suited to expressing our native genius, and our most distinctive contribution to world theater.

That contribution, and the peculiar genius propelling it, are again in abundant evidence: a brace of new musicals opened on Broadway last spring and

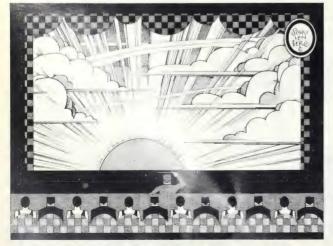
are still running strong; a number of others, already led on by Eubie!, will descend shortly. Having looked at what's been playing, I'm inclined to be sour. Yes, the new musicals express the native genius: they mirror perfectly our culture's avoidance of social reality and intense emotion. Yes, they can be seen as representing our unique contribution: technological ingenuity and the interchangeability of parts have been among our distinctive gifts to the world-and the new musicals, one barely distinguishable from the other, do indeed exemplify this mechanical triumph.

Churlish? Yes. But a churl who has suffered enough to deserve the right to an opinion. An obsessive theatergoer of thirty years—so obsessive that only rare episodes of optimism have been needed to sustain the habit—I've seen all the "classics" of the genre, and most of them in their original productions. Though I remain immune

to their charm and skeptical of the achievement, I think I can nonethe detect certain shifts in the form, and even some gradations of excellence

To put the largest generalizat first, I'd contend that the Golden of the American musical such as was, was the decade of the Fort Neither before nor since has th been so accomplished (the outer lin of my adjectival enthusiasm) a gro of musicals as Pal Joey, Annie Your Gun, Oklahoma!, Gentlen Prefer Blondes, Kiss Me, Kate, Soi Pacific, and Guys and Dolls. Since Forties, aspects of a few musicals ha been admirable: the choreography a music (not the book) of West S Story: the delicate tonal balance S phen Sondheim achieved between se timent and cynicism in A Little Nis Music: the inventiveness of the fi twenty minutes of Company (whi quickly flattened into cliché). Tak in their entirety, only one earl work (Porgy and Bess, 1935) and o later one (Fiddler on the Roof, 196 rank with the best work of the Forti

Aficionados of the American m sical, and they're legion, conceival might greet this assessment with pr test and derision. Should they vawning instead-death to the tr churl's heart-let me stir the cauldre a bit further: I'd argue that the creased profits in recent years fro musicals of decreasing distinction have been made possible by a rising tolerance (perhaps I mean preference among audiences for mediocrityamong critics, too, but to a much less degree. The more devoid a musical is content, the greater its reliance of flashy surface effects, the more enth siasm it seems to excite among tl theatergoing public. Things-"produ



Martin Duberman, historian and playwrigh is Distinguished Professor of History at Le man College, City University of New Yor values" is the preferred word in trade—are in the theatrical saddle they (to paraphrase Emerson) are g us. The most recent musicals, one notable exception, exemplify further consolidate the trend.

URING MOST theatrical seasons the new musicals arrive at duly spaced intervalsperhaps to give the five peoresponsible for compiling them out to refresh themselves at the set. Last spring, for some rea--doubtless astrological-seven of nine major productions opened in six weeks of one another (Danc-On the Twentieth Century: The Little Whorehouse in Texas; Work-The History of the American 1; Ain't Misbehavin'; Runaways). egan to take on the feel of an epiic, the kind with no known vac-. Just as some of us feared might succumb, word arrived that e more musicals, which had been sed to open imminently, had aptly closed on the road. One of three was Mike Nichols's producof Alice, generally expected to icate his enormous commercial ess with Annie. Having recently ght up with Annie-one part cute, e parts cutesy-I felt unable to I a single crocodile tear. My hardrtedness, after weeks of overexpoto "the unique products of our ius," might well have become teral ("I will never see another Amer-1 musical!"), had it not been for miraculous advent at that moment Ain't Misbehavin'.

he show arrived with little advance e. I knew only that it had an earand successful workshop producat the enterprising Manhattan ater Club, that it was based on the sic of the great jazz figure Fats ller, and that the cast included Nell ter, with whom I'd worked briefly an ill-fated rock opera some halfen years ago and knew to be a potially dazzling talent. All of which enough to fan a little life into the of gray embers accumulating in mind-but not to prepare me for roaring enthusiasm I felt after seethe show.

Having been suffocated by one garly overproduced musical after aner, the very simplicity of Ain't Misbehavin's format was alone endearing. No miles of pastel chiffon (à la Timbuktu). No life-size choo-choo trains (à la On the Twentieth Century), No cast of thousands iridescently flushed under prisms and polychromes (à la Dancin'), Ain't Misbehavin' has a simple all-purpose set suggestive of a Harlem nightclub in the Thirties, an unobtrusive group of back-up musicians, and a cast of five whose individual gifts are allowed full play-yet always within the stylistic framework director Richard Maltby, Jr., and choreographer Arthur Faria designed to capture the essence of Fats Waller's music. Lip service is traditionally paid to the "collaborative nature" of the theatrical enterprise, but Ain't Misbehavin' is one of those rare instances where theory and practice coincide. The ensemble work throughout is meticulous, intricate-and marvelously true in spirit to the strutting gait of Waller's music (a spirit actually embodied in Nell Carter's voluptuously sassy performance).

Delightful as the show is, it must be pointed out that Ain't Misbehavin' marks no innovative departure for the musical form (as Porgy and Bess once did—or Pal Joey, or Oklahoma!). It does not even mark the advent of a new composer or lyricist. The evening's success depends instead on rediscovery—of a production concept that stresses the integrity of an overall design, and, above all, of the gloriously raunchy, high-spirited "stride" music that Waller composed and recorded in the period between the two world wars.

Ain't Misbehavin' is best seen as an anomaly, a lucky respite. The future of the American musical seems securely in the hands of those for whom surface effects and star turns are the dominating values; a future in which lavish and lopsided attention is given to visual elements of limited intrinsic interest-at the expense of any coherent overall design. Geoffrey Holder's costumes, for instance, "star" in Timbuktu, Jules Fisher's lighting dominates Dancin', and Robin Wagner's sets overwhelm On the Twentieth Century. Fisher and Wagner are greatly gifted men. But brilliant lighting or a stunning set cannot alone a bright new musical make. One need not (should not) expect marvels of language, profound human interaction, or intricate narrative invention from a musical

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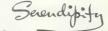


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HE VIKING PRESS

THEATER

production. But a script of modest intelligence and a score that occasionally rises above mere formula would seem minimal requirements for success. Apparently not. Though the new musicals are bereft of serviceable, let alone inventive, scores and scripts, they enjoy enormous popularity and reap gargantuan profits. Therein lies their sole interest—as sociological artifacts, indices of the popular and critical taste.

HE CRITICS, unlike the public, are less well disposed toward new musicals than toward new dramas. Perhaps they feel less protective, given the dependable clientele for musicals and the lack of one for serious plays. Where a musical will often prosper despite bad-to-mixed notices (The Act, Timbuktu, et cetera), a serious play that gets excellent reviews still finds it difficult to survive. Last season, for example, two of David Mamet's plays-American Buffalo and The Water Engine-received critical praise of such hyperbolic proportions that the notices read like the myopic inflations of press-agentry. To no avail. Neither play lasted more than a few weeks.

No one any longer is surprised when Broadway audiences stay away from serious plays that the critics recommend (some of us even think the audience exercises superior judgment). More puzzling is the way theatergoers pick and choose among musicals that have gotten middling and all but interchangeable sets of reviews-making some runaway hits, some commercially doubtful prospects, others instant flops. Recently, five musicals that drew comparably mixed notices suffered widely disparate fates at the box office. Two of them-Working and The History of the American Film-closed almost immediately. A third, The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas-simpering, sentimental, stale-drew such a strong audience response that it moved from a downtown theater to a larger house on Broadway, where it continues to flourish. On the Twentieth Century-in my opinion the worst musical in many years-not only won five Tony Awards but is still, after eight months, playing to near-capacity crowds (which at the huge St. James Theatre, means receipts of \$200,000 a week). Bob Fosse's Dancin' got a marginally bet press than the other four musicals, at the margin was not great enough explain why the show has sold a nearly every performance since the coit opened.

Sometimes the public's taste readily explainable. The Act got s. age, not middling, reviews-vet cle ly nothing could have deterred L Minnelli's horde of admirers from making that musical a hit. (The sa age reviews may even have helpe if Liza has not inherited her mothe talent, she has drawn fans with a co parable tendency to be most fanatic ly loval when their heroine is me deeply in trouble.) Timbuktu, the black remake of the Fifties music Kismet, was also widely panned. it had a successful run of some eigh months on Broadway and is curren playing to packed houses on its 1 tional tour. Here, too, the personal f lowing of the show's star, Eartha Ki and its director, Geoffrey Holder. t reigning king of kitsch, doubtless man the difference-along with titillati publicity that stressed the sumptuo array of near-naked bodies after

amidst clouds of shifting chiffon. These considerations aside, it comes difficult to account for the vail ing commercial success of musicals comparably dim quality. For all of knows the significant variables lie the realm of near-metaphysics-t state of the weather (or phase of t moon), the choice of graphics in press campaign, the subliminal impa of a mere title (positive: Best Lit Whorehouse; negative: Working). (a more mundane level, I can offer or a few clues to the mysteries of Broa way success. They derive from tryil to figure out why the only two rece musicals to close quickly (Works) and The History of the America Film) seemed to me superior to those-excepting Ain't Misbehavin' that have remained open.

Not that I'd make great claims feither of the two; I mean "superio in a comparative sense only. Christ pher Durang's Film suffered from mutiple defects: a dull score, tiresor plot repetitions, an uneven cast, and plethora of "in" jokes unintelligit to non-movie buffs. Still, the she (directed by David Chambers) h some wonderful zany bits, infectio good humor, and a detailed, intellige

oduction grossly underappreciated the reviews.

Working, the other musical conned to instant oblivion, had geners portions of shallowness and gimckry. But it also had a much better in average share of touching, amusg, inventive moments. It had, too, eral surprisingly angry and provocae political numbers ("Millwork," leanin' Women," "Something to int To"). In this, the show was unpectedly faithful to the Studs Terkel ok from which it was derived-and indrously unfaithful to the Broadway isical's mindless, callow, socially reessive traditions.

I also thought Working the bestoduced musical in several seasons. Broadways itself defines the stanrds of judgment-high gloss, techbrilliance, blazing energy. eathlessly paced and dazzlingly 1ed ensemble work. If my first surise was at the show's strengths, my ond was at the lackluster reviews got. One interesting exception was ika Munk, perhaps the Village vice's most stringent critic and, to ot, no lover of musicals. I suspect ; qualities she admired in Working re precisely those that offended othcritics: the show's range of emotion d-a still greater rarity in the mual theater-its attempt, however ited, at political commentary. Such alities openly flout the "lyric tradin" of adolescent romanticism and ee-jerk patriotism, and they offend ose mainstream patrons of musical eater who expect nothing more than ghthearted" entertainment.

This is not to say that political conit is utterly taboo in musical theater. izabeth Swados's Runaways has won ormous critical acclaim (though ly middling box-office success) for "devastating critique" of the way r society treats its young. The actim, alas, reveals more about the nitations of our touted ability at selfiticism than about the actual nature the show. Runaways is a simplistic orality tale of good (kids) versus il (parents), a tale told in a tone of y self-righteousness. The show is full talk about sorrow, confusion, loneiess, and fear. But what we see is group of energetic, good-looking, lented kids parrying adversity with gaging ingenuity and enviable gusto. ne cast's charm helps to alleviate the show's trite sloganeering and offensive smugness-but it contributes as well to its air of inauthenticity.

DON'T KNOW which is more dispiriting: critics hailing the shrill invective of Runaways as tren-Lechant social analysis, or audiences hailing the bankrupt formula work of Dancin' and On the Twentieth Century as bright new creations. A Hobson's choice if ever there was one. I do know that both intelligence and courage are currently in short supply in our theater-and not merely our musical theater. Da, written by Irish playwright Hugh Leonard, was this year's Serious Play on Broadway. A slight work of perky optimism and genial sentimentality-all intense emotion drowned in the familiar suds of bantering Irish blarney-Da was received as a work of "searing power," some scalding addition to the Dostoevsky canon. It was awarded every major prize for "best play of the year," excepting only the Pulitzer (which is restricted to American authors). That award went to The Gin Game, a play that manages to convert the loneliness and regrets of old age into a set of one-line vaudeville routines.

The few plays with serious themes that reach Broadway do so only if their subject matter has been sufficiently sensationalized (schizophrenia in Equus) or domesticated (terminal illness in The Shadow Box or in Cold Storage) to muffle their potential threat. As for the many more musicals produced, they seem increasingly the effigies of a waxwork museum, the molds cast circa 1950 and now clogged with lead. Next year's prize committees might consider handing out blowtorches instead of statuettes and scrolls.

The larger problem, of course, lies elsewhere-with anesthetized audiences huddled in their swaddling clothes, demanding familiar juvenilia. What the public wants, the public gets. Thus we have a theater that "justifies" itself chiefly in terms of musicals, and musicals that are noted chiefly for sophomoric guipping, circuslike razzmatazz, and callow content. A theater, in short, that accurately reflects the culture's endemic puerility. Hand in hand, the two march confidently into the vinvl sunset.

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TOO MANY COOKS

by Paul Zweig

The Flounder, by Günter Grass; translated by Ralph Manheim. 547 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$12.

NE BLUSTERING DAY in the Neolithic, a man was fishing on the shores of the Baltic Sea. He belonged to a tribe of nature's losers: a band of atrociously satisfied males whose existence passed in the shadow of a three-breasted goddess named Awa, whom they suckled, as an otherwise ambitious Mediterranean tribe suckled wolf teats. These northern loafers had lived happily under the influence of Awa's "tender loving care" for as long as they could remember. During all this time, they had never had an idea, or an ambition. Life was milk and fornication. Cunning dishes of wild grass and elk's ribs. prepared by Awa, kept them in replete subjection.

But the spirit of history was blowing on the waters that day. For the man caught a fish with a crooked mouth and cold shifty eyes, and the fish, instead of flopping quietly into a basket, started talking, while the man listened in a stupor, as Eve had listened to another cold-blooded creature. So history came to Kashubia, a corner of Baltic Prussia where sandy plains meet the sea. For the fish, a variety of turbot or flounder, made a deal with the man: Any time you have a problem, just come to the seashore, say "Flounder, Flounder," and I'll leap into your arms and tell you anything you want to know.

The poor fisherman was no Faust. All he wanted out of life was another

Paul Zweig is the author of The Adventurer, Three Journeys, and several books of poetry. suck of his three-breasted mother. But the Flounder talked fast, as the devil always does, and the bargain was made.

Ever since that day, Günter Grass informs us, the Flounder has been the secret counselor of men in their revolt against the tender loving care of women. It is the Flounder who taught men how to make lethal weapons out of iron ore. He taught them to be dissatisfied, ambitious, power-mad, to think in abstractions, to be delirious with the future. In short, he taught them to hunger for history, and to outwit the one serious obstacle to their grandiose wishes: woman, with her inexhaustible pouch, her milk-flesh, her entrapping dishes of succulent, complex foods.

A talking flounder who jumps into a poor fisherman's arms to feed his appetite for more, and still more power? If you know your fairy tales, this will sound familiar, with reason. For Günter Grass's comic-epic extravaganza, The Flounder, is an extended parody of the well-known Grimm's story "The Fisherman and His Wife," in which a talking fish grants a poor fisherman and his wife Ilsebill ever more power and wealth until their greed

brings it tumbling down around the ears. This, Grass's narrator inforr us, is not just a quaint tale. It is the text of a secret chronicle that bega one Neolithic day, and developed the cracks between the larger incider of German history. Grass's narrat should know, for he was the Neolith fisherman, as he was also several doz other inept, flustered men scatter across the centuries. And every one these blundering soldiers, shoemaker kings, artists, and politicians had h own personal "Cook," his Awa, h third breast now the figment of a w dream, but still setting out tasty snar of food, still spreading her legs, scissoring them shut; still, in the low basement of events, brewing her spe

This is reincarnation with a ve geance: the fathers and mothers lin up against each other across the age in an Armageddon of the sexes. At the fathers, sitting down to a sheep head stuffed with mushrooms cook by that bitter virgin, Sophie Rotzo or to Count Rumsford's poorhouse p tato soup, which was really invent by an obscure Prussian peasant wo an named Amanda Woyke; the fathe



vays lose. Because the hunger for wer, fame, and wealth is annihilated the savor of a well-cooked dish, or the "ever loving" thighs of such men as Margaret Rusch, the sixnth-century Abbess of St. Bridget's, Danzig, otherwise known as Fat et, who plucked goose down year in ar out, and was known to have killed nan by rolling over on him in bed. We never learn the name of Grass's grim narrator, in his latest incarnan the author of this book, but it is ited that he is a famous German velist with Social Democrat leans, a pretty good cook, married to angry woman named Ilsebill. This ebill is no bargain. She is a shrew, connoisseur of washing machines. th nothing good to say about her idly but inept husband. She is also egnant, and the sections of the novel entitled "First Month," "Second onth," and so forth. You see, via the enomenon of pregnancy envy, which counts for all the high works of the de order, this unnamed narrator is poring to produce a book, as his Ilse-I is laboring to produce a baby. The ok and the baby will be finished tother: a perfect marriage.

IKE MUCH AMERICAN FICTION of the 1960s, The Flounder represents a variety of what I would like to call kitchen-sink odernism: form and control are out e window; anything goes, including e kitchen sink, or, in this case, the tchen stove. Into his enormous stew a narrative, Grass stirs large chunks social history, some fanciful anthrology, travelogues, fairy tales, a virtucookbook of succulent recipes, mockmantic pastoral, including some of e great mushroom-hunting passages recent literature (maybe the only ch passages), autobiography, conmporary politics, the whole seasoned ith a liberal sprinkling of poems out which the best I can say is that ey don't survive translation. The ook is so loaded with invention that lumbers-I was going to say flouners-from "Month" to "Month," uner the weight of its exuberance, as if rass were determined that the feast ill not let up, even for a minute. After l, the narrator has a few thousand ears of lively memories to draw on, nd he swerves back and forth among them in a weave of lyrical repetitions that provide a unity of sorts to this sprawling under-history of Baltic Prussia, where, incidentally, Grass was born.

The Flounder is also a more or less good-natured spoof of the women's liberation movement, at least of its earlier, tight-lipped phase, when it looked as if open war had been declared between the sexes. Some funny scenes run through the novel, in which the Flounder is put on trial by a coalition of women's representatives in a movie house smelling of old socks, in a seedy neighborhood of Danzig. By the time the second half of the twentieth century comes around, the Flounder, it seems, has begun to have doubts about his male protégés, who, when he wasn't looking, almost destroyed the world. He decides to turn his coat and let himself be caught by three militant ladies in a rowboat. But when he makes his pitch, the modern Ilsebills, after a loud argument, decide against taking him up on his offer of power, wealth, et cetera. Instead, they convoke a meeting of women's movements, elect a jury, and put the Flounder on trial. Much of the book takes the form of evidence introduced by the Flounder on his secret role as consigliere not only of men but, he claims, of the covert mother-spirit that, incarnated in great cooks and greater thighs, exerted an inspirational effect on the hapless power lords of Europe.

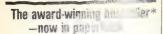
All this is good fun: an *Iliad* written by S.J. Perelman; a modernist potpourri owing more to Rabelais than to James Joyce; a joking version

of the conspiratorial fantasies of, say, Thomas Pynchon. The amount of sheer information in the book is simply staggering. The passages on cooking, and the history of nutrition in particular, are unique. Yet, perhaps because of the ballooning extravagance of all this fun and history, Grass seems often to be struggling to keep his Rube Goldberg machine of a book from jingling to a halt. Only a thousand-armed juggler could succeed, and Grass never seems to have quite enough arms. The sheer bulk of the historical detail, the leaping about among dimly evoked characters and scenes, the overall blandness of the narrator's voice and character, make it difficult for the reader to keep up his narrative headway, and I found myself wading forward in places as if through glue. Only at times do Grass's "Cooks" and their men come alive as more than counters in a vast thematic chess game, Of them all. Dorothea of Montau, a beautiful but thin-minded medieval masochist, and Fat Gret, the sixteenth-century mountain of flesh and fornication, make a durable impression. The rest remain names to which fine inventions are often attached, such as Lena Stubbe's recipe for a soup cooked with rope and a rusty nail, as a specific against suicide. But the book's creaky progress swallows up such scenes in the weariness of too many details, too much clotted history, and not enough of the Rabelaisian celebration to which Grass aspires; not enough strong characters to carry the flow of the book and make us care about its heaped, often magnificent rhetoric.

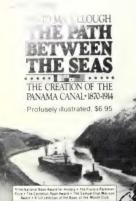
BOOKS IN BRIEF

Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, by B. H. Friedman and Flora Miller Irving. 696 pages, illustrated. Doubleday, \$14.95.

"In 1875, when Gertrude Vanderbilt was born, she was the eldest daughter of the eldest son of the richest American family." At nineteen, Gertrude heard this from her dinner partner, Harry Payne Whitney: "You will always have a good time because even when your looks give out you will still be a great heiress." She wrote in her journal: "No one else would have said it—I was delighted." Gertrude and Harry were married two years later, joining their fortunes and common understanding of a world defined by Fifth Avenue, Newport, and Europe.



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BOOKS

Gertrude's unusual energy and her artistic gifts took her far beyond the limits of society. Harry, whose amazing schedule gives real meaning to the vague term "sportsman," was often absent; the marriage was restless. Gertrude set her hand to sculpture and took it seriously. She was soon receiving commissions both public and private: near the end of her life, vigorous as ever, she produced a fountain for the 1939 World's Fair, Emily Genauer, writing in 1936, evaluated Gertrude as a sculptor: "a first-rate technician and a facile modeler . . . [with] a romantic, decorative conception of sculpture." Gertrude's real contribution to art was as a generous, tactful patron and as the founder, in 1931, of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

The young Miss Vanderbilt was spirited but uncertain, a tease who loved to attach men to her, who wrote herself careful strategic injunctions in her journal and who made lists of topics to discuss with her beaux. As Mrs. Whitney, Gertrude kept many of these qualities-particularly her inclination to the amitié amoureuse-but her mature style was vivid and theatrical. Eager to help in World War I, she organized and maintained a hospital in France. Her most common diary entry is "work" (in the studio), but she found time for numerous other obligations and pleasures. She was, in the best sense, a woman of the world.

B. H. Friedman writes with "the research collaboration" of Flora Miller Irving, Gertrude's granddaughter, and Gertrude's journals and correspondence provide remarkable documentation. Her story is fascinating per se; her biography is weakened by the authors' determination to include just about everything, inching year by year through Gertrude's life. Full as it is, this is a curiously inhibited biography. The generous cooperation of the Whitney family may have made Friedman reluctant to write with critical honesty of this fascinating woman.

—F.T.

My Moby Dick, by William Humphrey. 96 pages. Doubleday, \$6.95.

After a winter spent reading Melville and waiting for the spring thaw, devout trout fisherman Humphrey sighted in a New England stream a one-eyed trout about forty-two inches long and thirty

pounds in weight-a cold-blooded h perbole. An obsession was born, sui ed to both the angler and the write -Home from the Hill and Farther O from Heaven, to name two of his no els. He rounds up the best tackle, stud ies his prey respectfully, and practice the painstaking art of casting. The pe supplements the rod for literary d gressions, parodies of Melville, ligh satire on angling fanatics (himself in cluded), and an informative, engagin introduction to the sport. The balance of instruction and entertainment yield agreeably to the latter, as does the mor al-de rigueur when a fish that siz gets away-in which the tone is pitche with mock reverence for how the fish of-a-lifetime changed Humphrey's pur suit of lesser trout. My Moby Dick i a charming narrative, and, lest it b overlooked, just the right size for th tackle box or-on a bad day-creel. -J.B

Keepers of the Game, by Calvin Martin. 226 pages. University of Cal ifornia Press, \$10.95.

There is an anomaly about the American Indian in the popular imagination that has never been properly addressed: How did a people whose relationship with the natural work was spiritual and benign become the despoilers of nature they indisputably were during the fur-trade years in eastern Canada?

In Keepers of the Game, Calvir Martin proposes a cogent answer by steering clear of a Western analysis of the paradox. The nature of the relationship between Indian and animal, he argues, was essentially a contract of mutual obligation and courtesy. When European epidemic disease began to ravage them, destroying perhaps 90 percent of the native population, Indians took it to be a "conspiracy" by game animals against them. When their own medicine men were unable to cure these diseases, the stage was set for a "war of retaliation"-the sacred agreement with the Keepers of the Game having been broken. The undermining of the shamans' spiritual authority together with anger at an-

Frances Taliaferro teaches English at the Brearley School in New York City. Jeffrey Burke is copy editor of Harper's. Barry Lopez is the author of Of Wolves and Men. Matthew Stevenson is an assistant editor of Harper's. mals (especially beavers) led to a uspension of taboos against excessive illing and to native spiritual apostasy. and it played most tragically into the ands of both missionaries and fur caders, groups categorically opposed mystical relationships with nature.

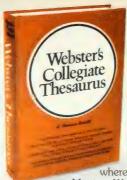
In an epilogue Martin asks whether he Indian is an appropriate spiritual eader for the environmental moveent, concluding that Judeo-Christian ian is too committed to his own unerstanding of nature as inanimate nd insensate ever to benefit, practial.; speaking, from any ecological wisom inherent in native American natral philosophy.

Some readers may be put off by Iartin's cool scholarship and the pubsher's contentious flap copy, but there a fine and fair mind at work here. —B.L.

Vrinkles, by Charles Simmons. 182 ages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$8.95.

With the curiosity of a child for thom the smell of a blackboard or a rart on the grocer's nose releases a tream of memories like spiders from a roken jar, Charles Simmons writes the riography of a fictional man forty-two imes, short profiles that might serve a lattery of psychiatrists searching for lifferent clues. Each chapter, no more han four pages, leaps backward and orward in time from the man's initial emembrance, be it dislike for his prother or the hair on a doctor's hand. Army foxholes, girls with sexy reputaions, a becalmed boat being pushed by reassuring breeze, his father's predictble jokes-to name, at random, several of the book's allusions-spark his :hildhood impressions, middle-aged recognitions, and elderly understandings. One portrait, for instance, begins with he man at age five boxing at his faher's knees and ends in an argument with a determined Cadillac driver. The pleasure for the reader is the free association of a vivid memory. The experience is like that of a commuter who remembers a screen door of summer and the lace shoes of a girlfriend while gazing at a billboard on the train. To be fully savored, this novel ought to be read in snatches, over many years, but Simmons's effortless style and intimate reflections entice the reader to finish the book in one sitting. ---M.S.

HARPER'S DECEMBER 1978



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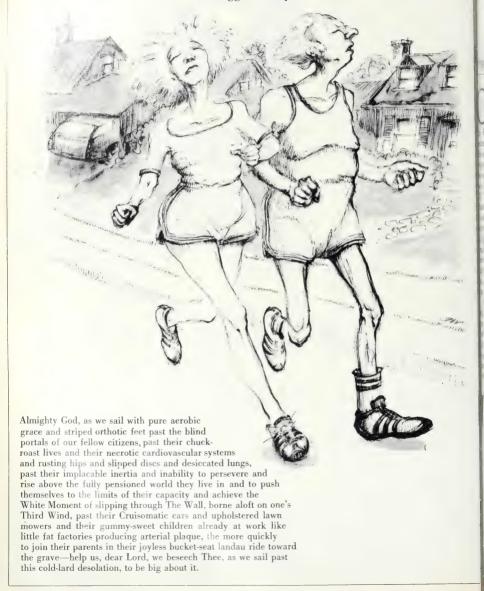
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IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

The Joggers' Prayer



ON TRIAL IN MOSCOW

ropaganda dressed in the robes of the law

by Craig Whitney

N THE MORNING of June 27. a young man who said he was from the Moscow City Court arrived at the office of he Baltimore Sun on Sadovo-Samoechnava Street with a summons for larold Piper. On the postcard-size eige paper was the stark notice that ie was to appear the next day at 10:40 is a "respondent" in "Case No. 3-113/ '8," at a court near the Leningrad station. A few minutes later, the same olond messenger in a colorful sport hirt was in my office asking if I was Traig Whitney. I thought he was the ngineer come to survey our apartnent for repainting and renovation, ind said ves. And, as Piper called to ay what had just happened to him, he man handed me a summons, too.

It soon became clear that this was not a legal case but a political one: propaganda masquerading as law. A call to the Foreign Ministry Press Desartment, which accredits foreign correspondents in Moscow, gave us the nformation the court would not provide. Ours was a civil case, not a crim-

inal one, and the charge was libel. The plaintiff in the suit was the State Radio and Television Committee, Gosteleradio, and the Press Department's strong advice was "show respect to the court and appear as ordered." The telephones started ringing with calls from colleagues, from newspapers and television stations around the world, and from our editors in the United States. A few Soviet friends even called to congratulate us.

Hal Piper and I also realized that the root of the trouble was a zealous Georgian nationalist named Zviad Gamsakhurdia and the stories that we had written about his confession, which was shown over national Soviet television after his trial on May 19.

Gamsakhurdia was a dissident. But beyond that, he was a rallying figure for hot-blooded separatists in one of the most troublesome regions of the vast Soviet empire, the Caucasian republic of Georgia. In a country of more than 100 nationalities, in a country where Russians now make up barely more than half the population, sep-

aratism is the most dangerous form of dissidence. And it was this domestic threat, not any danger to foreign relations, that the authorities must have had in mind when they put Gamsakhurdia on trial.

of a methodical crackdown on dissidents, foreign correspondents and foreign broadcasts. In the climax of the judicial part of this campaign, Anatoly E. Shcharansky was convicted of espionage, and the agent of his treason was a former correspondent-the Los Angeles Times reporter Robert Toth, portrayed at Shcharansky's trial as a CIA spy. But this was also a critical year in Georgia, where, on April 14, the unheardof happened when a crowd of 5,000 took to the streets to protest the dominance of Russian culture.

Zviad Gamsakhurdia had in the past argued that Georgia was losing its culture to Russification—the swallowing up, in the name of Soviet Communism, of all the dance, music, and language that had kept Georgia alive over the centuries. He had also said that he would welcome military intervention by the United States to help Georgia secede from the Soviet Union. Flamboyant talk is also a Georgian national trait, but this was sedition. Gamsakhurdia was finally arrested in April of 1977.

Thirteen months later, at his trial last May, a different man appeared to be on the stand. This one was repentant, the official Tass reports of the trial said, and he admitted to being led astray by anti-Soviet articles and ideas given him by American journal-

SOVIETS CHARGE U.S.
REPORTERS WITH LIBEL
Case of Georgian Dissident Cited

Craig Whitney is a Moscow correspondent of the New York Times.

ists and diplomats. And on May 19, the national evening television news carried a three-and-one-half minute "interview" with Gamsakhurdia. "I understood how deeply I was misled," he said, "and I sincerely regret what I have done and condemn the crime I have committed." He was given a relatively mild sentence—three years of imprisonment and two of internal exile—and his recantation was as much of a sensation here as Richard Nixon's would have been had he made one when he resigned in 1974.

People who knew the Georgian could hardly believe their eyes and ears, so when Piper and I arrived in Tbilisi. Georgia, on May 21, one thing we tried to do was plumb this mystery. We talked to Soviet newspaper editors about the trial. We talked to Gamsakhurdia's friends. And we talked to Mrs. Manana Gamsakhurdia, his wife, who had seen Zviad the day after his trial. The newspaper editors affirmed that the defendant had admitted to wrongdoing and had made a full confession at his trial. "It is clear," Nikolai G. Cherkezishvili of the newspaper Zarva Vostoka told us, "that he regretted what he did, and he seemed sincere."

But his family and friends had a different view. One of them picked up an article about the trial published in Mr. Cherkezishvili's paper and ran through it line by line—he didn't say this, he had never said that, he didn't say this, he had now changed his views. "Why hasn't it occurred to anyone that his television confession was a montage?" one relative said. "They can cut words in half, splice them together again to say whatever they want him to say."

So our search for the truth about Gamsakhurdia was inconclusive. But the truth about anything in the Soviet Union is something no foreign observer can approach except in fragments, by indirection. I did my best to lay out the different pieces of the puzzle as I had found them-claims for and against the televised confession-for readers of the New York Times. The story appeared under the headline FRIENDS OF A SOVIET DIS-SIDENT SAY HIS TV CONFESSION WAS FABRICATED in the New York Times of May 25, 1978. The same day Piper's longer piece appeared in the Baltimore Sun. If that had been the story's only play, we probably never would have heard about it again.

The stories, however, were immediately picked up by the Voice of America in Washington, translated into Russian, and broadcast to millions of listeners here in their native language. as are most articles about the Soviet Union in major American newspapers. All the issues that had been laid to rest by Gamsakhurdia's confession were raised once again by the doubts his friends and relatives cast on it. And the threat that dissidence represents to the Soviet bureaucracy-its potential to stir national groups within the country-forced the official hand against us.

N JUNE 28, Piper and I were led into the chambers of Judge Lev Y. Almazov. Only a U.S. Embassy consul, Richard T. Carter, was allowed to accompany us: a crowd of colleagues was barred at the door. We sat at the end of a long, green-baize table, facing a portrait of Lenin. Judge Almazov, a man of superb acting skills, put on his most dignified, frigid manner and walked in to present us with copies of a lawsuit brought by the State Radio and Television Committee against us. It accused us, under Article 7 of the Russian Federation Civil Code, of "spreading slander injurious to the honor and dignity of the Television Committee in the foreign press." I was accused of saying, in my article on the Gamsakhurdia confession, that "most of Gamsakhurdia's nationally televised 'confession' had been fabricated by the authorities." The complaint demanded that we be caused to print retractions of our articles.

Judge Almazov treated us that day like criminals caught in the act. Our trial would take place July 5, and we were to provide him with our written responses to the complaint, and our list of witnesses, by June 30. I planned to fly to the United States on July 2 for a vacation, and I asked the judge if he was ordering me not to leave the country. "No, I didn't say that," was the answer. "I have no right to prohibit you from traveling outside the country. I have no right to demand that you defend yourselves, but I must tell you that if you do not appear, according to our law the case

may be decided without you." After Judge Almazov walked out, leaving a to sign a receipt for the copies of the complaint, and after some argumen with the court clerk, we signed state ments saying we were refusing to signed the receipt and were not obligation ourselves to appear at trial.

A frantic weekend followed-of plo ting strategy, consulting with our ed itors in New York and Baltimore, an answering questions from colleague here who saw this harassment as threat to all foreign correspondents i the Soviet Union, Piper and I argue from the beginning that we should stay out of the case, have nothing to do with it, even though it would nee essarily mean that we would lose. Ou instinct was confirmed soon after in Washington when a high-powered del egation of New York Times executive argued the case with Ambassador An atoly Dobrynin and heard his pres counselor, Valentin Kamenev, say "There is no way that you can win and no way that we can lose."

On June 30 we told Judge Almazov we had had inadequate time to con sider our course of action and present ed no list of witnesses. He reacted with scorn and scolding, but gave us a new deadline, July 3, to submit our arguments.

We were uncertain at this poin whether our stance could put us ir criminal contempt of a Soviet court The Times sent in an American experion Soviet law, Prof. Leon Lipson, of Yale, who helped the Times's bureau chief, David K. Shipler, Piper, and me work out a strategy—together and by transatlantic telephone, with the KGB no doubt listening to every word

One of our biggest problems was the American instinct, strongest perhaps in the editorial offices of the Baltimore Sun, not to duck out of a fight. to take the challenge up in court and win the case. But what it was difficult for American editors and colleagues to understand, perhaps, was that it was a mistake to view this as a fair fight on the legal merits. It was an illusion to think we could win on a legal technicality. The Soviet authorities clearly had in mind another political propaganda show. If we took part, probably with Gamsakhurdia there to prove his confession was genuine, even though he was not listed as a plaintiff's witness, we would lend ignity and authority to the exercise, nd that would be wrong.

We did not need to attend the trial, ur lawyers assured us. The proceedigs would be played out, we would se, we'd be ordered to make a reaction, and if we didn't we could be ned: fifty rubles, a maximum of six mes in succession. We could not be eld in criminal contempt of court, e could not land in jail the way our olleague Myron Farber of the New ork Times did in New Jersey only few weeks later. But there was alays the possibility that our accredation would be revoked, and that ould mean expulsion. With all these sks in mind, we agreed with our edors not to take further part in the ise, and drafted valedictory stateents to hand over to Judge Almazov the morning of July 3.

HEN PIPER AND I arrived at Judge Almazov's office on the morning of the third for our last aparance, we did not know anything out a meeting earlier that day beeen U.S. Ambassador Malcolm Toon d Foreign Minister Gromyko, at hich Gromyko agreed to postpone ir case until after he had met with eretary of State Vance in Geneva r more talks on strategic arms. But e found the judge was amazingly ansformed. He was no longer stern id icy, but engaging and avuncular, en as he read our statements saying e did not intend to dignify his urtroom with another appearance. "You're asking me to dismiss this

role asking me to dismiss this se?" he asked. "Well, I'm not going rule on that now. But you gentleen have changed your attitudes ward the case several times in the urse of our brief acquaintance. So m going to give you an opportunity submit further defenses if you like. It's see now, when am I going on cation?" he asked his clerk. The dge rubbed his chin, knitted his ow. "All right," he said, "I'm going set the trial date for July 18."

We had not asked for a postponeent; Mr. Gromyko or his colleagues ad apparently ordered one. But our ecision had been made, and I left for oston on vacation July 4.

In our absence the case was tried in courtroom equipped with videotape cameras. The film of the Gamsa-khurdia confession that was broadcast May 19 was shown, and the cameraman who filmed it—on May 11, four days before the defendant was even put on trial, let alone convicted—said the prisoner had been aware of being before the cameras as he was speaking. Piper and I were roundly denounced as unsavory slanderers—Piper had once even written a letter complaining about a steep bill, the prosecutor argued indignantly.

Then the plaintiff asked to call an additional, surprise witness-surprise indeed, it was Gamsakhurdia, just as we had expected. Two uniformed guards brought him in, and on the stand a submissive and broken Zviad Gamsakhurdia recanted again in public, again for the television cameras. After a recess, the court announced its decision. We were guilty, Judge Almazov said. Our articles were disseminated not only in the New York Times and the Baltimore Sun, which were alleged to be freely available in the Soviet Union, but over the Voice of America. We were to pay court costs of 2,289.07 rubles (about \$3,500) and publish retractions in the Soviet press or in our newspapers within five days of the time the decision took effect.

Before the verdict, Abe Rosenthal, executive editor of the *Times*, had put the issue in a way I agreed with fully. "There won't be any retraction," he said. "But if we have to pay a fine, we make a statement of protest and we pay." We could hardly pretend we were above Soviet law. But we could hardly concede that Soviet law extended to the editorial process of the American press.

The denouement was anticlimactic. I flew back to Moscow from New York on Pan American Flight 66, thirteen hours late, about dawn of July 30, half expecting to be denied entry. But my baggage wasn't even inspected. We were fined 50 rubles, once, for not printing the required retractions. Piper had not yet returned from vacation, and David M. Akselbant, my Soviet lawyer, took me to a savings bank on Red Square—diagonally across from Lenin's mausoleum—and paid a total of 2,389.07 rubles into a special account.

But Judge Almazov—at a final hearing held on August 18—was not pleased at our nonattendance, said we had shown disrespect, and felt dutybound to report this to the Foreign Ministry. On August 24, the ministry told us in a curiously informal and cordial meeting with an official of the Press Department that we deserved to lose accreditation. But because we had paid our fines, and "in the interest of developing Soviet-American relations," we were being let off with a "warning."

HE EXPERIENCE OF Hal Piper and myself suggests that it is necessary to react strongly in cases like ours in the Soviet Union, as did the U.S. government and the American press. If the original intention had been to kick Piper and me out, the threat of expulsion for at least two Soviet journalists from the United States may have led the authorities to back down. I leave it to others to infer that the KGB may be the Soviet agency most interested in seeing that the journalists stayed in place.

Nevertheless the outcome of our case was a compromise. The newspapers compromised by paying the court costs and the fines, even under protest. The Soviets compromised by dropping the case. The gossip I hear in Moscow is that the case was originally masterminded by a zealot, Leonid Zamyatin, who now runs the Department of Foreign Counter-Propaganda in the Soviet Communist Party Central Committee, but that the litigation was opposed by the Foreign Ministry Press Department.

Abroad, the case attracted so much publicity—little of it favorable to the Soviets—that the Kremlin cannot view it as a successful tactic, to be used against the press again. But the authorities did get one thing they wanted—a second public confession by Zviad Gamsakhurdia.

I think it is clear that Gamsakhurdia's friends and relatives were wrong in contending that his May 19 television confession was a "fabrication." It may have been the result of pressure: by the government's own shocking admission it was taped on May 11, four days before he went on trial. About four minutes of it was cut before it was shown on television. Leaving aside the questions of what else he might have said in those four minutes, and why he confessed, there is little doubt that the broadcast on May



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THE FOURTH ESTATE

19 was part of what the man actually said, and not a fake.

Should Piper and I never have re ported in the first place the claims that it was a fabrication? Does the American press corps in Moscow cover dissident stories too aggressively, too heavily considering the importance these people have in Soviet society's I fail to see that this contention i borne out by the lengths to which the Soviet government went to confirm the validity of the Gamsakhurdia confes sion in the eyes of the Soviet people Dissidents are clearly no mere inven tion of the Western press. But they do take on added importance here be cause of the exposure they get, through the press and on the foreign radio broadcasts to the Soviet Union.

In addition, it does seem to me vita for journalists to refute the supposition-explicit in Judge Almazov's rul ing of July 18 and implicit in many of the contacts Soviet dissidents make with us-that we are somehow only transmission belts to these Russian language broadcasts over the BBC and the Voice of America. The Soviet gov ernment sees these broadcasts as prop aganda, even when all that is broad cast are translations of texts of articles correspondents write from Moscow.

I don't know enough about wha goes into these broadcasts, since I don' listen to them regularly. But a day af ter anything I write is published in the New York Times, Russian friends call me up and say how much they liked it, or didn't like it, or they couldn't understand it. How the articles are edited for broadcast, and what happens to them in translation, is something to which news executives in the United States should give more careful scrutiny.

Some journalists have argued that the aggressive coverage of dissidents has helped to make détente unwork able. This argument reminds me of the criticism made by American officials in Saigon of correspondents who weren' "on the team." Détente may be a fine thing, but it is still not a correspondent's role to promote it-or to sab otage it. Correspondents are reporters not diplomats, and their job is to try to fit together the bits and pieces o the truth as they are able to uncover them-not to color or suppress then in the interest of government policy.

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Continued from page 38) And you n't change genes, either, by introducg the person who "carries" them to cial-welfare programs, nice, warm, cialist communes, or the severest rm of indoctrination. You can "bend e twig" a bit, but that is about all. minists don't like what they hear out genes, T. D. Lysenko, the Soviet neticist, tried to change the genes cause he wanted to perfect a form wheat that would grow in a cold mate. But it didn't work. The obnate little things stayed the same. Thus genes are the despair of soil engineers. Environmental pressure on't change them. And (according the sociobiological addition to Darnian theory) the genes keep sending essages out-do this, don't do thatthat if there are differences in the essages, people will act differently d they will be different, not equal at , as they are supposed to be. Thus, e prospect for changing people looks m, under this interpretation; as a sult, educators and opinion makers ight be tempted finally to give up the equal struggle of trying to make peocome out equal. This would be a vere rebuke to the Age of Equality. a result, Wilson ran into some pretheavy weather.

At a meeting of the American Asciation for the Advancement of Scice in Washington earlier this year, r example, Wilson was about to eak, when shouting demonstrators arged onto the platform and poured jug of water over his head, accusing m of genocide, fascism, racism, and kism. What surprised Wilson even ore than the attack was that after it is over a biologist in the audience, a ember of the Committee against Racn named Garland Allen, stood up and nounced why it had been justified. ith cold water running down his ck, Wilson paid close attention to speech, suggesting in him a degree scientific detachment notably lackg in some of his colleagues, and even plored by them.

"He said it was all of a piece," Wiln recalled recently. "Since the nine-enth century there had been a strong as toward genetic determinism, the tim being made that human beings e fixed in their destiny by their nes, therefore there was nothing we uld do about it. Therefore the exist-g order is the best possible order,

thereby validating the ruling classes in their position. It was all a part of the continuing conspiracy by scientists in the ruling classes. He added that racism was also a trait of materialist capitalist societies."

HE PARABLE OF motes and beams comes inevitably to mind when considering the sociobiology battle. Wilson is accused of harboring political biases that are a thousand times more conspicuous in his accusers. They even revel in their political biases. On the other hand, Wilson's political bias, insofar as it comes through at all in his writings, seems to be about as extreme as Hubert Humphrey's liberalism. To the layman's eye, he looks like an old-fashioned Democrat toiling away in the laboratories.

Wilson responds to his critics by pointing out that the specter of "preprogrammed humans" invoked by his enemies is greatly exaggerated. His sociobiology is really a very modest proposal. We may be inclined to behave in certain ways, because of genetic control, he suggests, but these inclinations can easily be overruled by learning. Significantly enough, the same thing was suggested many times over by evolutionary biologists in earlier decades. But, whether because Wilson's descriptions of insect societies had a mathematical precision sufficient to arouse fears that a similar precision might soon be applied to humans, or, more probably, because left-wing political currents were "in the air" as they were not in earlier periods, Wilson found himself subjected to ad hominem at-

His opponents are not just radical crazies, however. Lewontin especially is a man of unusual intellect, as Wilson himself is the first to admit (Wilson recommended that Lewontin join the Harvard faculty). Curiously enough, in discussing science Lewontin impresses one above all with his open-minded attitude toward the subject, which is not what one expects from someone who in a fairly recent article deplored "the anti-ideological technocratic ideology of Soviet liberals."

The sloganeering and water-throwing of the Left have tended to disguise its more serious criticism of sociobiology and Darwinian theory.* One feels

instinctively that Wilson must be right—that there must be a hereditary component to behavior—but the theory whereby this belief is rationalized is surely defective.

Lewontin and his cohorts-notably a group of Cambridge-based radical scientists called Science for the People with a fondness for collectively written articles-point out, for example, that it is bad science to postulate unseen genes "for" any behavioral manifestation. They observe that geneticists have "abandoned the naive notion that there are genes for toes, genes for ankles, genes for the lower leg." How much less sense, then, does it make to talk of genes for religion or aggression or conformity. It is a bogus form of explanation to "explain" any observed behavior by attributing it to genes whose existence is posited for just that explanatory role. This is reminiscent of astrological explanation, in which behavior is likewise "explained" by positing unobserved planetary emanations. Explanations such as this, which are all-embracing enough to account for everything or anything that is observed, are very weak or downright useless because they admit of no conceivable disproof.

A parallel criticism, and a potentially devastating one, has been directed at Darwinian selection. If it can be so readily extended and adjusted in such a way that nothing is not explained by it, it becomes logically impossible to deny that the fittest survive. Natural selection can "explain" evolution or extinction, millionaires or paupers, competition or mutual aid. In the

^{*} It is not often enough stressed that there are really two logically separate theories of evolution: the theory that evolution occurred (which can be simply stated as the theory that all organisms have, and had, parents); and Darwin's theory as to how evolution occurred-the theory of natural selection. The latter only is under attack. If Darwin's theory were decisively undermined, it would still be possible to argue that evolution had taken place as a result of mechanisms not yet understood. Some scientists do take this position. Darwin debunked does not leave us with Genesis as the only alternative. Nevertheless, there are those who argue that the abandonment of the evolutionary mechanism would inevitably lead to doubts that evolution had occurred at all. That is undoubtedly why Darwin is still defended so stoutly-not because his supporters are capitalists but because they are materialists.

nothing because it can thing. It is accused of beinable theory, which, acto the influential philosopher e Karl Popper, removes it from the realm of the scientific, Darwinian theory. Popper now says, is a "metaphysical research program."

These are serious criticisms, as Wilson himself is prepared to concede. He wrote this year that "natural selection theory does have severe structural weaknesses and the theory of evolution may be due for some important changes in the near future." He has used the metaphor of thin ice to describe the condition of those who skate about on Darwinian theory, bravely adding that we should meanwhile enjoy the sound of its crackling. The leftwing critique of Darwinian theory has by no means prevailed, but if it should do so, let us also enjoy the fantastic irony that the fundamentalists, who have been trying for more than a hundred years to knock Darwin off his pedestal, without success, will be indebted not to the right-wingers, with whom they have always been aligned, but to biologists whose god is Marx.

T IS UNLIKELY that crit-

icism would have been

leveled at so sacrosant

a region of biology as

the Darwinian theory of

evolution unless the critics

had been more concerned

about sociopolitical and

ideological matters than

they were about the value

of received wisdom or the

necessity of preserving text-

books unaltered. Lewontin.

then, may very well be right

in saying that ideology is

necessary in science. Those

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dain the etiquette of

review, with its power

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of science today is dominat-

The ideological critique

and alive in a way that left-wing political and economic ideas are not-no doubt because in the political realm the Left has already won so many of its victories. Science on the Left has manifested itself, of course, not just in racial classification, sociobiology, and Darwinian theory, but in the discussion of nuclear energy and recombinant DNA research. Imaginative Marxists are kept awake at night by nightmares in which white-coated rulingclass technicians in the laboratories "engineer" a ruthless class of managerial monsters and a useful class of slaves who do the dirty work, while eliminating the "unfit." How compulsorily egalitarian! How very Darwinian!

The usefulness of the Left's critique is not that such visions of laboratory horror are even remotely probable, or scientifically possible for that matter. The problem with science, which a political critique-from whatever direction-helps to overcome, is that having won so decisively its battles for acceptance in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, science has rapidly developed into a nearly unchallengeable dogma. In earlier times, the philosopher of science Paul Feveraber

the opponents of science, who were still very much alive, tried to show that science was on the wrong track, they belittled its importance and the scientists had to reply to the challenge. The methods and achievements of science were subjected to a critical debate.

Today, with the opponents of science vanquished, the critical debate disa peared, until it was renewed by tho with political motives. Science has meanwhile become too influential, to all-pervasive, too dominant as a way perceiving the truth about the worl-It has become too prestigious-witnes the deplorable aping of science in th trendier versions of literary criticis and modern art, the gullible faith quantification, the lamentable excess of "social science," and so on. Science therefore probably needs the occasion guerrilla raid to keep it healthy.

This suggests, of course, that so ence is only healthy, in the sense that tells us the truth, when it is aligned wit the political wisdom of the time. One reluctant to concede that scientific trut

is merely a relative trutl especially when one cor siders the frankly unai pealing notion of compu sory egalitarianism to which science now seems to h adjusting itself, because th physical world itself re mains unaffected by change in government and idea logical fashion. But sciend is not synonymous with th physical world, it is the fa lible attempt to explain i And there can be no doul that the "truth" of such ex planations is revised from one generation to the nex one century's truth becon ing another's superstition Our century's truth, that a men and women are equa and if not the environmen must be adjusted in such way as to make them equa is rapidily becoming th latest truth of science, too It is the goal of political scientists-at last vague phrase comes int

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slightly better focus.

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ed by left-wing ideas, which itself tells us something about the times in which we live. Furthermore, I would argue that left-wing ideas about science are interesting

there.

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW

he Keats proof

by Jeffrey Burke

Today we will concern ourselves with John Keats's riguing theorem, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." e proof is as follows: ven:

- 1) Beauty = Truth,
- may expand, by the Law of Simple Equivalence, to
- 2) Beauty + Mom = Truth + Apple Pie.

 mentary algebraic exercise transforms this to
- 3) Beauty Truth = Apple Pie Mom.
- wever, as we all know,
- 4) Apple Pie Mom = A Day without Sunshine, d further,
- 5) A Day without Sunshine = Energy Crisis;
- from steps 3, 4, and 5 we find that
- 6) Beauty Truth = Energy Crisis
- 7) Beauty = Energy Crisis + Truth.
- ow, though some would have it otherwise, it is nerally agreed that
- 8) Energy Crisis + Truth = No Energy Crisis; from steps 7 and 8 we have
- 9) Beauty = No Energy Crisis.
- It since No Energy Crisis negates the persistent tims of those who would have it otherwise, we may trapolate thus:
- 0) No Energy Crisis = $-\frac{\text{White House}}{\text{Peanuts} + \text{Smile}}$

erein we see an application of the Law of Iconozical Equivalence (I.E.). Concentrating on the right le of the equation we note the following:

- 1) White House = Hospital = Sickness = mosexuality;
- 2) Peanuts = Comic Strip;
- d
- 3) Smile = Candid Camera. eps 9-13 give us
- 4) Beauty = $-\frac{\text{Homosexuality}}{\text{Comic Strip} + Candid Camera}$

Again giving our attention to the operative side of the equation, we arrive at

15) - Homosexuality Comic Strip + Candid Camera = Anita Byrant New York Times - CIA

That was a tricky one, but for those of you still fumbling, the equation derives from the Principle of Negation seen in steps 9-10 along with repeated applications of the Law of I.E. (as in 11-13). Right. Steps 14 and 15 may be recast as

- 16) Beauty = Anita Bryant ÷ (New York Times CIA).
 Multiplying the same notion on both sides (cf. Simple Equivalence, steps 1-2), we proceed to
- 17) (New York Times CIA) × Beauty = Anita Bryant
- 18) New York Times CIA = $\frac{\text{Anita Bryant}}{\text{Beauty}}$

Calling upon the Law of General Agreement (cf. 7-8), we have

- 19) New York Times = Truth
- 20) CIA = Intelligence.
- In addition (no pun intended), it is a documented fact that
- 21) Anita Bryant = Miss America,
- as it is a documented fact that

22) Miss America = Beauty² - Intelligence. Thus, from steps 19–22 we may restate step 18 as

23) Truth – Intelligence = $\frac{\text{Beauty}^2 - \text{Intelligence}}{\text{Beauty}}$

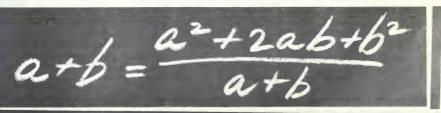
Cancelling out Intelligence on both sides, we find that

- 24) Truth = $\frac{\text{Beauty}^2}{\text{Beauty}}$
- 25) Truth = Beauty,

quod erat demonstrandum, as they say.

And that is all you need to know today. Tomorrow we will consider the square root of *The Four Quartets*.

Jeffrey Burke is copy editor of Harper's.



Johns Bust

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Solution to the September Puzzle

Notes for "Dressed to the Nines"

The unclued entries are articles of clothing: crinoline, pantalets, balaclava, glengarry, stomacher, miniskirt, petticoat, stockings.

Answers: 1. mar-tin-ets (anagram); 2. mar(gar)ine; 3. U.N.-ri(VAA)led; 4. eye-L.A-she's; 5. fi(reversal)-Sherman; 6. S(a)nator-lA(reversal); 7. dirigible (anagram); 8. brick-bats(reversal); 9. gall(IV)ant; 10. mentalist (anagram); 11. t(ravel)ogs; 12. untracked (anagram); 13. can opened; 14. foreplays, "flays" around anagram of "rope"; 15. day school (anagram); 16. no on(t-I'm)e's; 17. dulcimers, anagram of "spech" in "hot"; 22. B(ri)e-seeches (anagram); 21. hopechest, anagram of "speech" in "hot"; 22. B(ri)e-seeches (anagram); 23. potholder, two meanings; 24. brutalize, anagram of "Liza" in "brute"; 25. organize (anagram); 36. salaaming (anagram); 27. auto mates; 28. quee-(b)n-ess; 29. barnstorm (anagram); 30. propeller, two meanings; 31. cartilage (anagram); 32. di(L)ations (anagram); 33. gestating, hidden; 34. periscopes (anagram); 35. tangerine (anagram); 36. part, a king; 37. personate (anagram); 38. fourscore (anagram); 39. rever(t)ing; 40. squaw-king; 41. with-draws (reversal).

PUZZLE

AND ONE TO GROW ON

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions: The answer to each clue is one letter shorter than the space provided for it in the diagram. Solvers must insert a letter, forming a new word. This additional letter always goes within the clue answer, never at the start or end of it, and it is always "checked" (i.e., crossed by another word).

Clue answers include two proper words. Lights (i.e., words entered in the diagram) include three proper words (a boxer, a nickname, and a mountain range). The light at 30D is hyphenated, the one at 15A often so. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to the last month's puzzle appears on page 95.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 13 14 15 15 18 19 20 21 22 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 34 37

CLUES

ACROSS

- 1. Smooth aluminum footwear (6)
- 6. Fur guarantee (4)
- 10. Angelic-only orchestrated with harmony (11)
- 11. Standard river salmon (4)
- 13. Exclude a little bit of music (3)
- 14. Crew race (3)
- 15. Gambling game which limits disgrace (4)
- 17. Saving barrel one exchanged for nothing in saloon (9)
- 19. Sore distressed chain gang leader (6)
- 23. Hit lightly—in both directions! (3)
- 26. Where the Swiss legislate soberness from the heart (5)
- 27. Teardrop recut and divided proportionally (8)
- 28. Shooters drop odd characters—they bite the dirt (4)
- 31. Girl's loveless intention (3)
- 33. Bugs soldier if leading this baseball team (4)
- 34. Stay close (4)
- 35. Exaggerates deer again at the start (8)
- Los Angeles comes to bad end, divided up like a freeway (5)
- 37. Some Africans could be sober (5)

3477

DOWN

- 1. Half a season, or the whole of it (3)
- He overcomes problems through putting company on top (5)
- 3. Adores or drops summer refreshers (4)
- 4. Reporters' problems: phones not working? (9)
- 5. Sounds like heavy stuff was first (3)
- 6. Clamboat? (7)
- 7. Hired about fifty to make fabric (5) 8. Aisle is not used for stout relative (3)
- 9. Left you cleaner (3)
- 12. Nureyev's beginning upright conduct (3)
- 16. Act out request for raspberry (7)
- 18. Fog (dense) surrounding the French sewers! (7)
- 20. Is the Big Apple able to smart? (5)
- 21. Fabulous creature is transvestite and forward (6)
- 22. He carries a torch for wife of an earlier time (6)
- 24. One flower, stemmed (5)
- 25. Let up and stopped without a start (5)
- 26. Stroke checkup? (3)
- 29. Age reforms one (3)
- 30. Very sound brace (3)
- 32. Copy paper with trimmed edges (3)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to And One to Grow On, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016. Entries must be received by December 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed

in the January issue. Winners' names will be printed in the February issue. Winners of the October puzzle, "Sixes and Sevens," are B. Teltser, Short Hills, New Jersey; Daniel A. Moran, East Lansing, Michigan; and George Q. Whitney, East Hampton, New York.

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